Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

July

The "Who's Who" of Literature
All in this Issue

Sinclair Lewis
Fannie Hurst
Irvin S. Cobb
W. Somerset Maugham
Rupert Hughes
Faith Baldwin
Rafael Sabatini
Holworthy Hall
Elinor Glyn
George Ade
Virginia Dale
O. O. McIntyre
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and
a weird adventure
by W. B. Seabrook

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Lacking exercise and stimulation, the gums grow more lazy, more touchy with every day. In time they become so tender that "pink tooth brush" makes its appearance.

And, while that first tinge of "pink" on your brush isn't a national calamity, don't ignore its warning. For it often opens the way to many gum troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even the dread, though much rarer, pyorrhea.

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* * *

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in August COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. XCI NO. 1

Contents of Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan *for* July, 1931

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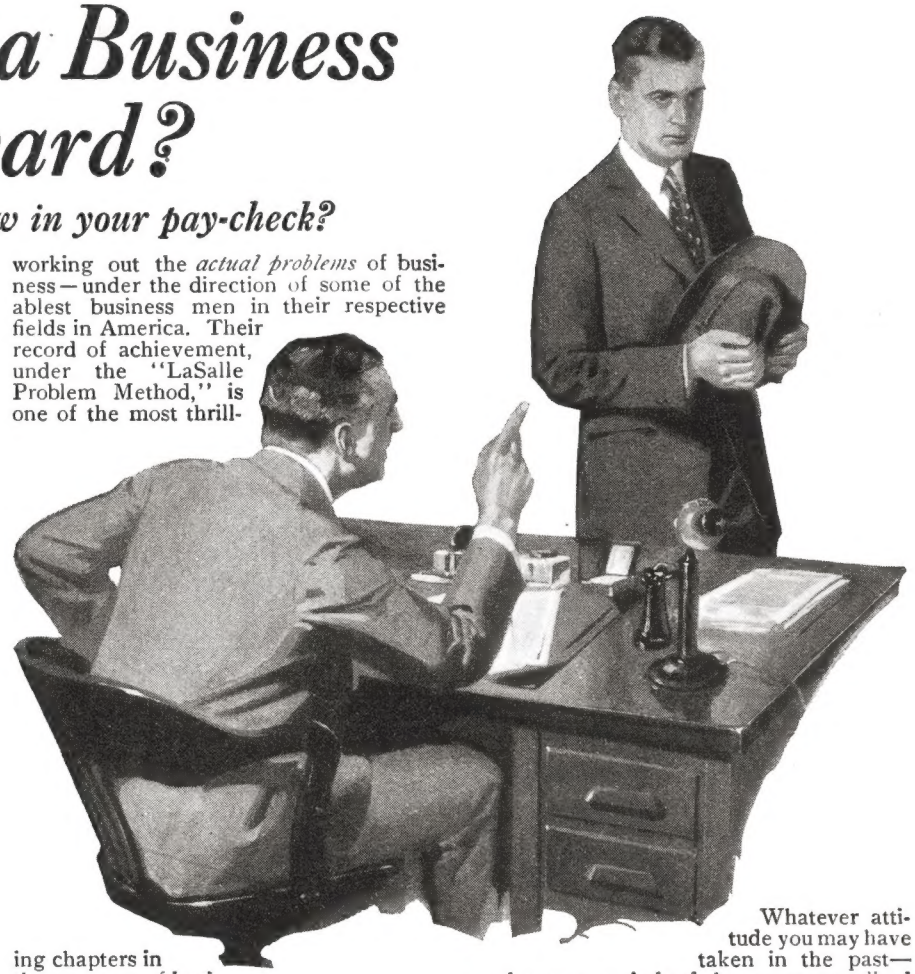
Are YOU a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?



"You've *had* your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking . . .

"Two years ago I *warned* you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting. *I* knew what he was doing, and I told you then *to keep your eye on Merwin.*

"He's had three raises since. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"Last week I recommended him for Assistant Treasurer, and the Board elected him without a dissenting vote. We're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"But *you,* Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a *business coward.* You *knew* what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about fifty men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been through the mill, and *this* time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"Jarvis, there's *no end* of opportunity in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who *trains*—because the business coward is through before he starts."

* * *

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Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—resolve today to face the problem of your business future *squarely.*

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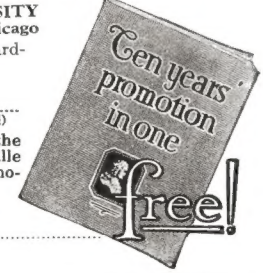

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MUSIC AS SELF-EXPRESSION

By RUDOLPH GANZ

There is a bit of the divine spark in every child, be he born in the weather-beaten log cabin of the poor mountain farmer or in the richly equipped nursery of the Park Avenue home. Surroundings, influences, lack or superabundance of means; may retard the awakening of nature's delicate gift within that little soul, but it should not be waylaid or lost if the proper loving care and unselfish parental interest are extended to children when they reach school age. Every boy and girl is given the opportunity to acquire a certain amount of positive knowledge. Few are taught how to think, how to concentrate or how to coordinate. A very small number reach a point where imagination rises to aspirations of never-to-be-reached perfection and of distant happiness which illuminate the inner life of every true artist.

We are living in an age of machinery, of mechanization, of robotism. Into our music world invention after invention has come in brilliant alignment. The performances of the artists can be heard in the phonograph, in the reproducing pianos, on the air over the radio. Soon television will bring the artist's countenance, his frown as well as his smile, into the most distant farmhouse. What else can we possibly imagine that could be added to all these uncanny achievements on our little planet?

And so, the armies of happy but lazy listeners increase, unaware of the golden truth that the personality of the artist can never be fully appreciated by ear alone. Every reproduction is only a more or less distant copy of a real self. The vibrant psychic communication that radiates from a distinct personality must be felt, it cannot be seen or heard. It might, at times, reach sensitively inclined beings at a distance over the air, whose vibrations have been previously attuned to the warmth of a performance.

All this tends then to the glorification of self-expression. What happiness awaits the parents whose children have learned to express themselves, however modestly, through the medium of a musical instrument! Watch their progress; see their happy little faces when they have known the joy of accomplishment. Hear them speak of things fanciful, not tangible, follow the progress of an awakened interest, their desire to become of those who can do something, whose talents, however inconspicuous, will not be wasted.

No parents could desire to have their children remain dull to the better things in life. What parents will deny little ones or their grown-up boys and girls participation in this great cultural movement which is taking hold of our nation through a new conception of the value of music, the desire for musical expression through the personality of the individual, through self-expression?

Thousands and thousands of school children have joined the piano classes. School boards in every state in the Union are supporting the movement. In the great cities, this class instruction in piano playing has progressed and increased in bounds. Eminent educators, renowned artists, authorities on child-psychology are all united in the belief that music alone can cure some of the evident ills of the post-war indifference, the pessimism of times of depression, the superficial standards of general ethics, and, last but not least, the willingness of people to let individual expression be jeopardized by machinery, however brilliant, clever, convincing, entertaining and comfortable it seems.

We have watched thousands of children in the hundred cities visited by Symphony Orchestras on tours from Tennessee to Texas and from Iowa to Louisiana. We have seen their happy faces; we have heard their enthusiastic appreciation; we have talked to ever so many of them; received innumerable written communications. We know, because we have felt their heart-beats in their handshakes and seen happiness in their eyes. Everyone of these many, many youngsters, was ready to become a messenger of music, of beauty, of happiness. And yet, so many are waiting in vain to be urged to learn to express themselves.

We are aware of the need of educational rejuvenation. Music is the answer. The old-fashioned way of teaching children to play the piano has been completely discarded. New ways, new methods have been invented and adopted and there is now a much finer appeal to the sensitive and natural qualities of the child. The scale has given way to the melody, the tune, the music that any father and mother can understand. Especially gifted children will advance quicker as in everything else in life, but those momentarily left behind will always remain doers of something most worthwhile, the beauty and pleasure of which they will never forget throughout their lives.

Piano study demands concentration and coordination and invites contemplation. It trains ears, brain, hands, those wonderful servants of self-expression. Whatever children thus taught will undertake in later years is bound to be done with more precision, with finer understanding, with a greater assurance and with a more kindly attitude.

Music enriches personality. Let Music then keep burning the little flame that is born into every child.

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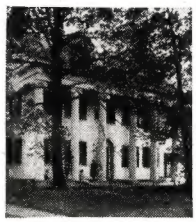

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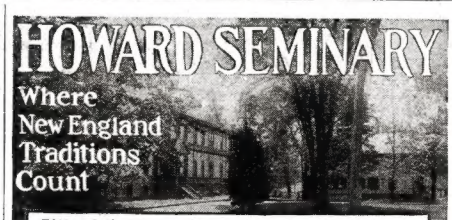

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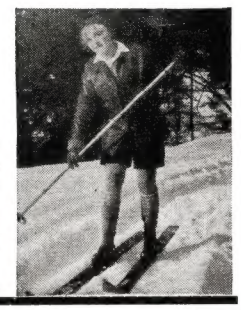

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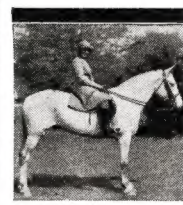

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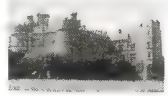
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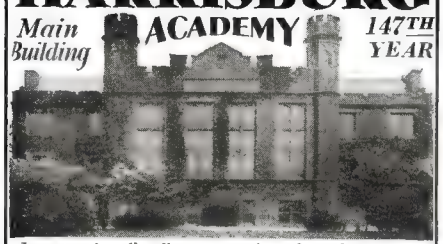

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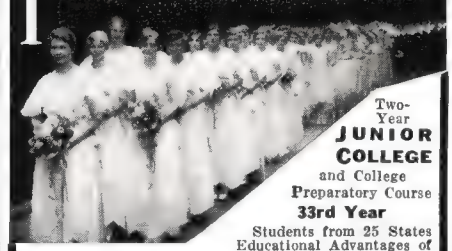

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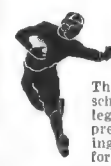

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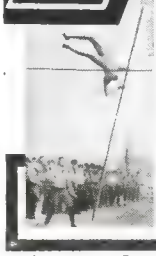

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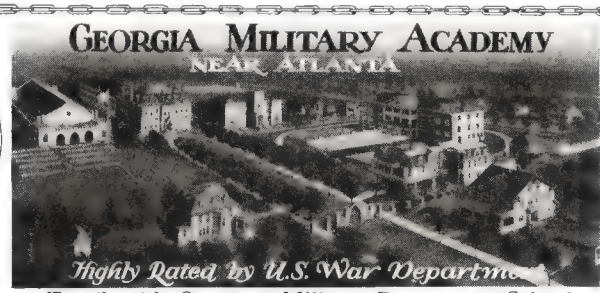

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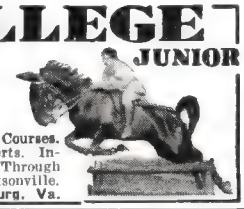

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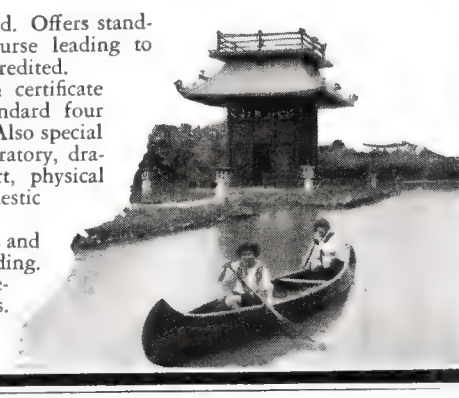

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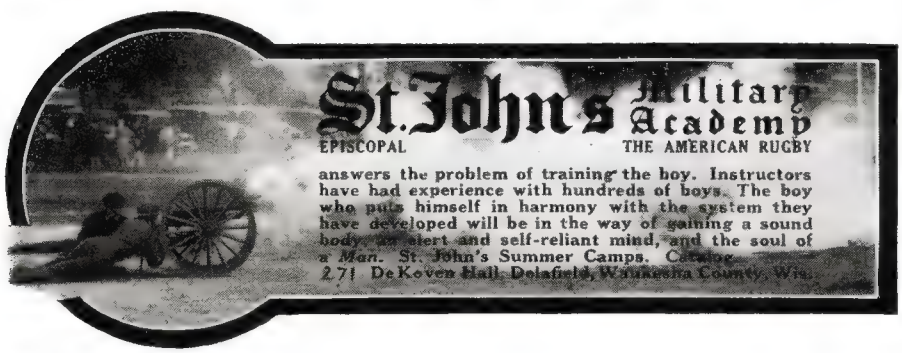

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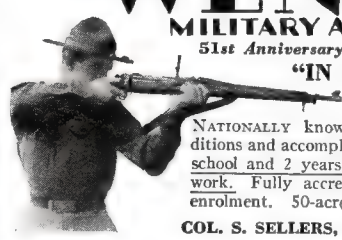

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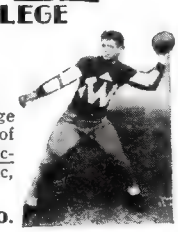

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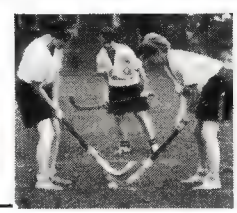

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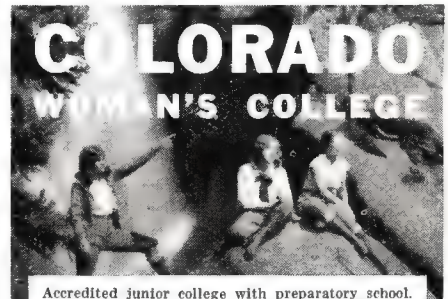

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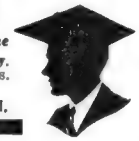

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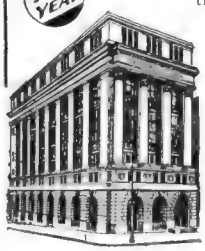

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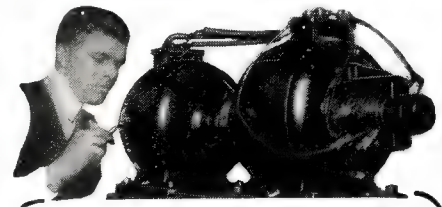

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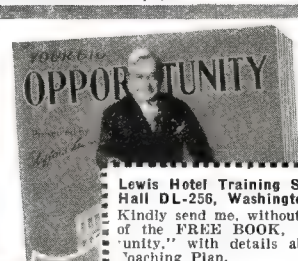

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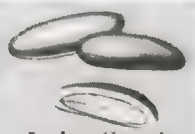

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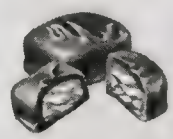

Almond Caramels
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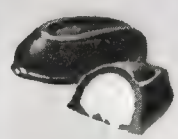
Chocolate Caramel Nougat
Double tiers of nougat on caramel in chocolate.



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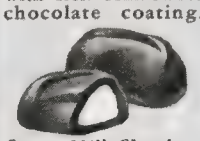

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Could You *Smile if* What Happened *to* This Man *were to* Happen *to* You?

by
Frazier Hunt

International Newsreel

REALLY interesting human beings are scarce these or any other days. And so it was that I went to Albany to visit with an extraordinary man just because he was that—and not because he may be a Presidential candidate. The last time I had seen him he looked the personification of the navy and army combined—a broad-shouldered, athletic six-footer, vigorous, alert and keen as mustard. I had the impression he could outride, outfatigue and outfight any two ordinary men.

That was in France in the tragic summer of 1918 when he was the young and distinguished Assistant Secretary of the United States Navy.

And now this same man was seated opposite me in the great swivel chair of the governor of New York—a chair that remembered the weight of another Roosevelt, of Cleveland, of Charles Evans Hughes, and of Alfred E. Smith. The same massive shoulders were still supporting the same finely molded head and the eyes were as bright and sparkling as they had been thirteen years ago. And the same drive and determination and ambition were there. But no longer could he outwalk or outride anyone.

And this late spring day as the good Democratic birds in the trees outside the open windows of the Capitol building in Albany were singing to the governor, I let my mind speculate on what Time had done to this extraordinary man. It had sent him deep into the Valley of Shadows and then brought him back crushed and broken. And this man had taken the pieces of his life and by years of stubborn courage had welded them together again.

He had proved that he was greater than misfortune. No man had a better right to say: "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

For years he had lost the use of his limbs, but he had gained in greatness of character.

It was ten years ago this July when misfortune rode down on Franklin D. Roosevelt. He had swum in the cold sea near his summer home at Campobello, off Eastport, Maine, and then, chilled, he had trotted back in a wet bathing suit. He went to bed early that evening—never again to walk unassisted.

When morning came he found his lower limbs paralyzed. Just how much the chill had to do with his condition will never be known accurately. Specialists pronounced it infantile paralysis—and then began the long uphill fight to get back what he had lost.

The first two winters he spent in a houseboat off the Florida Keys, but the warm salt water was too enervating when he swam and exercised for any length of time. Then, through George Foster Peabody, he heard of Warm Springs, Georgia, where a heavily mineralized, radioactive water, bubbling from springs three thousand feet deep, permitted hours of leg exercise without any enervating effect.

With infinite patience and determination he went on with his exercises—and slowly grew stronger. Today, it is only the lower part of his limbs that is subnormal, but even this handicap is swept aside by this indomitable man. He walks with the aid of one stick and a friendly arm. He still must wear leg braces—but every year finds him more vigorous.

EXCEPT FOR short periods his strenuous public life no longer gives him the time to remain at Warm Springs and put in endless hours at exercises. He can carry on his swimming, for every evening at five o'clock he swims in a long pool that once was the conservatory in the grounds of the Executive Mansion. At ten-thirty he is in bed—reading.

"I'm afraid I inherited the old Roosevelt habit of rapid reading in bed," he said to me, with one of his friendly smiles. "Almost every night I push through an ordinary book, and by twelve-thirty I have it pretty well devoured."

We talked on—rather, visited on. It was all friendly and hospitable. Now and then the call of spring would pull the governor's eyes towards the open window; those birds kept on singing to him, sensing apparently that here was an appreciative audience for their joy-of-living songs.

Once or twice his secretary came in and two or three times important calls came through his telephone.

I tried to study him—to search out the source of his power and his success. But I found my mind wandering from those deep questions; they seemed to be brushed aside by the very gentleness and kindliness of his nature. Educated, skilled, clear-minded, upright, honest, he is a man who loves his family, his country and his fellow man—and above all, he is a gentleman.

And he'd mean all that to me, even if he'd never heard of a Presidential nomination or the White House.

Funny Face

IN THE very midst of selling a man a policy, some such thought as this would strike Harry:

What the —— ! What's the big idea of standing here trying to sell life insurance to this fellow who is afraid even to talk of death? It's a joke. Me, who loves death. Me, who never has wanted to live; anyway, not the way this poor fish does.

That was true of Harry. Rather terribly true, although nobody knew it but himself, chiefly because his slightly oversized head, round as a toy balloon, was a comic mask that sat on the stem of a next-to-nothing neck close to his short and heavily squat body. A mask that creased into a thousand wrinkles in order to smile and that poured into its own crevasses to laugh.

It laughed readily, and by the plastic trick of the wrinkles becoming crevasses, inspired the risibilities of the beholder.

Not only in that virtue, but in his early cognizance of it, lay Harry's secret of success in business.

People—folks—the world—were so genuinely eager to smile. Something pathetic about it. Ever see a crowd of people trying desperately to laugh at a street scene that wasn't funny at all, or smiling over comic strips that depicted some form of human discomfort?

Look at the way they jammed outside the moving-picture theaters if somebody like Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin happened to be the attraction! They stood in line almost as if they had brought with them under their overcoats, or in their hand bags, little bundles of laughter which they were pathetically eager to offer up.

These people waited there with the desire for laughter trembling behind their straight lips. One little tickle from a backward kick of Chaplin, or the owlishness of Lloyd, and they would pour the precious fluid of laughter at the feet of their comedians.

There was a little backward kick somewhere in Harry's facial expression. People smiled or wanted to smile as they passed him. Fellows in business slapped him on the back and told him he was good for what ailed them. Youngsters liked Harry, although with them he was shy, as if apologetic to them for the life to come.

Funny thing, this youngster business. Toting them. Holding them up at zoos to feed peanuts to giraffes. Taking the joy that young fathers did in showing them off. Instinct. Mothers had it, of course. But apparently so did fathers. Fatten a kid for life, just as you fatten a calf for slaughter . . . Funny thing. Well, anyway, kids liked Harry, and one little one, son of a client to whom he had sold a large policy, asked him once, in delighted treble, to make another face, when Harry had not consciously been making a face at all.

As he profited by all this, a sly knowledge crept in behind that humorous mask of his and gave him a selling technique.

Make 'em laugh!

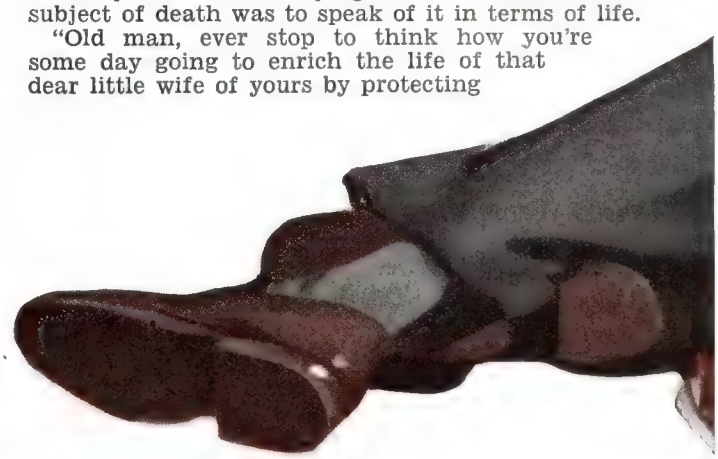
It was not easy, because in selling life insurance your talking point was death. It was, ironically enough, if you were only permitted to cash in on it, the surest talking point that ever a salesman could hope to be blessed with. You might talk with a fair degree of certainty to a man contemplating the purchase of a family sedan, an electric iron or a bond, but the man who sold his product on the supposition of death, sold it on a certainty!

"Ever think of that?" Harry used to ram home to the prospective owner of a policy, in the days before he had learned to reconcile himself to the fact that human nature would not reckon with this certainty. It was one thing for him to have chosen as his merchandise a product based on the one certainty in life: death. Not: "Sir, if you die." But: "Sir, *when* you die." It was another matter entirely to dare to introduce this perfect selling point to a prospective customer.

IF ONE so much as mentioned death, men turned away with faces so drawn and apprehensive that one hesitated even to behold this indecent exposure of fear.

And so, even if he had chosen the business of life insurance because it reckoned with the sure-fire, the sweetish, the tranquil reality of death, it took Harry just about two weeks to realize that the only way successfully to focus the buying attention of a man on the subject of death was to speak of it in terms of life.

"Old man, ever stop to think how you're some day going to enrich the life of that dear little wife of yours by protecting



her with a *life*-insurance policy—endowment plan—against her future?"

Or: "My friend, *life* insurance today isn't merely a safeguard for your loved ones. It's a life line! Ever

by Fannie Hurst

Illustrations by E. M. Jackson

¶ *"Do you know, Mary," said Harry, "I have the feeling that all my life I haven't been born until now." They were stricken, each of these two, with a sense of miracle come to pass.*

hear the story about the man who lived to be a hundred and ten?"

Idiots! The way to fool them into cognizance of the sweet invincibility of death was to sell them assurance of the walk in a vale called life.

One soon learned. One earned the living one lived. Harry, at an early age, was able to earn a fairly good one. Sometimes it seemed to him that this was perversely true because he cared so little. Not in the desperate brooding sense of the neurotic. Rather, to Harry, ever since he could remember, death had seemed something in the nature of a grand going home . . .

IN THE MAIN, however, the rather blasting depressions to which he had been subject periodically since his boyhood life with a widowed aunt in Utica; those strange, almost irresistible yearnings, persisting through adolescence, for the lure of early death or the lethal waters of suicide, were not in the ascendant.

As a growing lad, he had not dreaded those secret onslaughts of the strange etheric impulse toward death into the normalcy of his days in Utica. They had seemed more normal than life itself.

Once the aunt with whom he dwelt had routed out a drawerful of books, which in her mind did not correlate beyond "truck," but which were unified by a common theme. Books on Death accumulated by a lad. "The Raven" (school edition). "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'" (Somewhere in that thought lay death.) "Twenty Amusing Ways of Committing Suicide." (Ten cents off a secondhand stall.) "Death of a Lady." (Same stall.) The title of that dime volume had been misleading. The lady had not died at all, except spiritually, and that was entirely another matter. "Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln." Just think, the shot had entered him in the very midst of life, cutting him off almost immediately into death.

And by now, Abraham Lincoln, and most people, in fact, had been dead so much longer than they had lived. Ten, twenty, fifty, a thousand times longer! Very dickens the way some thoughts were too big to clutch for more than a moment, before they disintegrated in the mind and became mere confusion. So reasoned a boy.

But by the time he was twenty, twenty-five, then thirty, these secret contemplations riddled him less and less. Living life took every moment of time and every ounce of energy. Becoming a successful insurance agent meant permitting no grass to grow under one's feet, but plenty of it across the idea of the grave. Sometimes months would pass without so much as a faint surging of the old desire to turn toward the strange seclusion called death; which was almost like a desire he had noted in babes, to turn face away from the approach of a stranger, into mother's breast.

Thank heaven, whole months could pass now.

It was a mere trick of the face though, Harry decided, that had pulled him out by the boot straps.

How could a man with a round, amused-looking face be other than just that? Even with the now sporadic impulses to turn to the scarred breast of some mother-like earth and say, "I hurt! Take me back," one could not, in business. One certainly could not if the business was life insurance.

One had to buttonhole the man to whom one was attempting to sell life insurance, throw him, rope him, slay with laughter his sense of anathema to the proposition of a policy.

Men smiled back at what they must have mistaken for Harry's smile, but for the most part Harry's smile became sufficiently authentic: a conscious lifting of the muscles to simulate love of life; zest for the job.

With success. Before he was forty, Harry had plastered life-insurance policies across the futures of hundreds of men and women whose protection against tomorrow would ordinarily have been about the distance between hand and mouth.

Harry's a good egg. Might not think so to look at him, but that little fellow has advanced premiums on enough lapsing policies to pave his way from here to heaven. There's plenty of widows living snug as bugs in this town right now who would have been left

As Harry stood there beside mind that needed only a

Mary's bed with the lantern-faced Russel a resolve came into his twenty-step excursion to the drawer that contained the thirty-two.

penniless, except for that good egg's carrying some bad egg of a husband's policy . . .

That was true enough, although it was Harry's boast that, in all the years of his coming to the rescue of jeopardized policies, in only two cases had his confidence in the ultimate integrity of the embarrassed policyholder been misplaced.

Yes, in countless cases Harry had been known to carry along policies, collecting only after a demise.

But even more than in his Samaritanism, the secret of his success resided in his salesmanship.

"If anybody had told me I'd be sucker enough to tie myself up for life insurance at this low tide in my affairs!" more than one signer, placing his pen to the dotted line of one of Harry's policies, had remonstrated. "You're the darnedest little fellow! What you grinning at? Don't blame you much. The laugh is on me."

As a matter of fact, the laugh was on Harry. Hung across his face as external as a mask.

The cleavage into his loveless life came with the suddenness of a clap of mountain thunder. Into the boarding house and into the life of this little man of no sex history whatsoever, there entered, along about the time he was forty-two, a woman who was even more of a ruin than she appeared to be.

And what a ruin! Great bandages of still-red hair which she wore wrapping her head as if her skull had been broken in a crash. Low-lidded eyes that should have been green and perhaps once were, but which now swam into a tired sort of gray. A ruin of a neck hung with beads and chains. Great and gaunt height from which that dimming head shone in the doused fashion of a lantern at dawn.

That was Mary, whom, from the moment his hitherto uncovetous eyes had clapped onto her, Harry was to desire with all the aching of suddenly aroused flesh.

She was older than he; she was tireder than mountains are old and what lay in her eyes was turgid.

WHAT LAY in her eyes when she first beheld Harry was even more turgid than their usual stale stillness. Lack of desire for this male, and a dead kind of pain, and high-toned disdain of an environment that was like cotton toweling to flesh that in its day had known fragrance and massage.

It was interesting and no little magnificent to observe her varying appetites for the foods which Mrs. Paley's boarders at least consumed with a certain respect for caloric nourishment, and with that dogged principle of the will to live in order to carry on their respective occupations of public accountant, claim agent, stenographer, veterinarian, insurance agent, cashier, taxidermist, saleslady, and box-office clerk. The woman named Mary would turn over her helping of hip steak, or stir the canary bathtub of succotash, and something in the gray-green of her eyes and in the flesh along her straight nose would seem to crawl up and nest in offended fastidiousness behind the bandage of reddish hair that lashed her brow.

At a board where plates were scraped empty or mopped up by permissible wads of white bread, her untouched prunes, or pallid, rebuking slice of lamb as it rode away on the palm of a rigidly unobservant landlady, gave her one more touch of preciousness in a whole string, the like of which Harry had never known.

Sultry, tragic, thwarted grandeur suddenly set down here in the midst of the most unsultry, untragic, unthwarted ungrandness conceivable. It made gossip fly,

and through the hailstones of it there raged in Harry the first surging love-of-life he had ever known.

Love of life, and long before he was knowing it, love of Mary. Time became suddenly a grand mosaic of hitherto nonexistent, unobserved or undreamed facts. How tender the lips of women could seem. Especially Mary's, since the contrast to her thwarted-looking eyes was so great. Perfume was an unsubtle invitation to the senses to swim . . .

There were changeable-silk pillows on Mary's bed. Mostly lavender and winking violet. He had had flashes of them as he passed her open door and at sight of the small triangles trimmed in cotton-stuffed grapes and tarnished gilt lace, and at the odor of her which had sifted like powder through the hallways, a pain shot through Harry that might be said to have cleft the history of his entire experience in two.

The life before the advent of the burnished splendor named Mary. The life after.

He once tried to convey that to her shortly after their amazing, not to say incredible, marriage.

"Do you know, Mary, I have the feeling that all my life I haven't been born until now."

She was in the ebullient spirits that one who feels himself slipping without hope of rescue, down a steep mountain-side, must experience after he has been dragged back by a miraculously thrown life line.

Substantial, money-earning men to whom women are potential wives do not look into the human discard for those wives.

Harry had. On the down side of life, where men no longer sought even her body, this miracle on two stubby legs had walked first into her sense of the ridiculous and then into her desperate sense of her need for security.

One of those life-of-the-party boys that in one form or another grace every boarding-house table. Made her want to laugh, this little funny-faced guy, even before he opened his mouth and caused the particles of dreariness that made up her very being seem to disintegrate into authentic impulse for laughter.

And heaven knows, at this time, on an abominable slope of her life, Mary needed to laugh.

And to think that on this slope there should appear one willing not only to provide for her, but to husband her!

No great wonder that in his words to her, "Do you know, Mary, I have the feeling that all my life I haven't been born until now," there should seem an equal amount of miracle.

They were stricken, each of these two, with a sense of miracle come to pass.

How tired she was! It made him want to rest her with some of the lack of fatigue which he felt he could pour out of his bones into hers.

What a ninny he was! Comic valentine, and yet how indescribably precious, to come actually bringing to her who had never known security, except the precarious seclusion of passionate interludes, safety at a time when men in general, and one in particular, oh, so terribly, terribly in particular, had done with her.

Harry knew that, at least the general aspect of it. She had told him and somehow, on her lips, what in another might have sickened him, only quickened him.

She was like a summer storm that has spent itself and has only heat lightning left, and to Harry she was all grandeur, and for the first time life was sweeter than his congenital impulse to turn away from it, an impulse which died down completely when his body came awake to passion.

They lived in a good neighborhood in a good apartment which she fitted up, between fits of almost overwhelming lassitude, in the key of the changeable-silk violet-and-orchid pillows which at first had so inflamed his fancy.

"I'm no good and you're a prince, Funny-face, and don't ever think I'm not on to it," she told him once in one of the rare fits of tenderness for him that would overtake her. "When they said at the boarding house

There was something in the way Russel at him. Something spilled from their eyes;

that your little finger was worth more than my whole body, they were right and I know it."

"Don't, Mary!" he said, and tried to enfold her gaunt splendor in his short arms. "When you talk like that it hurts me more than I can stand."

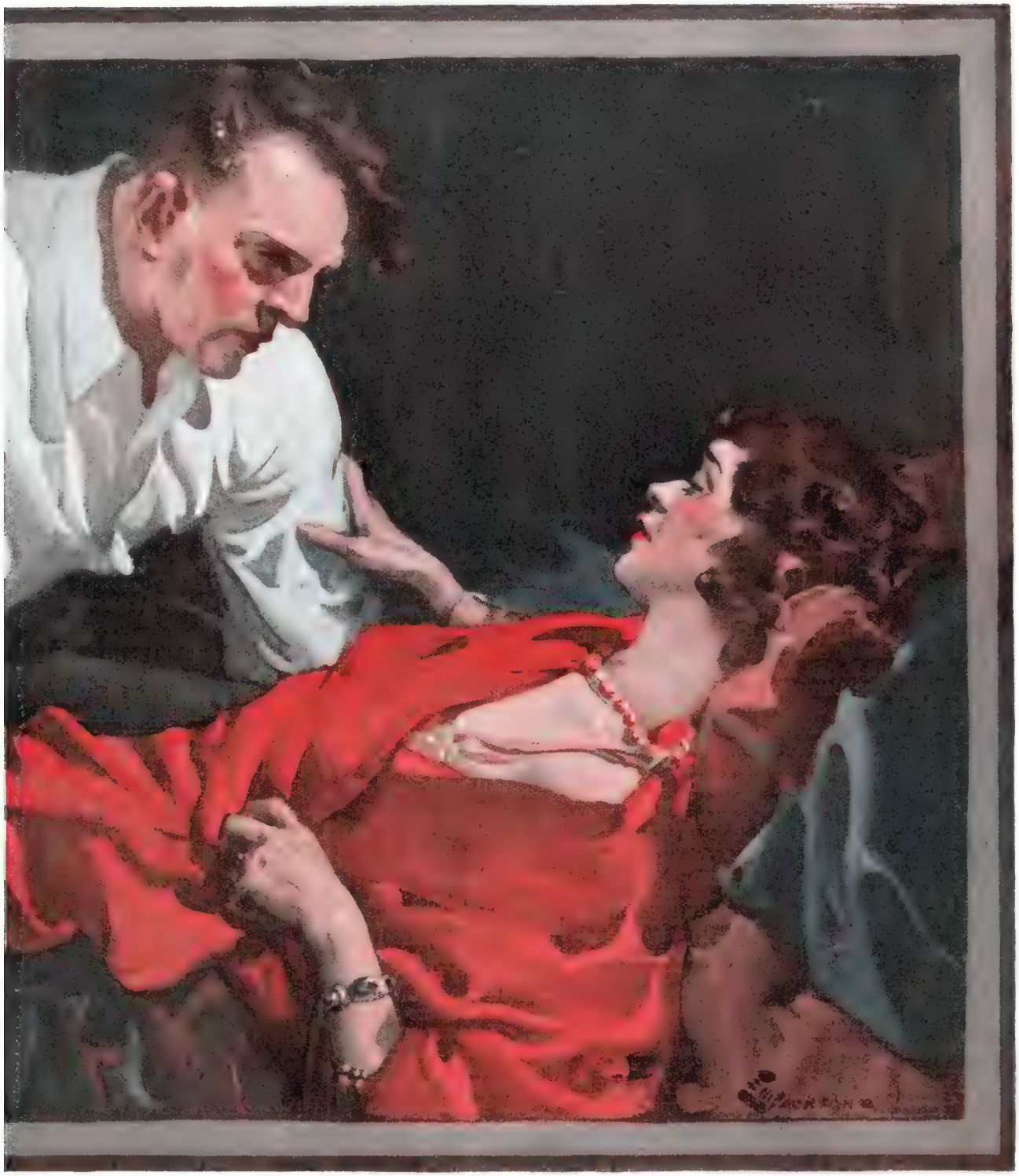
"I'm so tired, Harry. Tired and dirty with living. This deal you're giving me is like a warm bath."

But usually she was just the burnished-looking sunset enfolded in the mists of a lassitude that made it possible for her to lounge hours on end among the ornate pillows, literally waiting for one day to pass and place itself on end, as if it were a domino, against the beginning of the next.

Waiting.

But to Harry in the home he had so miraculously been able to create for himself and this woman there was anything but the dreariness of fact.

She was a bloom on the window sill of his life, all



looked at Mary; in the way Mary looked something old and crammed with memories.

right; a window which too often had looked out over vales filled with doggerel and scraps of imagination. "Xerxes did die, and so must I." Vergil and Dante on a plain that sloped downward into shade . . . The first was in a schoolbook; the second on a lithograph.

All that was changed now. Not once that recurring sense of an insanity of depression. No longer the almost overwhelming impulse to walk off a high place or press the little, round, cold gape of a revolver against the roof of a mouth under which imprisoned depression no longer seemed able to contain itself.

Today, when he sold a man life insurance, nothing popped out at him like an impish voice barking from his heart, "Well, what of it? What the —— ! What does it all mean, anyway? Why am I standing here trying to sell life insurance to a fellow whose life isn't worth insuring?"

The reason was jolly well apparent now. The reason was Mary. How the gal, bless her, could make the money fly! Not during the first year. It was as if she had been too tired. It was as she began to brighten and regain what must have been some of her more splendid splendor that this appealing naughtiness of her extravagance began to assert itself. It made a fellow jump, all right, and on occasion dig down into his nest egg. One of those things that had accumulated because of not enough zest for living, and for which he had never entertained great respect.

The zest flowing back into Mary was happy contagion. The apartment looked less like a sample one that had been built and fitted out on the furniture floor of a department store. Flowers that cost like the dickens stood about in tall vases now. Curtains appeared before the windows in elaborate crisscrosses of laces and net. One shopped (*Continued on page 174*)

Only *heartless* Men will Laugh *at this* Account

More Cruel than WHIPS

¶ *Mr. Sefton, a he-gossip in the silks*

FIFTEEN YEARS after it happened one of the men in the wholesale end told me all about it, but he spoke in whispers and kept looking over his shoulder. That's how dreadful it was to those who knew the facts from the inside and could tell you that civil war and vast business disruptions followed the mere incident of Mrs. Lowrie's selecting material for a gown.

Mr. Fifield and Mr. Lowrie were partners. They owned the largest department store in a mushroom metropolis which was one-half a transplanted blend of New York, London and Paris. The other half was mud. But lilies bloom in mud, and Mrs. Fifield and Mrs. Lowrie each believed that she was a fleur-de-lis of prairie aristocracy and the only *bona fide* fleur of the overgrown and growing and rampageous settlement of which Messrs. Fifield and Lowrie were the mercantile monarchs.

The Montagues never liked the Capulets. The Hatfields didn't get along so well with the McCoys. Both the Guelphs and the Ghibellines wiped many a bloody sword. But all the feuds reported by history seemed like trivial neighborhood spats compared with the unrelenting ambush warfare which gradually developed between Mrs. Fifield (directing her campaign from a red-brick castle with a mansard roof) and Mrs. Lowrie (planning retaliatory measures in another red-brick castle with a mansard roof).

If Mrs. Fifield installed a hard-faced butler to take the place of the traditional "maid," Mrs. Lowrie imported an English coachman with tufted side-whiskers and a complexion like a sunset. If Mrs. Lowrie showed up at the annual spasm of grand opera with a sunburst larger than a stove lid, then Mrs. Fifield ordered a tiara more gorgeous than any worn by Queen Victoria. They fought for the bodily possession of visiting celebrities like Bengal tigers competing for an attractive carcass.

So you will understand why Mrs. Lowrie—when she learned that Mrs. Fifield was going to stage a combination ball, reception and indoor spectacle of most astounding proportions—began to plan to keep her place at the head of the parade by appearing at the function in the most novel, splendid and entrancing costume ever worn on the North American continent. She wanted to resemble Marie Antoinette as much as any lady weighing one hundred and sixty-five and a bit lumpy about the shoulders could hope to resemble the gay cut-up of the Petit Trianon.

She went to Mr. Sefton, who wore downy Dundrearies and had charge of the silk department in the large retail establishment of Fifield and Lowrie. Mrs. Lowrie wanted some material which was unique as to pattern and not one thread of which had ever been seen west of New York. Mr. Sefton had samples of the very latest products of the looms at Lyon, in France.

There was one which struck Mrs. Lowrie as being very Parisian. It showed an endless curlicue of delicate moss roses twining around dark panels. Mr. Sefton said it was "chic." He was one of the first persons in the Corn Belt to use the word.

Mrs. Lowrie chose the moss-rose effect and the order went in by telegraph, and when the material arrived it was delivered to Madame La Pointe, the only modiste in town. All the others were dressmakers. Some of these incidental details will help you to fix the approximate date of the terrible incident.

While Mrs. Lowrie was making feverish preparations to outdo the Queen of Sheba, other things were happening. Mr. Sefton had much to do with the counterplot. The same soft and confiding qualities which made him so valuable as a super-salesman of dress goods made him unreliable as the custodian of an important secret.

Mr. Sefton was a he-gossip, and a worshiper of rich and important personages. When a matron of first importance came along either aisle of his department he began to purr like a kitten and tremble like a leaf. When it came to fawning, he was an expert sycophant.

The day after the visit of Mrs. Lowrie was another red-letter day for Mr. Sefton because Mrs. Fifield appeared unexpectedly in his rectangular domain

¶ *Even the piano was draped with N-3506—Mrs. Lowrie fainted.*

of Woman's *Inhumanity to* Woman—*by* George Ade

and sought an interview with him. She wanted material for a party gown. Mr. Sefton began to coo and gurgle, and snap his fingers and give supplicating orders to his subordinates. Mrs. Fifield made her selection in less than no time but Mr. Sefton felt the urge to do something courtly and gallant which would advance him in her favor. He discovered a sudden chance to make her his confidante.

"Oh, Mrs. Fifield!" he exclaimed, if it is possible to exclaim and simper at the same time. "Perhaps I shouldn't tell you, but I know I can trust you and I'm quite sure you would be *so* interested."

"You have aroused my curiosity. What is it you think might interest me?"

MR. SEFTON ran to the end of the counter, returning with a stiffly woven silk with a pattern of moss roses twining around dark panels.

"It's pretty," commented Mrs. Fifield.

"Isn't it? One of the most recent importations. We have ordered just enough of this pattern for one gown, and that gown is to be worn at your wonderful party—by a lady you know very well."

"Really?"

"Really."

"Who is the lady?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't tell, but—ah—can't you guess?"

"Mrs. Lowrie?"

"Please don't tell anyone I showed you the sample, but I thought you'd be interested."

"I am."

While this highly important dialogue was going on, Mrs. Fifield was looking hard at the sample and getting a certain rather intricate number wedged into her memory. Before she departed from the store, she took a visiting card from her purse and penciled on it, "N-3506."

A half hour later she was in the wholesale department of Fifield and Lowrie, over by the railway tracks, conferring with Wilberforce Veach, who bought all the silk goods used in the Mississippi Valley. She gave him the factory number, N-3506, and told him to wire and get all of that pattern which had arrived in New York from Paris.

"Suppose they have a lot of it?" suggested Mr. Veach.

"I want all they have."

The bolts arrived by express and were whisked away in Mrs. Fifield's landau, because the hours were precious.

¶ *The imported coachman*

A canopy led out to the street and a width of red carpet ran up the stone steps and extra policemen were on hand to hold back the crowd. Light gushed from every tall window. The line of waiting carriages extended two blocks to the north. Beauty, chivalry, corn, wheat, cattle, shipping and real estate were out *en masse* and the display of bare shoulders and white gloves was unprecedented. That's what happened when Mrs. Fifield put on a real party. Society editors opened new parcels of adjectives and euchre parties had something to talk about for weeks later.

Mrs. Lowrie had a flair for the dramatic, so she postponed her arrival until the stage had been set and the introductory music played.

She saw a swarming ensemble ahead of her, as she came down the wide stairway and advanced confidently into the long and wide and high drawing-room.

Mrs. Fifield greeted her with gushing cordiality before she had time to be stricken down. Mrs. Lowrie saw the curtains first of all—two curtains of ample dimensions to every lofty window. The curtains were of pale silk and showed a design of fuzzy moss roses twining around dark panels. Her knees gave way and she moved weakly toward a settee. It was richly upholstered with factory number N-3506. She sat down. And when she sat down, you couldn't tell where Mrs. Lowrie left off and the furniture began.

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

PEOPLE began moving toward the ballroom and Mrs. Lowrie began to see chairs. Chairs, chairs, chairs—each tightly covered with moss roses and dark trellises. It was when she saw N-3506 draped carelessly over the piano that she fainted. Of course she had to be taken home, and it was a case of day and night nursing.

The men never knew what had happened. They did not even discover that the drawing-room had been redecorated. But the women knew.

I can still feel the grip of the wardress shaking me to quietness. I can still hear myself scream out: "You can't hang me; you can't hang me! I didn't do it! Oh, say you believe me!"

I *was* Condemned *to* HANG

By Dora Kettering

". . . And hanged by the neck until you are dead." The judge's voice was like the clanging of a bell and seemed to echo on into eternity. But his words were charged with no significance for me; it was as if I were cut off from what was happening, as if I were watching, just as a spectator. It was not possible for me to realize then that *I* had been condemned.

The terror of the previous hours, when my brain struggled vainly to remain steady and clear, had left me. But those long hours of words and words and words that turned white into black and made the simplest fact appear envenomed proof against me had beaten my will. I was numb with cold and a deadly nausea.

I was charged with the murder of the woman who had brought me up since babyhood, when I was left an orphan. She had been in feeble health, and was found dead in her bed through suffocation. Suspicion fell on me. A chain of small incidents was forged against me—a difference of opinion over a new housekeeper was held as proof that I wished to get rid of a third person on the premises; strongest of all was the will she had made in my favor and the fact that I had exceeded my allowance and was in debt. The prosecution presented a strong case against me. I was convicted and condemned to death.

At first my trial had all seemed fantastic, like a nightmare that at any moment I might break if I could get my will to work. I believed that it was only necessary to tell the truth for judge and jury to understand. But gradually the sense stole over me that nothing I could do, nothing I could say, would loose me from the machinery of the law. And yet it seemed incredible that I should be charged with murder. They knew, they *must* know that it was not in me to hurt a living soul.

But through it all I recognized in a dim way that of *me*—the woman who stood there—judge, jury, counsel, the people in the court staring with thirsty eyes, knew nothing. To them I was no longer a fellow creature on trial for her life but that impersonal thing, a prisoner in the dock. Why should I not have committed murder?

Everything seemed blurred, but the throbbing in my throat would not stop and every now and then my body shook. Something deep inside me wanted to struggle; to break out from the trap. But I felt I must keep still and I went on thinking, "If you are quiet they'll know you are innocent." You see, they'd hammered me with words into a numb unconsciousness; it was difficult for me to breathe.

I suppose something must have gone blank in my head when the jury went out to consider their verdict. I don't remember what happened after I left the dock till they brought me some cocoa in the cells below. I was thirsty and wanted to drink, but it was so sweet that it sickened me and I began to cry . . .

It was even betting, somebody said, whether the jury would acquit or not. A warder laid four half crowns that they wouldn't. If he won he would make ten shillings, and a woman would hang.

Just for a flash my brain functioned. A clutching sense of reality came near me. I pushed it back. I fastened on objective things, foolish yet immortal trifles that even now thrust their death's-heads from the past.

"The warder has blue eyes." The words formed themselves in my mind and went on in endless repetition. I would not feel: I would not think . . .

"Guilty!" said the foreman of the jury. He kept on stroking his tie as if he were touching the silken skin of a woman's neck . . .

Someone gripped my shoulder; a warder seemed to be trying to rouse me to attention. But still I did not, I could not wake to consciousness. I crouched deeper and deeper into myself.

Hadn't the judge finished? Why did he take so long? I knew the words he had to say—they had haunted me for days. The bit of black cloth on his head shook and quivered like a little snake, but what he said had no meaning—no meaning for me.

"And may God have mercy on your soul." Your soul, your soul, your soul! a hundred voices seemed to shout in great waves; a hundred whirling faces glared at me, nearer, closer, pressing hard and faster, breaking through the wall that I had built between me and the awful truth, forcing me out into the shameful light of day—to be hanged, hanged by my neck . . .

Terror does not kill. I found that out through days and nights of quivering torment. Terror is a stimulant that excites your brain while it rots your soul. Terror will not let you sink into despair; it flogs you to a wild revolt, rousing the will to live to a clamorous agony.

They took me—I could not walk or stand—and lifted me into the prison van. I was steeped in such ghastly fear I could not move. There was a moment when I thought I must be paralyzed. It almost brought me comfort, for if it were true it would be impossible to hang me—my body would be dead already.

I saw nothing of the prison gates, the long stone corridor. The numbness did not break until they took off my shoes and bathed my head when I reached the cell. The quietness of the hands brought up the picture of my home, my home.

An intolerable anguish came upon me and I began to scream and scream and scream. I was conscious of the fact that I was screaming, but I was unable to control myself. Presently in sheer fatigue I grew quiet. A draft slipped down my throat . . . I fell into the very depths of sleep.

I awoke rested, with a curious feeling of contentment. Neither my body nor my mind was yet alive to what had happened and for a breath I had a wonderful oblivion. And then my eyes turned to a figure in a dark blue uniform sitting in the corner of the cell—and I knew. But though I was aware of what was going to happen to me, the (*Continued on page 112*)

Lady-

By

Rupert Hughes

Illustrations by
David Robinson

WHEN a he-beauty meets a she-beauty there comes—probably nothing more than a passing glance as they go their ways like two footpads working opposite sides of the same street.

But when a devastating he-beauty meets a triumphant she-beauty and promptly falls even more in love with her than with himself, then we encounter a case of dilapidated magnificence that deserves far more pity than it will ever get—though pity was the last emotion on earth that Keith Murray could have endured to inspire in anybody, least of all in Susan Jane Smith, who was homely in name only, and—but this sentence has gone on long enough.

Keith Murray lectured about Current Events, Economics and Politics to a horde of more or less wealthy women who would have listened to almost anything he might care to pour into their porcelain and Satsuma ears. They would rather listen to him talking about nothing at all than not listen to him at all.

Since most of them were devouring him with their eyes and imagining that he was murmuring sweet nothings of intensely personal reference, it did not greatly annoy them that he was actually discoursing sour somethings of international import. If an occasional clever phrase of his stuck in their memories, so much the better; they could stick it into their conversation later with bright effect.

After the lecture they would swarm about him pleading for further information in order to wring from him direct language and individual caresses of the eye. Then they hurried home to listen to their pet crooners on the radio—before dressing for dinner and dashing out to imagine themselves in the place of the actresses to whom their pet actors were administering temptation and courtship.

Technically they were all perfectly true to their husbands or their sweethearts, but they got in a vast amount of vicarious emotional massage during the day by way of novels, radios, concerts, talkies and theaters. The fact that Keith Murray could be educational while being also handsome and stimulating gave him an uncanny power.

Most of his listeners were so gorgeously dressed and so daintily fed on the profits their husbands or fathers or both made out of high tariffs, preferential rates, low wages and capitalistic tyranny, that they were delighted to hear Keith Murray thunder melodiously in favor of free trade, socialism, short hours, profit sharing and contra-capitalism.

Many of the women who were free altogether or had part-time liberty from their husbands or fiancés invited Murray to luncheons, teas, dinners, theaters, opera boxes, dances, suppers, night clubs, breakfasts, or better yet, to quiet conferences in odd corners, where they could pretend to be excited over the true inwardness of Marx, Sovietry, Syndicalism and other musical terms while they were really thinking:

"Isn't it too divinely cute the way he wiggles that left eyebrow!" or "How quite too horribly delicious he is when he gets mad at the bankers. My husband is a banker and I adore hearing the beasts abused. When he says 'Communism' his darling mouth acts as if it were kissing at me."

Women are kittle cattle!

Murray was not deceived in all this and he sometimes felt belittled or wasted; yet, after all, he made ten times the money he could have made as a college instructor and there were compensations in being the pampered sultan of a great intellectual seraglio.

The reason most of us men despise the lady-killers is that their sport is so foreign to our own experiences and hopes.

Inspiring so much passion, Murray was as immune from its sweet poison as any other snake, until one day somehow Susan Jane Smith was dragged to one of his lectures by an earnest and despotic old aunt of hers. Aunt Myra, being a trifle deaf, always sat in front and she planted Susan Jane in the chair next to her own.

MURRAY saw her come in and was so intent on collecting his thoughts for his lecture that Susan Jane's dazzling beauty hardly penetrated his fog. But he was no sooner launched upon his discourse than he grew so vividly aware of her presence that he could hardly keep his mind on his theme. Then she began to go to sleep on him!

The poor thing was hardly to blame. She had got to bed at eight-thirty that morning and was up at ten-thirty to keep an appointment with a demon hairdresser who would have refused to see her at all if she had been five minutes late.

She had not minded being three-quarters of an hour late to a luncheon, but she had had to hurry through it like mad to avoid the peril of keeping her Aunt Myra waiting. Her luncheon, in fact, had consisted of hardly more than a few cocktails and cigarets.

Then her aunt yanked her to the Keith Murray lecture and she fought a losing battle with overwhelming drowsiness.

Killer

¶ Murray grew so vividly aware of Susan Jane that he could hardly keep his mind on his theme. Then she began to go to sleep!

¶ *Other women would have been delighted to dance with Keith Murray; but he was in too tragic a mood for reprisal by flirtation.*

She first attracted Keith's attention by her pitiful failure to disguise little preliminary yawns as sighs of emotion over the fate of the toilers who had to work six days a week with only half-Saturdays and whole-holidays off, not to mention frequent strikes.

But when the yawns grew too profound and prolonged to be smothered as sighs Susan Jane began to tap her lips with her fingers. While all the other eyes clung to Keith's and all other faces were so many empty plates turned up to be filled, Susan's eyes grew dull, closed, opened, closed again, her head drooped and was snapped erect, only to droop again, to waggle, roll and finally come to rest with her chin deep in her chest and only the top of her tight hat pointing at Keith.

She slept! This fact alone made her unique among his experiences, and he tried in vain to keep his mind and his eyes off her. He was so upset, indeed, that he telescoped all his world-news into a hopeless jumble and heard back these words that had passed his lips:

"Of intense significance is the Tariff Commission's recommendation to the President that the French loans to Poland, Roumania and Jugoslavia had forestalled Mahatma Mussolini's refusal to pay the salt tax to Stalin and the Russian Ogpu."

Even more humiliating than his own confusion was his realization that not one of his enchanted auditresses had even noticed that he had been talking sheer nonsense. They were all asleep or at least adream with their eyes open. This ghastly realization gave him a sudden respect for Susan Jane Smith, who was at least honest about being bored to a coma.

Susan Jane, like many other great beauties, was the honestest, frankest, simplest, least affected of women. For one thing, a beautiful woman does not have to cheat, lie, attitudinize and pretend as other women do. She can prosper without taking all that trouble. She can sleep while others fret.

And Susan Jane did sleep pretty!

Keith Murray, being a man of high education, did not commit the solecism of saying or even thinking that she slept "prettily," any more than he would have said that he felt badly about her somnolence. He felt very bad about it at first, and then he began to feel better.

Before the lecture was over he was in love with her and perfectly willing for her to sleep through all his lectures. He would not have minded if she slept on his shoulder.

As his voice climbed through his peroration he was wondering who she was and what he should say to her when she came up to tell him how swell he was and how much she had enjoyed his lecture—his lullaby.

But when she woke with a start at the nudge of her Aunt Myra she almost fell out of her chair—and oh, how prettily! But Mrs. Myra Abercorn was so ashamed of her niece that she dragged her from the lecture room on a dogtrot.

Keith Murray's heartstrings were by now so enwrapped about Susan Jane that they followed her right out of the room. She damned near unraveled him. He was in a frenzy. He wanted to howl at her, "Stop! Wait for me! Who are you? What's your name and what's your game and what's your telephone number?"

He would have pursued her forthwith if he had not been a mere island of male entirely surrounded by stormy femininity. He did not dare ask anybody who the handsome stranger was. He was too timid even to telephone Mrs. Abercorn and inquire of her.

He went about the town like the heroine of the Song of Songs pitifully seeking his beloved. But the chances that any one man roaming the streets of New York should meet any one woman among the three-million-odd women at large were exceedingly slim, especially as Susan Jane did not roam the streets, and more especially as she was not in town at all. She had gone out in the country to dig some more money out of her father.

The next time Murray saw her was when their taxi-cabs passed each other in opposite directions on Fifth Avenue. He screamed at his driver to spin round and follow that yellow cab and catch it.

"Fat chance!" said the driver. "But I'll try. It's a good thing it's a yeller cab, for there's only one other in town and that's this'n."

The traffic regulations of New York have been framed primarily in the cause of virtue, particularly to prevent anybody from ever turning round and overtaking anybody—lest somebody might want to overtake somebody for flirtatious or other unworthy motives.

Murray's driver first had to obey a signal to shoot forward at forty miles an hour. Every time he tried to pause at a corner and turn, an indignant copper asked him where or what the health situation was and thumbed him on. The poor man had to go to Central Park and make a short circuit of it before he could get back into Fifth Avenue on a southerly tack. Just as he was achieving a superb velocity—Murray saw Susan Jane again—speeding northward, of course. She did not see him. He did not even tell the driver that the pursuit was over.

He was so dejected that when on a later occasion he was asked to attend a luncheon where he would meet "the beautiful Susan Jane Smith," he refused with scorn. In the first place, he wanted to meet only one woman on earth and he was sure that her name could never be anything so plain as Susan Jane. It would have to be at least Haidee, Zaidee, or Yvonne.

In fact, when someone asked him to let the light of his countenance shine on an admirer of his known as "Fiametta Tantery," he accepted, thinking that this might be his lost angel.

Fiametta turned out to be the utter opposite of his heart's desire. She was fair in name only. She was an old maid by acclamation. She had been elected a life member in the Spinsters' Union before she was born. Her mother and father had been secretly voted the homeliest couple in South Norwalk. They had married each other because nobody else would have either. Their daughter, when she emerged to a world that was pained but not surprised, combined the worst features of both. They named her Mattie. She changed it to Fiametta as soon as she began to read the romances that she could not expect to encounter. She changed her first name because her mirror told her that she was never going to change her last name.

When Keith Murray hastened to be presented to Fiametta Tantery, hoping that she might be his anonymous angel, he was saved from exposing the shock he felt by an inability to choose between breaking out into howls of laughter and breaking down into sobs of despair. He went about like a haunted house walking, with one impalpable ghost inside it.

When his lecture season came to an end he drearily accepted an invitation to visit the McClintocks' country house on Long Island for a few days. He took a seat in a chair car, swinging the chair round backward to escape the glare of light, and made ready for a good nap over an article by a rival lecturer.

At some vaguely later period, he opened his eyes and yawned. The yawn paused midway as a gasp of astonishment. The beauty he had sought so far so vainly was asleep in the chair directly facing his—her little crossed feet almost touching his. Gosh, but she did sleep pretty!

By a divine arrangement a book she had been reading began to slide from her silken lap slowly across her knees, down her silken shins and over her insteps to the floor, where it fell open in such a position that when he leaned over to pick it up he could not help seeing the inscription:

> To the adorable and most beautiful of beauties, Susan Jane Smith, from the devoted author.

Murray glanced at the title page. It was one of —— —— ——'s successful novels. And Susan Jane had fallen asleep over it. A bit of a critic! A good judge of bad fiction.

Murray decided that fate had either wearied of keeping him from his fate or had merely been teasing him to make her final capture all the pleasanter. Later, he came to the conclusion that fate only ceased teasing when it got ready to torture.

For the present he could hardly endure his beatitude as the ravishing lady (whom fate tried to disguise by naming her Smith) opened one filmy eye. He lifted his hand to take off his hat but failed to, since it was on the rack above. He stammered: "Your b-book. You d-dropped dit."

Then she smote him with her smile. Fortunately, it was only half a smile and a sleepy one. This gradual immersion saved him from blowing up entirely when she languidly announced:

"You're Keith Murray."

This was no news to him, but coming from her it struck him like a thunderbolt! He could not speak, so she did.

"Don't deny it. I heard you (*Continued on page 168*)

Susan Jane could tell that her chief problem would be to keep Murray from proposing instant marriage.

Uncle! Uncle!

In *which* You *observe* How *the* Old Order *Passeth*—Out

THAT FAMOUS mural painting by Maxfield Parrish of Old King Cole and his fiddlers three that at one time had adorned the wall of the Knickerbocker Bar is now the decorative feature of a small room in the Racquet and Tennis Club. Wyndham Schuyler stood before the painting in contemplation. He raised his glass to the King and drank a silent toast.

Wyndham's memory was recalling past scenes: the old places were marching past, all in step to the tune of sweet sentiment; each place as it passed took him back to something that was very pleasant. Rum-tiddle-tum, tum, rum-tiddle-tum—tum, tum, tum—the Knickerbocker Bar led the procession; then came Allaire's, side by side with Mouquin's; the Grand Union, Paddell's, the Holland House and Daly's; the Manhattan; the Marlborough; the Brevoort; the Hoffman House; Sherry's; the Cadillac; Andy Horn's; MacDonald's; Charlie's; Shine's; J. B. Martin's; Slevin's; Cavanaugh's; Old Doc Perry's "Sun Cholera Cure"; Hudnut's Suisses, when there was no Eighteenth Amendment and a man could quench a thirst; the ale at Browne's; Jack's for scrambled eggs and Irish bacon; the Pilsener at——

"You are wanted on the phone, Mr. Schuyler." The voice of a page interrupted the parade of memory.

"Who?" asked Wyndham.

"A call for you, sir. She said it was important."

"She? Oh, yes, of course," said Wyndham. As he placed his empty glass on the bar, he looked up at Old King Cole, and Old King Cole winked at him.

"Is that you, Wyndham?" asked a determined feminine voice over the wire.

"Yes. Who is this?" he asked.

"It's Elizabeth," was the answer.

"Oh, hello. Elizabeth Who?" he asked.

"Elizabeth, your sister. Elizabeth Fleetwood."

"Oh, yes, of course. How are you, Elizabeth, and how is Jay?"

"I'm all right, and Jay is in perfect health. That is, he was when he went to the bank this morning."

"Oh, yes. And how are you?"

"I told you how I was once."

"Oh, yes, you did. And what, might I ask, is the pressing reason for this call?"

"Wyndham, you must come to me at once. It's very important. It isn't often I ask you to do anything for me."

"Tell me what it is now. Perhaps I can do it without coming all the way uptown."

"It's very important, Wyndham. I can't divulge it over the telephone."

"Is it something about Jay's bank?"

"No; it's a personal matter. I insist on your coming."

"Oh, all right. I'll be right up."

Wyndham hated family matters, especially when they had to do with his sister Elizabeth and her husband Jay. Wyndham described them as being "frightfully stuffy." He saw as little of them as possible because of their stuffiness, and they likewise didn't approve of Wyndham. They lived in the old Waldorf-Astoria tradition of black walnut and red carpets. Wyndham had seen so little of them in recent years that he had to look up their address in the Social Register before he took a taxi.

¶ *Wyndham Schuyler, man about town*

"It's a girl," said Elizabeth.

"What on earth are you telling me?" said Wyndham.

"I'm trying to tell you the reason I summoned you."

"You don't mean that you and Jay——?"

"Don't be preposterous. It's Virginia, Jay's niece."

"What is Virginia? I didn't know Jay had a niece."

"She is his brother's child from Topeka, Kansas, and she is here with us for a visit. She's eighteen, and most trying."

"And what has all this got to do with me?"

"She wants to meet you. She says you are the only man in New York that she cares to meet."

"Trot her out and let's get it over with."

"SHE ISN'T here at present. She went to lunch with some schoolmates. She should be here any minute. Don't go; I'll ring for tea. I thought perhaps you might be persuaded to take the child out this evening to some nice place for dinner and a motion-picture show. It would please her."

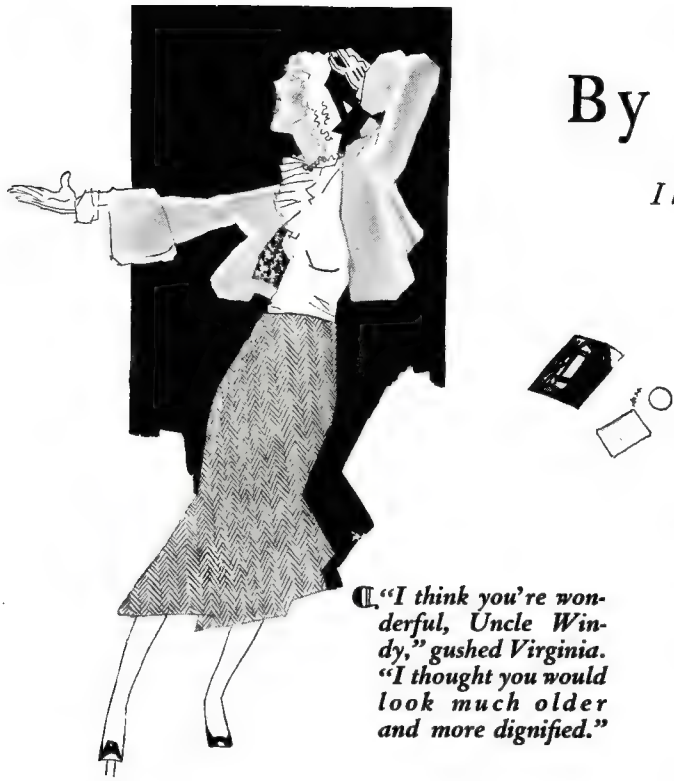
"May I smoke in here?" Wyndham asked.

Before he could apply the lighted match to his cigar, the room seemed to be charged with high-voltage electricity as a vibrant young lady rushed in throwing her gloves in one direction and her coat and vanity case in another. She pushed her tight hat on top of her lustrous blond head and a shower of small damp curls fell from under the hat and framed her face.

"By gad, she's a peach!" thought Wyndham. Just then the lighted match burned his fingers and brought him back to consciousness as his sister introduced him.

By John Held, Jr.

Illustrations by The Author



¶ *"I think you're wonderful, Uncle Windy," gushed Virginia. "I thought you would look much older and more dignified."*

"Wyndham, this is Virginia. Virginia, this is your uncle Wyndham."

"This is the moment I've been waiting for all my life," gushed the youngster.

"And where have we been all our lives?" said Wyndham.

"I've been in Topeka," she answered, "but that hasn't kept me from hearing about you. I read Walter Winchell's column every week. They print it in the Topeka paper. I read about 'What chorine is having Wyndham Schuyler on for thirty *G's*?' "

"I think I'd better see about tea," Aunt Elizabeth interrupted. She left the room hurriedly.

"I have no idea where the fellow gets his information," said Wyndham.

"I think you're wonderful, Uncle Windy. I thought you would look much older and more dignified."

"Oh, yes, yes, of course." He was rather pleased.

"I thought I was never going to get here. Aunt Libbs sent her poky old Rolls for me, and it took forever. I suppose she has approached you about having a date with me? I want to see all of New York and you're the only one I want to show it to me."

"You don't expect to see New York in one evening! It's taken me years, and I haven't seen all of it yet."

"Then you will take me out?" she assumed.

"I'll make an effort if you'll just give me time to go home and dress."

"You're a dear and a curly wolf, and I'm crazy about you already."

"Oh, I say! Well, I must be off. I'll be back for you at seven."

"I'll be waiting with flowers in my hair."

"Tell Elizabeth never mind about tea. I'll see you at seven."

"That's a promise?"

"It's a promise."

"Shouldn't we seal it with a kiss, Uncle Windy?" she asked.

"Righto, Ginger," he said as he dropped his derby.

Aunt Elizabeth, attired in a bath robe, was sitting bolt upright fighting off sleep. Uncle Jay, in a Victorian chair, had given up the battle long since and was snoring with throttles wide open. A distant clock chimed four when the doorbell echoed through the apartment. Elizabeth opened the door to let in a young whirlwind.

"Aunt Libbs, I've had a wonderful time," said Ginger, before her aunt could speak.

"Where on earth——"

"Sit down and I'll tell you. I don't ever remember when I've had such a good time. Wake Uncle Jay up. I want him to hear about it."

"Don't wake him; he'll be cross. Where——"

"Wait, I'll tell you. I'll start right at the beginning. You know, Uncle Windy came for me at seven. We went and had dinner. The food was delicious. It was at a speak-easy. Then we went to see Noel Coward in 'Private Lives'—simply wonderful! After the theater we went to Belle Livingstone's.

"We stayed there until it was raided. Then we went to the Silver Slipper and Jimmy Durante wrote a song especially for me, and we all sang it. Then we went up to Harlem. Oh, the most wonderful place! I've never had such a wonderful time."

"But my dear, pause for breath a moment. Now tell me——"

"Then we drove out to the Farm. Oh, it was wonderful!"

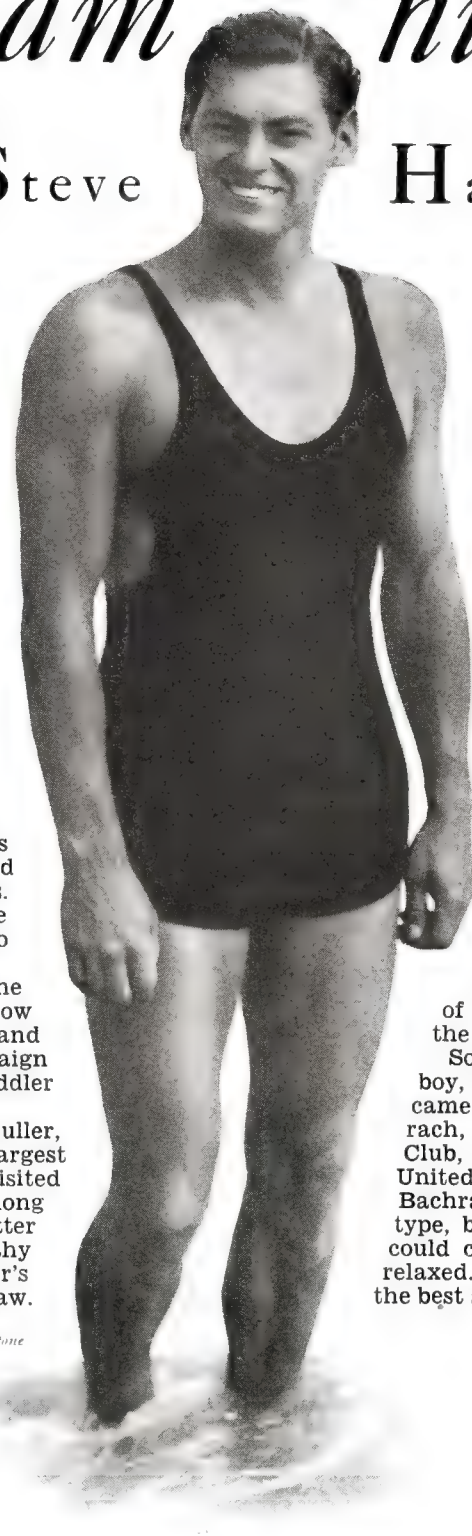
"If you will allow me to interrupt a moment, I'd like to ask *where* is your uncle Wyndham?" Elizabeth emphasized the "where."

"Oh, Uncle Windy. The taxi driver is bringing him up. He passed out a little after two," Ginger giggled.

¶ *Seeing New York with Uncle Windy.*

He swam his way

By Steve Hannagan


Keystone

DOCTORS SENT an emaciated Chicago youngster swimming to stave off a withering illness, and he came out of the water the fastest swimmer in the world.

In a battle to gain life strength he underwent a training routine more vigorous and more monotonous than any athlete of our generation. His title is incidental. He acquired a physique that is the envy of champions of all other sports.

When doctors prescribed swimming for him, water was as distasteful to him as castor oil. He was afraid of it. Now he must have his daily swim or he is as uncomfortable as a fish out of water.

Outstanding swimmer of all time, he holds or has held every important record from 50 to 880 yards and has retired from amateur competition to become a professional.

More noteworthy, he has developed his body from a gangling stretch of skin and bones into a model for tailors and artists. He has the build of a motion-picture casting director's conception of the hero in the play.

He is Johnny Weissmuller. Through the efforts of the B. V. D. Swim Club, he is now teaching others the lessons of swimming and training he learned in his long campaign from sickness to perfect health—from paddler to champion.

One day a few months ago Weissmuller, swimming in the city where one of the largest sanitariums in the country is located, visited the head of the institution, a friend of long standing. Throughout the day, as a matter of professional curiosity, he made lengthy and minute examinations into Weissmuller's physical condition. He could find no flaw. Finally they were on the front steps, with good-byes being said—reluctantly by the famous health man because here was the departure of a perfect specimen.

"By the way, Johnny, how about your body eliminations?" the man of medicine asked.

"Why, doctor," reflected Weissmuller thoughtfully, "twice a day is my routine when I am exercising."

"Ah," gleamed the sanitarium head, "that's it. I knew you weren't perfect. You should eliminate three times a day."

The doctor had found a weak link. Weissmuller felt in perfect condition. They parted happy. Both of them were satisfied.

Weissmuller was eleven years old when doctors told him he would have to exercise to develop from left to right the body that was growing only from bottom to top. Swimming was prescribed.

Weissmuller never had been in the water. His father, a brew master from Vienna, couldn't swim a stroke. Neither could his mother, who also came from Vienna. Johnny's grandparents in the far-off country never had swum.

His first attempts were in the potholes of the Des Plaines River in Chicago. There he paddled, dog fashion, in the muddy stream that meanders through the western edge of the city. Later he went to the cleaner waters of Lake Michigan.

Courage gained with the knowledge of a few strokes sent him to city pools on the northeast side of Chicago. Because swimming was a prescription and not a pleasure, Weissmuller sought for some diversion in the water. He found it in imitating the strokes of the faster swimmers he saw in the pool. He is a natural mimic.

Soon swimming scouts noticed the boy, but it was five years before he came under the eyes of William Bachrach, coach of the Illinois Athletic Club, and for years head coach of the United States Olympic Swimming teams. Bachrach was in search of a tall, lean type, built like a fish—a swimmer who could crawl over the water rapidly but relaxed. The coach had been watching the best swimmers of the world for many a year. He had coordinated in his mind the best stroking features of all the swimmers. He was seeking a type to execute them.

That was when Weissmuller and Bachrach met.

"I'll never forget him that day," Weissmuller often has told me in his frequent story-trading moods. "Bachrach was dressed in a tattered bath robe. He was chewing a cigar, and his hands were perched on his spacious hips. He took a cool, unfriendly glance at me.

" 'So you're the great swimmer I've been hearing about? You think you're good, eh? Well, let's see what you've got. Get into the pool and swim one hundred yards.' "

Weissmuller never before had swum in a pool more than twenty yards long. He was awed by the spacious club pool and the importance of the

This *is probably news to you—that the greatest swimmer the world has known was a* weakling *as a boy and took to the water in the hope that he could stave off a withering illness. That is the story of* Johnny Weissmuller, *and here you get his rules for healthful living as well as for expert swimming.*

to Health

great coach before whom he was performing.

"But I was willing to try to swim five times my accustomed distance at top speed. As I look back now, my stroke was terrible. I plunged into the water and started to swim my head off. At the end of twenty-five yards—and seventy-five yards from my goal—I was completely exhausted. I was ashamed of myself.

"It was then I received my most important lesson—in swimming or in life. Bachrach told me to swim for form and not for speed. Throughout my career I swam for form. Speed came as a result of it."

Weissmuller had the body Bachrach was seeking, but he wasn't sure his protégé had the courage and persistence.

"Son, would you like to be the world's champion swimmer?" Bachrach asked Weissmuller.

Johnny nodded his head in enthusiastic but frightened assent.

"Well, you'll have to do everything I say, without question, for a long, long time," counseled Bachrach. "You are terrible now. But because of your long, slender body, you have possibilities. I'll try if you will. And if you try hard enough, you'll be champion."

For more than a year no one ever saw Weissmuller in the pool—except Bachrach.

Duke Kahanamoku, of Honolulu, was sprint champion. He swam with his head up so he could see where he was going. He developed an arch in his back and could plane over the water, but he swam too high for distance. He swam fast—but not for long. His kick was perfect.

So Weissmuller had to swim one hour each day with his arms holding a board—so that he could not use them—while he learned the perfect kick of the Duke.

NORMAN ROSS, champion of the distances from 220 yards and up, swam low and rolled. He was thoroughly relaxed in his stroke and could swim forever.

So for another hour each day Weissmuller found his feet encased in a rubber tube that floated his feet, while he copied the rolling, relaxed, arm-and-body stroke of Ross.

In pool swimming, where it is necessary for the swimmer to reverse many times during a race, the turn is important. Harry Hebner, world's tank champion, was perfect at this maneuver. He would swim up to the end of the pool and with the last stroke before he reached the wall, use his arm as a rudder to turn his feet for a quick kick-out under water. Weissmuller copied this.

Norman Ross also was noted for his perfect starts. He would throw himself into the water with one leg low. His leg would hit first, break the plunge, and his body would glide over the surface of the water. At the end of the glide his fast stroke and kick would be in motion. Weissmuller practiced this start until it was perfect.

Within the year Weissmuller swam with his head up, like the Duke; the (*Continued on page 106*)

International

Today's Novel *of a* Business Girl

By Faith Baldwin

who wrote

"The Office Wife"

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

The Story So Far:

MANHATTAN'S tallest skyscraper, the Seacoast Building, rose in a series of sculptured setbacks for more than eight hundred feet, a mass of steel and stone which had been shaped into a concrete expression of man's upward striving. The building itself challenged the imagination, but what of the thousands of people who worked behind its green bronze doors?

Among these thousands was twenty-two-year-old Lynn Harding, who was employed in the Trust Department of the Seacoast Bank and Trust Company to do a job of work impressively known as "sales research," for which she was paid nineteen hundred dollars a year. Lynn liked her work and looked forward to a bigger and better job some day. She had obtained the position through Sarah Dennet, a loyal friend of her family who still lived in the Middle West. Sarah, who had an important position with the Seacoast Bank, had asked Lynn to share the apartment in which she lived with a friend, but the girl, wanting to be independent, had chosen to take a room at the Marlow Business Club for Girls.

Lynn didn't enjoy the institutional atmosphere of the club, and since the cafeteria in the Seacoast Building had been opened she had formed the habit of breakfasting there. It was in this cafeteria one blue-and-gold morning that she encountered young Tom Shepard, the new confidential secretary to one of the bank's vice presidents, whom she had met a week before. And from that chance meeting a romance sprang up that was gay and idiotic and enchanting and sweet, and underneath as serious as life and death, though Lynn would not admit it. She wanted to go on with her job, and marriage was out of the question.

So at Christmas, when Tom gave her a modest ring, she told him:

"We can't bind ourselves to anything now. You have your way to make. I have mine. Can't you see?"

He had to see, on the fifty dollars a week the bank was paying him. "I know," he said. "I don't mean to bind you. I thought you'd wear it for now, because we belonged."

She wore it on her right hand, as a concession.

It was after Christmas that Lynn left the club to share an apartment with Jennie Le Grande, who came from Brooklyn and whose real name was Jane Smith. Jennie was a model in a wholesale dress and coat house in the Seacoast Building and Lynn had met her by chance one day in the general rest room. The two girls had become friends and when the girl who lived with Jennie left to get married, Jennie asked Lynn to take her place.

The apartment proved to be dangerous, for Lynn and Tom were alone in it far too much.

One night he burst out, "Lynn, we've got to get married. I can't stand things this way."

Skyscraper

¶ Lynn wore white for David Dwight's party. "You need something startling," Jennie advised. "Tone up the little old mouth to match the antiques and you'll lay 'em in the aisles."

She said, after a moment, "With what I make and what you make, we could manage."

But Tom wouldn't hear of that, and they parted in anger.

At closing time next day he was waiting for her at the elevators. "I'm sorry, Lynn," he said; "I must have been crazy." But thereafter, they did not stay in the apartment—alone.

Later in the spring Lynn met David Dwight, a man of forty-eight, one of the greatest trial lawyers of his generation. Dwight was a friend of Sarah Dennet's—twenty years before he had been more than a friend, but Sarah had found happiness in her work after years of unhappiness, for Dwight had married money instead of the raw and poor young girl Sarah had been in the days when he was her lover.

Dwight's eyes darkened as he looked at Lynn when Sarah introduced them, and he immediately suggested, "Won't you and Miss Harding have lunch with me? Please! I was just on my way out."

Sarah said, "We'd like to, wouldn't we, Lynn?"

Dwight listened to Sarah but he watched for Lynn's nod.

Tom saw them go out together. This man Dwight—he wondered, frowning—what was he doing with Lynn and Sarah Dennet?

LYNN, returning to the office from the ancient tavern to which Dwight had taken her and Sarah, was late for the first time in her Seacoast Company life. She flew in and went at the work on her desk with considerable animation.

"Well," commented Miss Marple, shutting a file with emphasis, "you look as if someone had left you a million and you'd started out to spend it!" She glanced carelessly at the clock.

"I had a luncheon engagement," Lynn said guiltily.

"Tell that to Sarah the Slave Driver!"

"She was part of it," Lynn said triumphantly.

She stayed late at the office that evening, to catch up. When she reached home Jennie was there ahead of her.

Lynn was greeted by a blast of blue smoke and, rushing into the kitchen, found Jennie shoving some curious-looking pork chops around on a frying pan.

"For Lord's sake, you'll have the fire department out."

"I was telephoning," admitted Jennie. "How did I know the blasted things would go up in smoke? Here!"

She shoved the frying pan into Lynn's hand, removed Lynn's hat and bore it off to the living-room closet. Returning, she swung herself up on the kitchen table and lighted a cigaret.

"THOUGHT I'd be domestic for a change and get dinner," she explained. "I didn't get a break; no one's asked me out for a week."

"You were out last night, silly!" said Lynn. "Did you set the table?"

"I did. Well, it seems a week ago. What's new with you? You're late."

"Plenty. David Dwight took Sarah and me to luncheon downtown. Funniest place you ever saw—benches and stalls, sand on the floor and the most divine food."

"What did you eat?" asked Jennie with interest; then she added, "Dwight? You don't mean the lawyer, do you? The one in our building?"

"I do. We had oysters and game pies and——"

"Wait a minute; you're breaking my heart. Throw the chops out of the window. Dwight?"

Jennie rocked on the table, slim hands clasped about slim knees.

"He's some boy, Lynn. Carla Lang—you know, the dancer; she was in that show I glorified. He was her lawyer. First he got her an annulment and a big settlement from the boy's family. Then, with her next trial trip, he got her a Paris divorce and a hunk of alimony.

"Then she sued Stuart White for breach of fountain pen—and what a ready letter writer he was, too!—and dragged down a cool hundred grand. She was crazy about Dwight, too. But he wouldn't give her a tumble. I think he was scared of having to sue himself or something."

"Isn't he married?" asked Lynn.

"Sure he's married. Don't you ever read the papers? His wife lives in California when she isn't abroad. I saw her picture once, and took my wrist watch to the jeweler's. They've got some kids, I think. Not that that's any gray in his hair."

"Well, he's terribly interesting," Lynn said, the chops now disposed of on a platter, the potatoes fried deliciously.

He had been. She thought over her hour and a half—or was it two hours?—with him, as she and Jennie ate supper. He had told them about some of his spectacular cases, not, however, those involving alimony or settlements. He had talked music with Sarah, who was an inveterate opera-goer, and cases, plays, books with Lynn.

He had asked questions, too. She realized that he knew all there was to know about her—or nearly all. He had an easy way of drawing a person out.

She spoke her subsequent thought aloud. "I'd hate to be on a witness stand with him doing a cross-examination."

"Slim?" Jennie, who had just concluded a monologue relative to Slim, looked at her in astonishment. "Why, that boy's so darned dumb he couldn't get a rise from a goldfish."

"David Dwight, I meant."

"Oh, him! He's a good lad to keep away from, in court," said Jennie. "As far as that goes, I hear he's just about unique in his class, courtroom, drawing-room, barroom, bedroom——"

"Jennie!"

"Well, *don't* you read the papers? Not that it's all in the papers. Gosh, what a break! He has all kinds of money, his own and other people's, and he spends it like a South American. Not that *you'd* take advantage of it," said Jennie, sighing.

"He's an old friend of Sarah's."

"Wonders will never cease. Tom coming tonight? Bet he won't take kindly to the idea of the new boy friend."

"Don't be an idiot," counseled Lynn. "Mr. Dwight was just nice to me, that's all, because I happened to be with Sarah when he asked her for lunch."

"Not that you're good-looking," said Jennie, "or that he likes 'em young, or that Sarah's neat but not gaudy. If Tom's coming, guess I'll ankle around to a picture somewhere. I told Slim he could lay off, over the phone just before you came in. Maybe he didn't burn up the wires!"

"Oh, Jennie, why? Poor Slim, he's so crazy about you."

"I can't stand men with honorable intentions and small incomes."

"We'll all go to a picture," suggested Lynn.

"What's the matter—you and Tom cooling off?"

"No; of course not." Lynn rose to clear the table. "I haven't seen a good picture for ages."

Tom came. Slim came.

"I might have known it!" sighed Jennie, giving him a limp hand.

"Backgammon?" asked Tom, slinging his hat in a corner.

"Lynn and I want to see a picture," Jennie told him, "if you boys are in funds. We don't want to upholster the chairs until fall if we can help it."

The picture house was crowded; they waited in

R. I. Nesmith and Associates

line in the lobby. Tom, standing behind Lynn, grasped her firmly by the elbows. "Lean back," he ordered, "and take the weight off your feet."

When they finally found seats they were separated, in couples, by several rows.

Tom said, taking Lynn's hand in his own: "I tried to ditch Slim. Gosh, Lynn, I haven't seen you alone for weeks."

She said, "I know."

"Saw you and Sarah and David Dwight going out together. Waited for you awhile tonight, but you didn't show up. How come?"

"I was late. I stayed too long at lunch time," she whispered; "had to make it up."

"Did you have lunch with Dwight?"

"Yes. Oh, Tom, don't talk: people are glaring at us!"

Tom subsided, none too happily. The picture ran its course; an exodus began with the stage show.

"Let's stay," said Lynn as Tom made a motion to rise.

It was late when they met Slim and Jennie in the lobby.

Walking home, Tom tucked Lynn's arm closely under his. "Sore at me?"

"No; why should I be?"

"Because I didn't like your going out with Dwight."

"I didn't know you didn't like it," she answered, not very truthfully.

"Well, I didn't He's a hot number, besides being twice your age."

"I liked him," Lynn said stubbornly. "I'll probably never see him again, but I liked him. Besides, he's an old friend of Sarah's."

"Oh," said Tom, mollified. He added, "I wish you wouldn't go out with anyone but me."

"Tom, remember our bargain — no strings!" said Lynn.

"I know; but it's hard to see you dashing off with someone else."

"Well, this is the first time, and doubtless the last," she said, laughing.

THEY had reached the apartment, were walking up the stairs. Jennie and Slim were well in advance but their voices drifted back. They were quarreling.

"Slim's all shot," said Tom, "poor devil. That girl certainly takes him for a ride. Heartless little——"

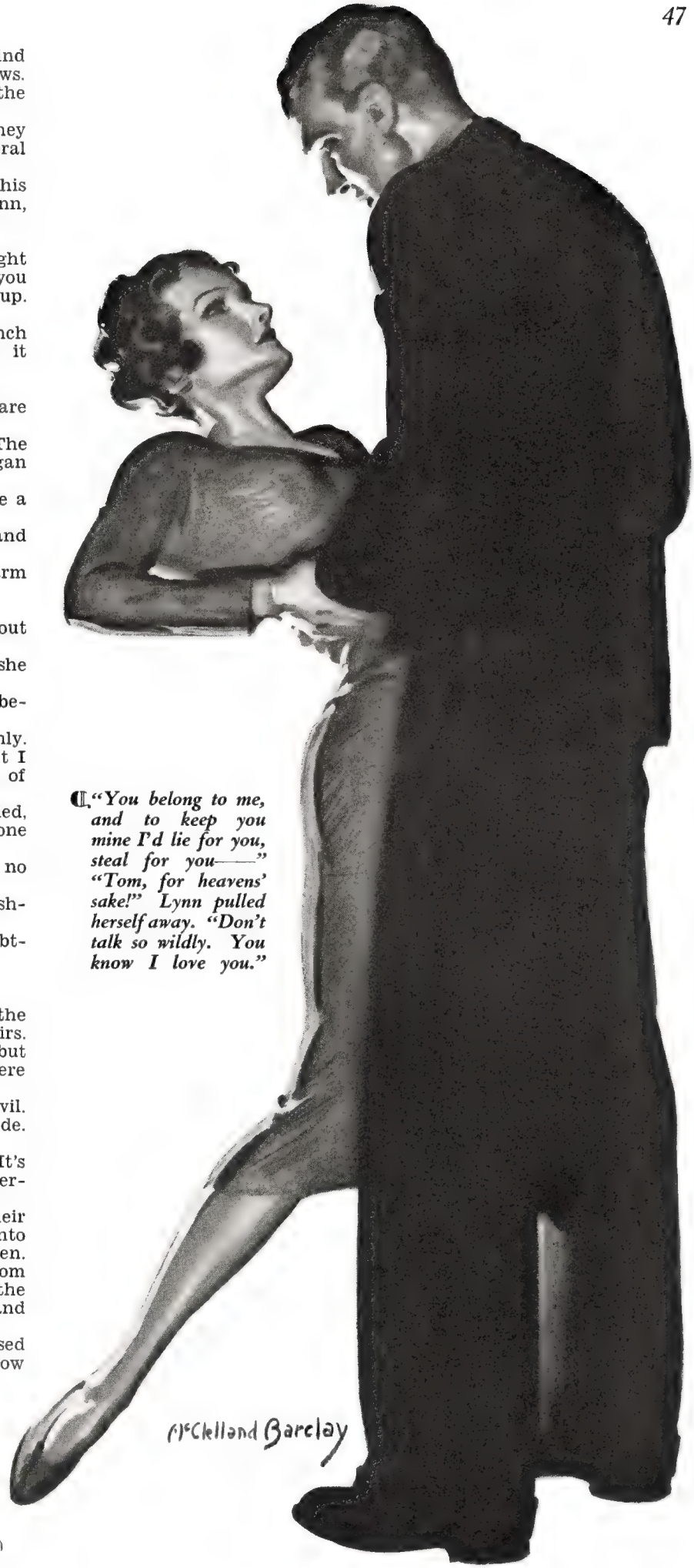
"She isn't!" Lynn interrupted. "It's her business if she doesn't want to tie herself down, isn't it?"

Tom was silent. They reached their corridor. Jennie and Slim had gone into the apartment, leaving the door open. Lynn started to follow them, but Tom pulled her back in the semi-dusk of the hall, took her roughly into his arms, and kissed her.

"You feel like that, too!" he accused her. "My Lord, Lynn, I don't know what to think about you. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. You belong to me, you know, and to keep you mine, to make you mine. I'd lie for you, steal for you——"

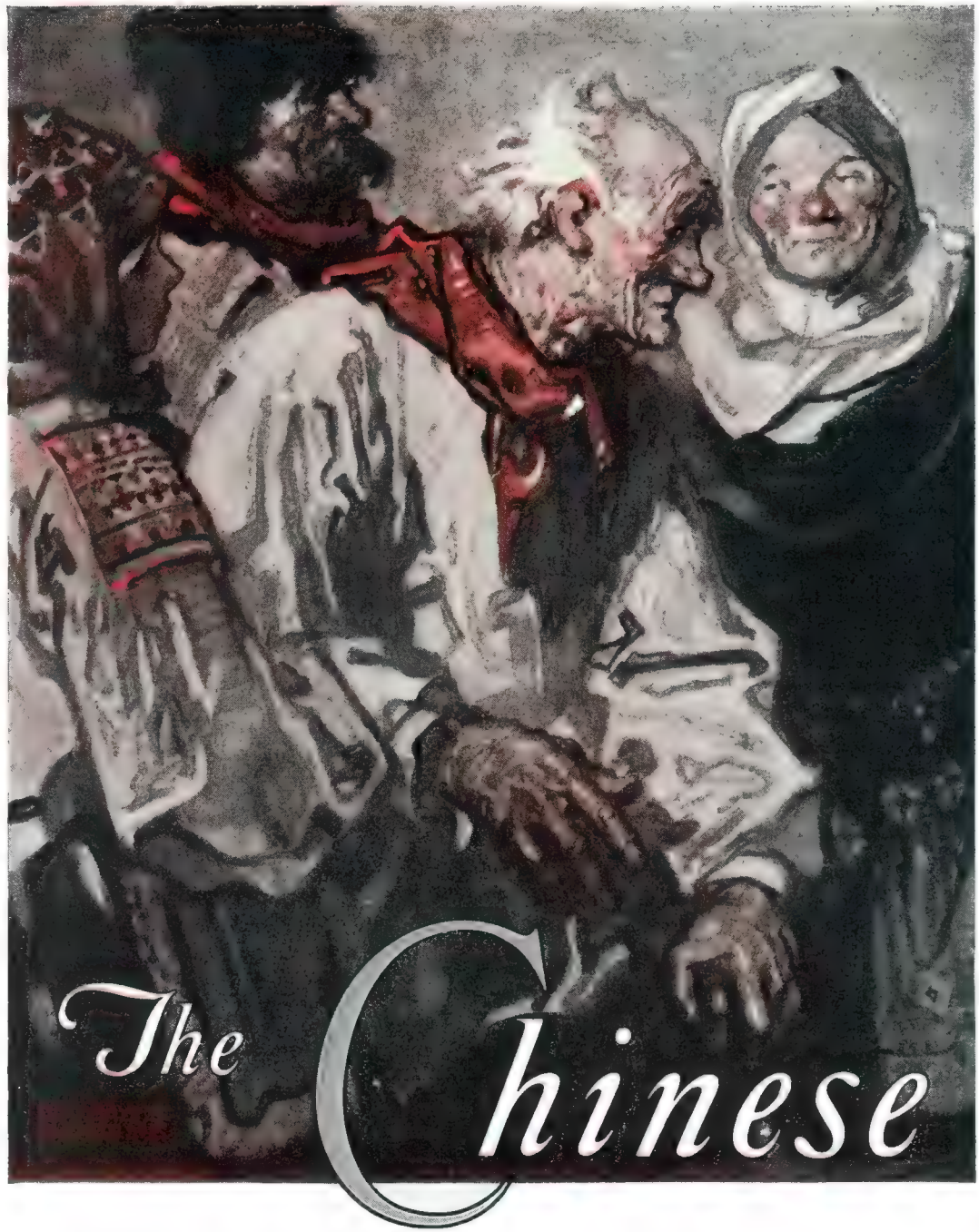
"Tom, for heavens' sake!" She pulled herself away. "Don't talk so wildly; it isn't like you. You know I love you."

She returned (*Continued on page 120*)



¶ *"You belong to me, and to keep you mine I'd lie for you, steal for you——" "Tom, for heavens' sake!" Lynn pulled herself away. "Don't talk so wildly. You know I love you."*

The Chinese



By
Alexander
Yakovlev

Translated by
Charles Malamuth

TWO villages and seven hamlets had settled upon the lands of Count Orlov. That's no trifle! Forty thousand dessiatines—a huge Palestine! You could ride all day along the Shikhan Road; you could ask in the morning and you could ask in the evening: "Whose land?" and the answer would be the same: "The count's!"

When the stormy autumn of dividing-up came, and in all the corners of the county fires flared up, these two villages and seven hamlets nearly went to war.

The Shikhanites cried: "The count is ours! It is we who should pillage him!"

The Klyuchites cried: "The count is ours! Since time immemorial we have bent our backs to him; now it is we who should pillage him."

The hamlets were no better.

Everywhere in those days there were rifles and revolvers that had been brought from the front. They argued and argued, and finally began to threaten one another with firearms.

Lucky they were that a wise man was found in Klyuchy. "Why should we fight and get into trouble?" said he. "Let's divide everything up peaceably."

"What do you mean—peaceably?"

"According to the eaters. All of us who eat have worked for the count. And *so* we'll divide it."

And why not? He convinced them; it was agreed to divide the count according to the eaters, so to speak, in a brotherly fashion.

They counted up the number of people in the two villages and seven hamlets and decided to divide according to the number of *kurmyshes*. (*Kurmysh* is a Volga term for that part of the village which centers about some communal institution—a well or a pasture, for example.) There were twenty-two *kurmyshes*, and so everything was divided into twenty-two piles.

Chairs and divans into twenty-two piles

Dishes and sheep into twenty-two piles

Machines and colts into twenty-two piles.

They even took the windowpanes out of the frames and divided them also into twenty-two piles. Semyon Edreykin, the Klyuchev glazier, cut all the glass with his own diamond, in keeping with most accurate brotherly equity.

Even the iron roofs of the house and the outhouses were taken apart in sheets, and the sheets were equably divided into twenty-two piles.

And the house was left without a roof and without frames—as white as the skull of a horse in the steppes along the road in the green grass, the black cavities of eyes looking out with docile reproach. The muzhiks and their women walked through the house, ferreting things out, seeing whether they could find anything else to carry away and divide into twenty-two piles.

FINALLY there was nothing else that could be divided, except that in the farthest room, which everybody called the "galldery," pictures hung on the walls; in the middle of the room a Chinese vase as huge as a tub stood on a mahogany pedestal; and in one corner there was a white male statue, and in another, a white female statue. These stood altogether naked, and it had not occurred to anyone to cover them. At first when the people poured into the master's house the women were afraid to enter this big "galldery."

Illustration by

Vase

Strange *as it* may seem, here *is a* Big Laugh *from* Soviet Russia

Dan Sayre Groesbeck

In the first two days, not one woman and not one girl went there. Only the muzhiks and the lads would go and they came away laughing.

After that even the women went. At first they covered themselves shamefacedly with their shawls. After a while they got used to the statues. Hither and thither they would crawl, searching, trying to find something else to divide up. Pictures? They divided up the little ones. But there were very few little ones; most of them were large. Some covered entire walls; not to speak of a muzhik's hut, you couldn't even crowd them into a muzhik's yard!

And so there remained: pictures on the walls, a vase in the middle of the room, and in two corners a male statue and a female statue, both of them naked.

And the windows were barren, without any glass, and the October wind whistled its fill through them.

The just man, Stepan Mikhalych, throughout these days did not leave the master's manor house. Each time, bringing the food, Mikolko would say to him:

"Daddy, Grandpa Ilya wants you."

"Why does he want me?"

"I don't know. 'Call Stepashka,' he says."

"Well, he can wait! I have no time now."

Only on the seventh day did Stepan Mikhalych come home, and he had scarcely time to unharness the horses when Dunya came out on the porch and said:

"Stepan, hurry up to grandpa. He wants to see you about something. He hasn't slept, waiting for you."

Stepan Mikhalych went into the house to see grandfather, who lived in the built-in shed near the kitchen. In white cloth shirt and trousers he sat on the window sill, thin and wrinkled.

"What's on your mind, grandpa?" Stepan Mikhalych shouted.

Grandfather turned his head, and something gleamed in his dim eyes. He rubbed one bare foot against the other, and hissed out: "Vase for me; vase for me. I want to see the vase."

"What vase?" Stepan Mikhalych wondered.

"The vase that's in the count's house. I want to see it. Where is it?"

"The vase is standing there in the 'galldery.' What do you want with it?" asked Stepan Mikhalych.

Grandfather waved his hands and began to mumble: "The Czar gave it—to our count. They brought it from Petersburg on a troika, wrapped in furs. I remember. On sleighs. For three days the muzhiks drank wine, celebrating. I'd like to see it again."

Stepan Mikhalych laughed: "All right. We'll go tomorrow. I'll show it to you!"

People laughed in Shikhan, people laughed along the road, when they learned whither Stepan Mikhalych was taking Grandfather Ilya. At the manor house, where a multitude had crowded in from the two villages and the seven hamlets, the wagon of Stepan Mikhalych was entwined by a huge wreath. With jokes and with wise sayings did they greet Grandfather Ilya.

"Oh-ho! He's a hundred and five years old, and just look at him! He's come over to get his share of the estate."

"He's old but wise. He won't let his share get away from him."

"It's the vase, the vase he wants!"

"Seeing he remembers the (*Continued on page 116*)

A tale of *Life's Little* Ironies

Curses

By Irvin S. Cobb

Illustrations by R. J. Cavaliere

WE SAT, the two of us, in a window which was a low window so that we could brace our feet against the sill and rear our chairs back on their hind legs the way men like to do. We sat and watched the world go by. We watched Broadway go by which, to Broadway, is the world, thus amounting, you might say, to the same thing in the long run.

Sitting there, we played a kind of little game: We checked off types and labeled them, catalogued them and filed them. We saw a vaudeville team, one man, one woman, go by; "hoofers looking for a job" was on their ticket as plain as day; and they wore the sort of clothes hoofers dare not wear on the stage during their act and so save them up for street use. We saw a show girl of note teeter past, up to her nose in silver fox skins, halfway up to her elbows in diamond armlets.

We saw a waiter from somebody's quick-and-dirty and he favoring his feet and, to fool us into believing he wasn't a waiter, hiding his white dickey and his black string tie under two upturned lapels. We saw a sandwich man boarded in, front and back, with invitations to have a new pair of pants made to match the old coat and vest; 300,000 samples to choose from.

We saw the tossing mane of the city-reared youth, almost invariably a youth of foreign extraction, who believes that if he walks abroad bareheaded it stamps him as one who leads a virile, manly, out-of-door life. He ran very true to type—complexion like a stalk of bleached celery, and probably sewed into his underclothes for the winter, and doubtless with leanings toward radicalism, but no hat on. Never any hat on.

And we saw a letter carrier plodding along all burdened like a sumpter-mule, and Mr. Clem J. Reilly looked down, then grinned at me and said: "There goes the little stiff that cost me a hundred thousand."

I asked: "How?" Naturally you would ask.

"Well, maybe not him," said Reilly. "By now the gent in the gray suit who cost me all those smackers has probably been retired on a pension for fallen arches. I'm just using that chap below us there as a symbol. Every time I see one of his outfit I say to myself: 'There goes my hundred thousand bucks,' which is my lowest figure, because it might have run into even more than that.

"At that, it wasn't the fellow's fault. He was just understudying the Hand of Fate, without ever knowing he was doing it. Still, the old wound rankles and makes me bitterish when I brood on it. One hundred thousand smackers, at the very least! Now that's important money in any man's town."

on the Letter Carrier

¶ *All of a sudden Honey went flat on us. We could just feel the life going out of the show. "It's got me—this heat," she told everybody. It was a cinch she was lying.*

"Keep on brooding," I said. "You've got me going."

"You can't escape it." Reilly grinned his impish grin again. "It's funny I never told you before. No, maybe it's not so funny, either. On account of Honey Ginsburg I sort of kept my trap shut for a while; but now that Honey's been marrying off into first one and then another of the British first families and is Lady Whoosiz or something over in London, it can't do any harm, I guess. Sucker, listen."

NEARLY EVERYBODY in this racket (said Reilly) has got a horrible past behind him. I'm just the same as the rest of 'em, that way. When I first busted out of the ad-writing game and busted into the theatrical game—or tried to—I never thought I'd fall so low or climb so high as to be turning out riddles and giggles for these musical-comedy producers. No, sir, my youthful dream was to elevate Old Man Drammer on the legitimate side.

I crashed the barrier with a nice gloomy little opus that was based on the Eternal Triangle, which I guess they call it that because somebody resurrects it every season. Mine had to do with a flossy Jane who looked over her left shoulder and saw a fascinating gent with slick city ways hovering in the background, so she canned her true-loving husband and mated up with the other guy, but they were not married in the eyes of the law and lived miserably ever after until ten-forty-five evenings and four-fifty P.M. on matinée days when the skirt bumped herself off.

But if we'd only known, and we did know it soon, the show had died on us long before the dame did. It'd started picking the coverlid before Act One was over. We called it "Lot's Wife" but what we should have called it was "Solomon Grundy," because it was born on a Monday and got worse on Thursday and so on and so forth just like it says in the nursery rhyme, and by that following Sunday was asleep in Cain's storehouse.

But Hermie Swabacher, who'd put it on, was one game

guy for punishment. It was his maiden production just as it was my maiden play. Even so and notwithstanding, he still had faith in me and I still had faith in his bank roll which was one of those chunky ones. While we two amateurs were holding a lodge of sorrow over the remains of our first-born, I sung him a siren song about it having been great stuff and very subtle but over their heads, and he fell for it. So we decided to lay off that psychology tripe for a while until the poor dumb-bells got educated up to it, and then I sprung it on him how I'd foaled a great original notion for a southern melodrama with plenty of comedy relief in it.

He quit groaning then and showed interest, and I outlined the general idea to him. Right away he cheered up and told me to go to it and he'd be picking a cast while I was knocking the stuff together on my typewriter. He was already several thou' in the carmine on account of the flop and naturally craved to get that jack back if he could.

Well, anyhow, I hopped to it and inside of a month we went into rehearsal again, with a thing that was all about a Blue-Grass aristocrat with a goatee named Colonel Buckner Shelby, and his daughter named Sally May that loves race horses, and about a mortgage that's about to foreclose on the breeding farm, but daughter saves the ancestral estate by winning the Kentucky Derby after a faithful old darky named Uncle Romulus discovers the plot of the heavy to fix the race by doping the colonel's entry, a colt named Flitter Foot, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. So we offered 'em that novel conception with a troupe of stranded jubilee singers from Montgomery, Alabama, stuck in for local color and what not. Just to prove to you that I was getting better all the time, this one lasted two weeks.

I'll never forget what Gabe Cohalan, of Cohalan and Verba, said the afternoon I walked into the old Knickerbocker Bar with Herm. Gabe, who was breasted up against the bar making a collection of the bar checks, as usual, said:

"Hello, boys; how's the big show going?"

"She ain't going," says Herm, very sad; "she's practically already what you might say gone. We close Saturday night."

"You don't tell me?" says Gabe. "I didn't see how that show could fail. It never has before!"

I guess some of the smart boys who were standing round letting Gabe pay for their high irrigations are laughing at that crack yet. I know I didn't forgive Cohalan for years and years and I expect Hermie never did forgive me. It was right after that that he left the show business flat and wiped the pink ink out of his ears and went back into wholesale pants which was where he belonged.

WELL, THAT left me without a single believer in my budding genius that I knew of. From the way producers and such walked around me when I came lugging in a script, I might as well had a yellow flag up. It was Jakie Langsterm who took me out of quarantine. One night when I was in Jack's feeling pretty blue, Jake moved over to my table and after a few words about this and that he says to me why don't I take a wallop at musical comedy. And I says to him what gave him that idea.

And he says, "Well, I seen that thing you done last fall—that Lottery Wife thing. I was there the opening night, heaven forgive me; and believe it or not, kid, you handed me several laughs. You may not know they was laughs when you wrote 'em in but they was there. Now I've got a hunch," he says, "that you could do this here humorist stuff if you went to it serious. And to show you how strong my hunch is, if you'll turn out a hurry-up script that'll have a strong part in it for Tommy Gilfoil that I've got under contract and nothing in sight for him to do, and if you can do some lyrics, why, I'll dig up a musicker to set the words, and maybe you'll yet live to see your name up in electric lights, who knows, you can't never tell."

Being desperate, I grabbed at this rope good old Jake was throwing me. I spent the next two weeks, working night and day shifts, writing the patter, such as it was, and the next four weeks unwriting it and rewriting it and re-rewriting it some more and then some more. Jakie turned my jingles over to one of his string of pet performing composers—you know, a guy who's got a good memory and hopes nobody else has. And what that lad did, transposing the late Giuseppy Verdi around, and how he mixed Beethoven up with jazz, and the way he made Gilbert and Sullivan take a joke was just beautiful grand larceny.

Well, to make a long story a little longer, the joint result of our labors—and I'm using the word "joint" advisedly—went on under the title of "By Gobs," with Tommy Gilfoil featured as a comic sailor in a comic United States Navy, and made a hit and considerable coin for all concerned, including the present speaker who certainly needed the last-named.

SO IN CASE you don't seem to recall ancient history, that's how I got into the line I'm still in. And now kindly stand by for station announcements and I'll start crocheting Honey Ginsburg into the picture.

I don't need to tell you that there never was anybody just like that kid when she was at the top of her gait. Take her name, to begin with: Honoria Ginsburg. For New York purposes where are you going to beat that hook-up? Where are you going to tie it, even? And her breeding, take that: Born in a three-room dump down here on the lower West Side, with an O'Malley for a mother and one of her uncles a Christian Brother in a parochial school; and her granddaddy on the other side an orthodox rabbi with curly whiskers. Why, there she was, "Abie's Irish Rose" in the flesh, long before Anne Nichols had the billion-dollar idea.

And after she got to be this town's sweetheart, did the press agent have to curdle his brains thinking up fancy stuff about her? The lucky stiff, he did not. All he had to do was to dig into the record and keep on telling 'em about how she used to practice steps while she was helping tend her daddy's pushcart, when she wasn't minding about eight or nine little O'Malley-Ginsburgs; because you take those two strains and set 'em up in the family business and you've got a combination that's calculated to make Belgian hares jealous. And about how, on the sly, she made a funny little costume out of pink cheesecloth and scraps out of a rag bag, and sneaked off and went on at Miner's Eighth Avenue one Amateur Night before as hard-boiled a crowd as there'll ever be in this world or the next, and sang her little cheap ballad, but it wasn't cheap the way she sang it, and then went into her peculiar draggy-foot dance; and how in about two minutes she had 'em yelling for more.

With that stuff behind her—that romance and drama, all that background of the slums—her publicity boy never had to hook her up with any dirty scandals or any cheap sensations in order to grab off free notices and Sunday features. The copy was already there. Honey Ginsburg, with her life story and her personality and her good-heartedness, was the copy.

What she could do with a line—a good line or a bum line, either! And how that red-headed, black-eyed little rabbit could grab off any comedy situation, even a sad one, and build it up until she had the customers rolling in the aisles! And then, just like that, shade out of her clowning and into a heartbreaking bit of pathos so quick that the guy who'd opened his mouth to let out a laugh would snap it shut so he could start in sniffling! And how she could squeeze the juice out of a song! And what she could put into a dance!

The best thing about her was that here was one lady-Joey that never craved to be a she-Hamlet. And still and all, no matter what she was doing, you saw, sticking through it, the soul of the born sidewalk gamin; saw her taking bites first off of a dill pickle and then off of a banana—the real pitiful guttersnipe stuff. You felt something else that was bigger than that: You felt the boiled-together spirits of two persecuted races—breeds that had to keep on laughing so they wouldn't cry—and that (*Continued on page 142*)

"Little sister," I says, "I've got a kind of sneakin' suspicion that something's got you worried. Come on now, spill the low-down to Uncle Clem." "There's nothing to spill," Honey says. "I'm O. K. Don't I look all right to you?" I gave her a look, but her face wasn't her regular face. It was just a mask.

The Right Thing

by W. Somerset Maugham

GEORGE MOON was sitting in his office. His work was finished and he lingered there because he hadn't the heart to go down to the club. It was getting on towards tiffin time and there would be a good many fellows hanging about the bar. Two or three of them would offer him a drink.

He could not face their heartiness. Some he had known for thirty years. They had bored him and on the whole he disliked them, but now that he was seeing them for the last time it gave him a pang. Tonight they were giving him a farewell dinner.

Everyone would be there and they were presenting him with a silver tea service which he did not in the least want. They would make speeches in which they would refer eulogistically to his work in the colony, express their regret at his departure and wish him long life to enjoy his well-earned leisure.

He would reply suitably. He would thank them for their loyal cooperation during the term which it had been his privilege to serve as resident at Timbang Belud and draw a glowing picture of the future that awaited the country as a whole and Timbang Belud in particular. He would remind them that he had known it as a poverty-stricken village with a few Chinese shops and left it now a prosperous town with paved streets down which ran trams, with stone houses, a rich Chinese settlement and a clubhouse second in splendor only to that of Singapore.

They would sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne." Then they would dance and a good many of the younger men would get drunk. The Malays had already given him a farewell party and the Chinese an interminable feast. Tomorrow a vast concourse would see him off at the station. And that would be the end of him.

He wondered what they would say of him. The Malays and the Chinese would say that he had been stern, but acknowledge that he had been just. The planters had not liked him. They thought him hard because he would not let them ride roughshod over their labor. His subordinates had feared him. He drove them. He had no patience with slackness or inefficiency. He had never spared himself and saw no reason why he should spare others. They thought him inhuman.

It was true that there was nothing come-hither in him. He could not throw off his official position when he went to the club and laugh at bawdy stories, chaff and be chaffed. He was conscious that his arrival cast a gloom.

George Moon sighed. From an official standpoint

is the Kind Thing

Illustrations by
DEAN CORNWELL

his career had been a success: he had been the youngest resident ever appointed in the F. M. S. and for exceptional services a C. M. G. had been conferred upon him; but from the human it had, perhaps, been otherwise. He had earned respect, respect for his ability, industry and trustworthiness, but he was too clear-sighted to think for a moment that he had inspired affection. No one would regret him. In a few months he would be forgotten.

He smiled grimly. He was not sentimental. He had enjoyed his authority and it gave him an austere satisfaction to know that he had kept everyone up to the mark. It did not displease him to think that he had been feared rather than loved.

He saw his life as a problem in higher mathematics, the working-out of which had required all his powers, but of which the result had not the least practical consequence. Its interest lay in its intricacy and its beauty in its solution. But like pure beauty it led nowhither. His future was blank.

He was fifty-five, and full of energy, and to himself his mind seemed as alert as ever; his experience of men and affairs was wide. All that remained to him was to settle down in a country town in England or in a cheap part of the Riviera and play bridge with elderly ladies and golf with retired colonels.

He had met, when on leave, old chiefs of his and had observed with what difficulty they adapted themselves to the change in their circumstances. They were all the same. They had looked forward to the freedom that would be theirs when they retired and had pictured the charming uses to which they would put their leisure.

It was not pleasant to be obscure after having been distinguished; to live in a poky villa after having dwelt in a spacious residency; to manage with a couple of maids when you had been accustomed to the service of half a dozen Chinese boys. And above all, it was not pleasant to realize that you did not matter a row of beans to anyone, when you had grown used to the delicate flattery of knowing that a word of praise could delight and a frown humiliate all sorts and conditions of men.

George Moon stretched out his hand and helped himself to a cigaret from the box on his desk. As he did so he noticed all the little lines on the back of his hand and the thinness of his shriveled fingers. He frowned with distaste. It was the hand of an old man.

There was in his office a Chinese mirror-picture that he had bought long ago and that he was leaving behind. He got up and looked at himself in it. He saw a thin

yellow face, wrinkled and tight-lipped, thin gray hair and gray, tired eyes. He was tallish, very spare, with narrow shoulders, and he held himself erect. He had always played polo, and even now could beat most of the younger men at tennis. He seldom smiled.

An orderly came in with a name written on a chit. George Moon looked at it and told him to show the visitor in. He sat down once more in his chair and looked with his cold eyes at the door through which in a moment his caller would come. It was Tom Saffary, and George Moon wondered what he wanted. Presumably something to do with the festivity that night. It had amused him to hear that Tom Saffary was the head of the committee that had organized it, for their relations during the last year had been far from cordial; in fact, they had been hardly on speaking terms.

Saffary was a planter and one of his Tamil overseers had lodged a complaint against him for assault. The Tamil had been grossly insolent to him and Saffary had given him a thrashing. George Moon had realized that the provocation was great, but he had always set his face against the planters' taking the law in their own hands, and when the case was tried he had sentenced Saffary to a fine.

But when the court rose, to show that there was no ill feeling, he had asked Saffary to luncheon; Saffary, resentful of what he thought an unmerited affront, had curtly refused and since then had declined to have any social relations with the resident. He answered when George Moon, resolved not to be affronted, spoke to him; but he would not play bridge or tennis with him.

He was manager of the largest rubber estate in the district, and George Moon asked himself sardonically whether he had arranged the dinner and collected subscriptions for the presentation because he thought his dignity required it or whether, now that the resident was leaving, it appealed to his sentimentality to make a noble gesture. It tickled George Moon's frigid sense of humor to think that it would fall to Tom Saffary to make the principal speech of the evening, in which he would enlarge upon the departing resident's admirable qualities and voice the community's regret at their irreparable loss.

¶ Suddenly Violet gave a piercing cry and fainted lable sobs. Saffary began to grow a trifle impatient:

Tom Saffary was ushered in. The resident rose, shook hands with him and smiled thinly.

"How do you do? Sit down. Won't you have a cigaret?"

"How do you do?"

Saffary took the chair to which the resident motioned him and the resident waited for him to state his business. He had a notion that his visitor was embarrassed. Saffary was a big, burly, stout fellow, with a red face and a double chin, curly black hair and blue eyes. He was a fine figure of a man, strong as a horse, but it was plain that he did himself too well. He drank a good deal and ate too heartily. But he was a good business man and a hard worker. He ran his estate efficiently. He was popular in the community. He was generally known as a good chap. He was free with his money and ready to lend a helping hand to anyone in distress. It occurred to the resident that Saffary had come in

order to compose the difference between them before the dinner.

"I dare say you're a bit surprised to see me here this morning and I expect, as it's your last day and all that, you're pretty busy."

George Moon did not answer and the other went on.

"I've come on rather an awkward business. The fact is that my wife and I won't be able to come to the dinner tonight, and after that unpleasantness we had last year I thought it only right to come and tell you that it has nothing to do with that. I think you treated me harshly—it's not the money I minded, it was the indignity—but bygones are bygones. Now that you're leaving, I don't want you to think that I bear any ill feeling towards you."

"I realized that when I heard that you were chiefly responsible for the send-off you're giving me," answered the resident civilly. "I'm sorry that you won't be able to come tonight."

"I'm sorry, too. It's on account of Knobby Clarke's death." Saffary hesitated for a moment. "My wife and I were very much upset by it."

"It was very sad. He was a great friend of yours, wasn't he?"

"He was the greatest friend I had in the colony."

Tears shone in Tom Saffary's eyes. Fat men are very emotional, thought George Moon.

"I quite understand that in that case you would have no heart for a rather uproarious party," he said kindly. "Have you heard anything of the circumstances?"

"No; nothing except what appeared in the paper."

"He seemed all right when he left here."

"As far as I know he'd never had a day's illness in his life."

"Heart, I suppose. How old was he?"

"Same age as me. Thirty-eight."

"That's young to die."

Knobby Clarke was a planter and the estate he had managed was next to Saffary's. George Moon had liked him. He was an ugly man, sandy, with high cheek bones and hollow temples, large, pale eyes in deep sockets and a big mouth. But he had an attractive smile and an easy manner. He was amusing and could tell a good story. He had a careless good humor that people found pleasing. He played games well. He was no fool.

dead away. When she opened her eyes her body was shaken by uncontrol- so much grief over Knobby Clarke did seem to him a trifle exaggerated.

George Moon would have said he was somewhat colorless. In the course of his career he had known a good many men like him. They came and went. A fortnight before, he had left for England on leave and the resident knew that the Saffarys had given a large dinner party on his last night. He was married and his wife, of course, went with him.

"I'm sorry for his wife," said George Moon. "It must have been a terrible blow. He was buried at sea, wasn't he?"

"Yes. That's what it said in the paper."

The news had reached Timbang the night before. The Singapore papers arrived at six, just as people were getting to the club, and a good many men waited to play bridge or billiards till they had had a glance at them. Suddenly one fellow (*Continued on page 147*)

¶ *A midnight raid on grandma's pocketbook.*

Peck's Bad

by O. O. McIntyre

THE DIFFICULTY of writing a piece such as this is that it is likely to give the reader an impression of super-piety—a false bravura of righteousness. Yet this hesitancy is overbalanced by my notion that it may comfort many parents who are distracted over the future of wayward children.

The article was inspired by an anguished father who dropped in on me before breakfast the other morning, haunt-eyed from a sleepless night, to tell of the worry his eleven-year-old son was causing him and his wife.

After he had particularized about minor peccadillos that seemed of no consequence whatever, I told him he was making the proverbial mountain out of the molehill. He started to go several times, halted hesitantly at the door and finally came back and crumpled up on a divan and whispered: "But, my God, we have caught him stealing!" He buried his face in his hands and sobbed.

He was startled out of his boohooing when he heard my laugh. "Is that all?" I inquired. "Why, you poor sap, until I had reached the long-pants age I couldn't walk through a grocery store without swiping something. And furthermore, I once got up in the middle of the night, sneaked down the back stairs like a burglar and filched a silver dollar from my grandmother's pocketbook."

Before I got through I imagine I comforted him somewhat. Indeed, I think he departed uncommonly glad that he still had his watch. What I told him was doubtless shocking, but it was the truth.

There was a period in my youth when I was the bad boy of my neighborhood. Mothers called to their boys when I came along. The public-school teacher advised other lads not to associate with me. I chewed tobacco. I puffed foul-smelling pipes. Harry Maxon and I tied the tails of two cats together and threw them over a clothesline. I was chief organizer of that cache under the bank of the Ohio River known as the "Pirate's Den."

When I went to the corner drug store to have a prescription filled I would wait until the druggist disappeared behind the prescription case and I would reach around the counter, push back the sliding panel and purloin a pocket comb, a snap purse, a pair of sleeve garters or something else absolutely worthless to me.

I played hooky from school for an entire term—lugging my books to a lumberyard in the morning and carrying them home at night. I helped Tom Harvey build a den out of bales of hay where we lounged, when we should have been in the classroom, smoking rat-tailed stogies and endangering by conflagration the entire business section of the town.

As a matter of fact, I was one of the stone-bruised incendiaries who set fire to an abandoned house on Back Street, just to see the new fire engine make the run. As you may have gathered, I was a scalawag. A fire bug, a truant and a petty thief!

To this day I have an unreasonable hatred for schools. To me they are hideous symbols of restraint. I never spent a single happy hour inside a schoolhouse. One of the reasons I have not been back to my beloved home town for more than twenty years is that the dolorous chimes of the public-school bells transport me into a fit of absolutely unconquerable melancholia. I often awaken, bathed in a cold dew, over a nightmare that the truant officer is dragging me back to school.

THEY SAY schools are different now. I hope so. While the girls of my age were reading the Elsie books and the boys the wholesome Henty adventures I was hidden away in a haymow polluting my moral fiber with such dreadful trash as Old Cap Collier's "In Chinatown." Frank Merriwells were not stiff enough for me. I pulled out the full stop on blood and thunder.

I had, *sub rosa*, the biggest nickel library in town. I was the king-pin trader and I used to make secret nocturnal excursions out beyond the railroad tracks and up the hollow to the hovel of a sore-eyed mulatto slattern who was also a nickel-novel trader.

She was the consort of the local Chinese laundryman, smoked opium and always cheated me out of a dime or so in our novel exchanging. But because she encompassed in my impressionable mind all the worldly wickedness I had read about, these visits were glamorously fugacious events in my life. I was that sort of boy.

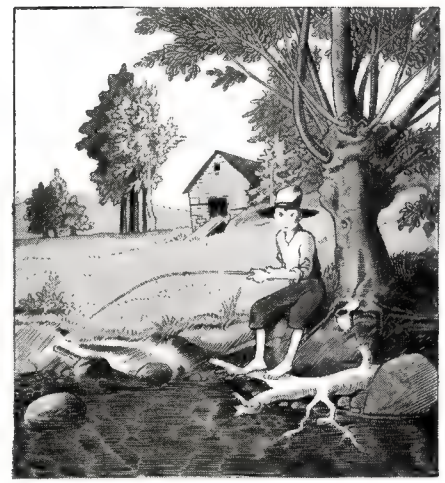
I did not stop at boyish pilfering. As I grew older I went about town buying things for which I had no possible need and charging them to my father, who was struggling with a small-town hotel many miles away.

I would borrow odd sums on the most absurd excuses from my father's friends. I swaggered in and out the swing doors of the town saloons, calling bartenders by their first names, and every dusk when I

¶ *And what do you suppose I did just to see the new fire engine make a run?*

Boy was a Piker

Illustrations by Herb Roth



¶ *I still dream the truant officer is dragging me back to school.*

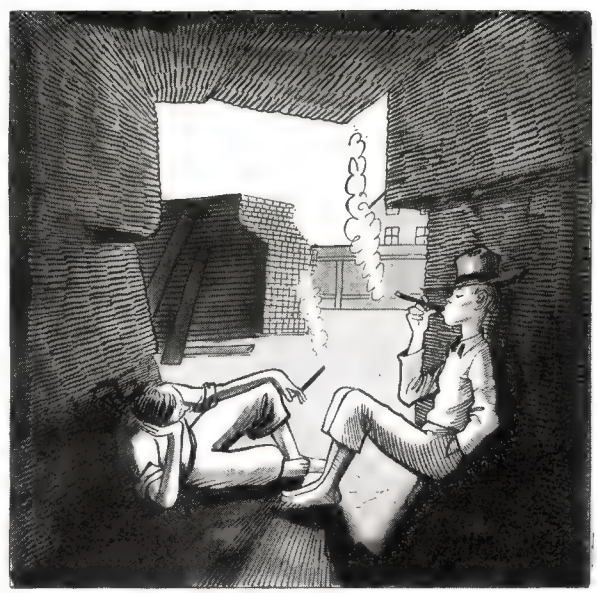
sauntered forth from the family fireside grandma would call out: "You keep away from those pooling alleys!" Grandma confused bowling and pocket pool.

One Christmas vacation a boon companion, whose fingers were also sticky, and I augmented the clerical force in one of the leading clothing establishments. It might have been noticed that for several weeks after the holidays we appeared almost daily in some new and brilliantly patterned cravat, to say nothing of dashing handkerchiefs and hose suggesting the aurora borealis. And may I say parenthetically that this boyhood friend is today a respected and honorable man of family in a West Virginia city? There did not seem to be much hope for me. I was thoroughly bad. My father had reached the end of his patience.

As a despairing gesture he sent me off to a business college where, after wasting fourteen months on a course that ordinarily required three months, I did not even get a diploma.

These derelictions ended in my being yanked from Ohio back to my birthplace in Plattsburg, Missouri, to clerk in my father's hotel for five dollars a week and board. Although I should have been on duty at six-thirty A.M. to see that the visiting drummers caught the depot hack for the six-forty-five train, I usually shuffled to my desk around noon or an hour or so thereafter.

This went on from bad to worse—mostly worse—for eight months. Then, one morning, my father called me to a vacant lot at the side of the hotel, handed me a twenty-dollar bill and suggested that travel broadened the mind.



¶ *We smoked stogies in our den, endangering by conflagration the entire business section.*

I knew my father, and under the cover of darkness I left in a day coach for St. Louis. But only after trying to borrow money from anyone who would lend it to me, and only one—Jay Price, bless him—would. That is how I stood in the town where I was born.

I AM BLURTING out all these intimacies shamelessly because I was pretty much the average boy in the average town. In recent years I have waded through many books on child psychology and the scientific rearing of the young. They are away over my head.

Couched in high-flown twaddle, they sound as though "raising a boy" was some sort of laboratory experiment. If he has pulled wings off flies he is a Sadist. And other rubbish.

My knowledge comes from cold facts that I faced. I think environment plays a big part in molding character, but I also think the right kind of boy can overcome any environment. I worked on a New York newspaper with a man who was born in the honeycombed depths of Chinatown of dissolute parents and lived there until he was sixteen, and at the moment I cannot think of a finer citizen.

A saintly white-haired charity worker—as godlike a woman as I have ever known—does not know who her parents were. Her first conscious glimmers were of a Bowery bagnio over a saloon and at seventeen she was a pavement prostitute, winding up at twenty-four as a drug addict. Of course, these instances could be multiplied in almost every city in the land.

Bringing up a boy or a girl is a dangerous experiment, always a gamble, but—and nothing could sound more hackneyed—success depends upon the individual. In my town some of the bad boys turned out to be God-fearing and respectable husbands and fathers. Others didn't fare so well and two that the town doesn't know about, I have visited in state prisons.

In my own case I know that, somewhat like a startled dreamer, I turned from a life that might have led to serious consequences before I reached man's estate. To be exact, at the age of nineteen.

If there is any notion I am now trying to picture myself as a tin angel I express myself with unintentional clumsiness. I am cluttered up with all sorts of faults and indulge as many frailties as the next fellow. Ask my wife. Ask anybody.

Yet I believe that I am honest. I mean by that that I do not believe I could ever steal. I try to be truthful, although I string along with Rupert Hughes that no one ever really tells the whole truth. In this fashion I am sometimes, let us say charitably, evasive.

I pay my debts. So far as I know, outside of current monthly bills, I do not owe anyone. If I do, sue me. The leading credit bureau has just told me in response to my telephone query that my standing is perfect.

In my particular case there was no moral regeneration; no starting all over again. As I matured, it seems to me that I was really inherently honest. I had my bouts with booze, but when I began to see that it was not good for me or my health and that I was making a fool of myself I gave it up. Most of my friends drink and I have no objection. I simply do not care to.

Chiefly, in conclusion, I should like to appeal for a little more tolerance for the bad boys in your town and mine. It is the nature of youth to be predatory during the formative days. But I think to send a young man to prison for the first time is a ghastly thing, unless every other possible method has been tried and has failed.

For without tolerance you and I might be there today.

Concluding

Glorious

Illustration by
R. F. Schabelitz

WOULD THE mystery of her marriage ever really be cleared up? Anthea wondered, as she emerged amidst a cloud of steam from her bathroom, with a wrap of satin trimmed with swan's-down thrown around her.

Ketley advanced from the door, bringing a florist's box, which she opened on the way to her mistress.

"Oh, the gardenias!" Anthea was delighted, for had she not ordered them with the idea of giving one to her Courtenay? She meant to knock at his door as soon as she was dressed. She examined them carefully. "I think this is the nicest one, don't you, Ketley?"

At that moment, Hugo was knocking at Natasha's door, ready to take her down to dinner. Natasha had on a tulle gown, but it was unfastened in the back.

"Hugo can do it for me," she thought, as she opened the door. "Fasten it, darling." She whisked around.

Hugo was delighted at the task, but glanced about apprehensively, to see that no one was coming.

Natasha began prattling as he fastened the hooks at the waist. "They dine downstairs—*hein?*"

"Yes. The duke has just telephoned for a table."

"I knew money would make the waiter talk." She danced around now gayly, and kissed Hugo lightly. "The duke would not want to be alone with that girl upstairs—I knew it! Our table is near them?"

Hugo, jealous but, as ever, obedient, answered gloomily: "Yes, darling."

"*Bon!* Wait for me in the lounge." And she entered her room and shut the door.

Anthea was now dressed in a clinging golden robe. She looked like some exquisite Rossetti, with her creamy face and wide, mysterious gray eyes. She was nervous as she tapped at the door of her husband's room and heard an astonished: "Come in." She entered, and saw John fastening his shoes. It was a strange moment.

Anthea said timidly: "I've brought you this," and she held out the gardenia.

The last news Dick Hammond had given John had disturbed him greatly. In law, Anthea was really his wife—but to prove it, a hideous scandal would have to be faced; and if he took advantage of the situation now, it would be frightful. Courtenay would wake up tomorrow morning and learn that he, John, who had never failed him, had betrayed him.

No; happiness, at present, was impossible. If by the time Courtenay arrived, Anthea showed that she really preferred him, John, to his brother, and he saw that her happiness was involved, then he would strike boldly for his rights and hers, no matter what the scandal might be—but now he must hold himself as before, so he answered as repressedly as he could:

"How SWEET of you! I say, you must be my valet and help me put on my coat, and then give me my buttonhole."

There was a lightness in his tone which encouraged Anthea; he was not going to be so serious, at all events.

She looked at him, taking in his marvelous good looks and his indefinable attraction. It gave her a thrill to pretend to be his valet on that June night, and she handed him his evening coat.

"Have I done it well?" she queried.

"Very well—considering. Oh, you sweet thing!" This last burst from him. He knew he had been wrong, so he went on quickly: "Let's see how it looks."

Anthea fixed the gardenia in his buttonhole, while

"Your duke has never once looked at you," said Hugo. "Bah, he is merely pretending to her that he has never seen me before," Natasha said.

Flames

by ELINOR GLYN

John averted his eyes. Then they walked to the cheval glass of black-and-gold lacquer, she holding his arm.

"Oh, I say, that's grand!"

Profound emotion seized Anthea. "You've never seemed so attractive before, Courtenay," she told him, as she put her head against his shoulder; and then, catching the lapels of his coat with a divine air of possession: "I think I shall flirt with you tonight."

John felt himself growing intoxicated. "Do," he breathed as coldly as he could.

Anthea pouted. "I can't if you are as cold as ice."

"Good Lord! I'm not *cold!*" the poor bridegroom gasped.

All the seductions of Eve seemed to control the bride. "Courtenay, I'd like you to kiss me."

This was too much for John, who was, after all, a man—not a saint. He clasped her in his arms and kissed her.

Anthea, although she was twenty years old, had never known the kiss of love before; this warm, passionate kiss of overwhelming emotion was a revelation to her. She knew now, whatever appearances were, that her husband *loved* her.

She whispered: "You love me, after all, don't you, Courtenay?"

But John could only murmur remorsefully, "I do. I *do.*" What had he done? Miserable weakling!

Anthea's mood changed immediately. Now that she was sure of him, the unconquerable coquetry in woman made her elusive. She laughed triumphantly and dragged him to the door.

"Now, 'your Grace,' we shall go and dine downstairs."

The marvelous new American band was (*Continued on page 134*)

I saw a WOMAN

Illustrations

In her trance dreams Mara relived scenes from her former lives . . .

THE ADVENTURE which I propose here to relate occurred in John Bannister's studio apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, during the summer of 1926.

At that particular period neither Bannister nor I was seeking adventures or horrors—though he was somewhat of a specialist in both. His curious reputation was international. Some people considered him the greatest living master of esoteric mysticism and magic; others insisted that he was no more than an extremely able charlatan.

I knew him intimately, and wavered between the two opinions. But master or charlatan, he was one of the most brilliant and disturbing people I have ever known, though he lacked a certain courage which, for better or worse, might have made him really great.

He was a large man of middle age, heavy without being corpulent. With his habitually shaven head, he suggested the Asiatic monk, though as a matter of fact he was pure British, a product of one of the great universities. He had lived, however, in many outlandish places, including Tibet and Central China. It was in these far countries he had got his curious twist.

I had completed a book that summer and was resting, loafing if you will, for a month or two. I went often to Bannister's studio, which was cluttered with Buddhist idols, Hindu Durgas, prayer wheels, gongs and tom-toms, so-called sacred and magical objects from every corner of the world. We had been spending many afternoons at chess, but it was becoming boring because he beat me continually.

One afternoon we dropped the game early and went for a walk. We were strolling up Fifth Avenue, when something in the window of a Chinese antique shop caught Bannister's attention. We went inside.

The clerk took from the window a little bundle of flat, dark-colored tortoise-shell wands, fastened together with a bit of string. They were of equal size and shape, thin flat strips about seven inches long by one inch wide, and seemed otherwise identical. On one face there was no marking whatever; on the reverse face each was cut crosswise through the middle by an inch-wide stripe of white ivory.

"Do you happen to know what they are?" Bannister asked the Chinese clerk.

The clerk shook his head. "For one game maybe like fantan. He maybe part lost. You no buy."

BUT BANNISTER did buy, and seemed pleased. "You don't know what they are, either, do you?" he said as we resumed our stroll. "Well, they are the hexagram wands of the Yi King."

"And what's the Yi King?" I asked.

"That's what several Orientalists, including Legge of Oxford and de Harlez of the Royal Belgian Academy, have spent their lives trying to find out. At any rate, it's the oldest Chinese book in the world. I'll lend you a copy of Legge's translation when we get home. And these wands, or rather the sixty-four geometric symbols which they make in various combinations, are supposed to furnish the secret key to the book.

"They are also the key supposed to open other magic doors. Sometimes you see them made of wood, and even of cardboard. This is the finest set I ever saw, and very old. Come over tonight and we'll see what we can do with them, instead of playing chess."

The upshot of it was that Bannister and I played no more chess that summer. We became absorbed in the Yi King hexagram. Whatever else there was to Bannister, he had a true deep streak of the fanatical mystic, and he took our experiments in deadly earnest.

As for me, I was fascinated, rather, in a curious new game which queerly combined the qualities of chess, anagrams, ouija board and table-tipping. And we played with it all summer—until the thing happened after which we no longer dared to play.

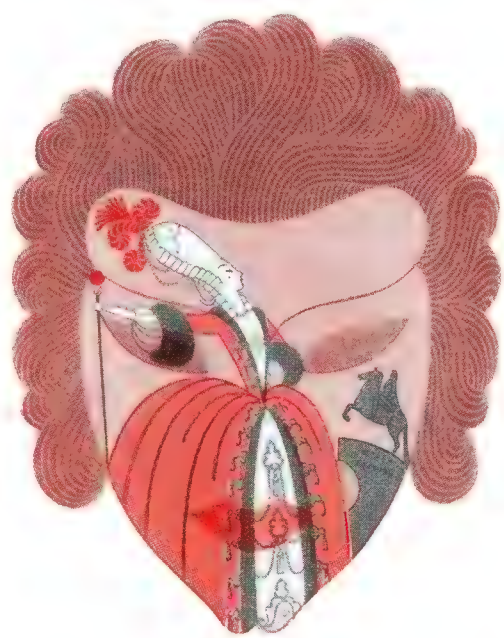
One morning there had come in my mail a scrawled, imperious yet childish note.

> Take me to eat lobsters. And bring me that Bannister of yours if you can find him.

It was signed, naturally, "Mara."

I hadn't seen Mara for two years, and didn't know she was in New York. Bannister and I had known her first as Mara Orloff. She had dropped her title—she was a Russian refugee—and after going through more than the usual vicissitudes, had married a Cleveland manufacturer and, so far as we were concerned, dropped out.

But here she was back,

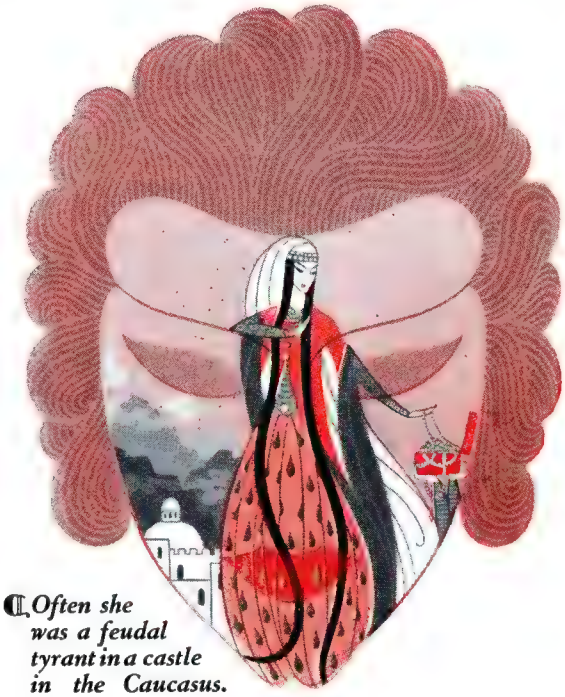


Sometimes she was a great lady in the reign of Catherine the Great.

turn into a WOLF

by Erté

The Weird *Experience of*
WILLIAM B. SEABROOK
who made your Blood Curdle as you read his *Fantastic Adventures in* "Jungle Ways" *and* "The Magic Island"



Often she was a feudal tyrant in a castle in the Caucasus.

as I immediately telephoned Bannister, and we asked her to luncheon. She wasn't the sort one forgets. I suppose "violent" is as good a descriptive adjective as any for Mara Orloff. I must depict her as accurately as I can, however, for I believe that not only her psychology, but even more her physical nature had a subtle but definite bearing on the phenomena which later occurred.

Mara was an aristocrat and a savage. She was far too handsome in an animal sort of way to be in good taste in civilized bourgeois Anglo-Saxon society. All her physical traits, though harmonious, were exaggerated. She was tall, narrow-waisted and muscularly curved. She had coarse but beautiful coppery-brown hair. Her tawny, brown-flecked eyes were enormous and wide-set under a powerful but low forehead; a large nose, and a big, full-curved mouth with teeth that flashed magnificently when she smiled but became hyena-like when she laughed broadly or lost her temper.

Intellectually, I had always thought her moody, flighty, difficult, but not a fool. Her temperament was much more interesting than her mind, and even more difficult. As for her manners, they were those of an eccentric grand duchess or a savage, depending on how you chose to differentiate.

Some of her eccentricities were extreme. Corn on the cob was new to her and at a supper at a smart restaurant she devoured it voraciously, tossing the cobs on the floor, shouting in her imperious, thick contralto, "Bring me more!" scorning other dishes except for a mutton chop which she gnawed royally. She never drank.

Finally, on top of these extroverted eccentricities, there was a secret side to her character. She worshiped or pretended to worship devils, had trafficked with Rasputin, gazed in crystals and brooded over Blavatsky. Her special obsession was reincarnation.

SHE BELIEVED that in self-induced trance states she could recall scenes and experiences from her former lives. It was this, of course, that caused Bannister's interest in her—they had previously engaged in weird experiments together—and now when I telephoned him that Mara was in town and wanted to see us, he willingly broke an engagement and we took her to Broad's, where she could "eat lobsters" and toss the shells on the floor if she chose.

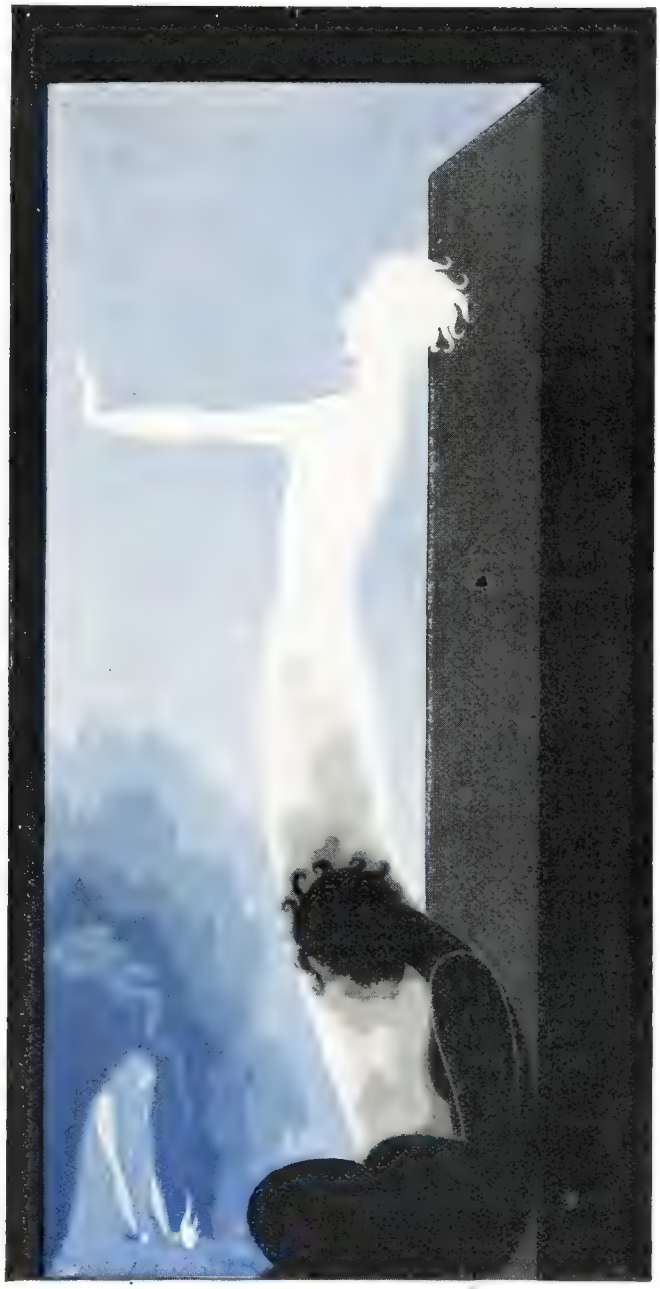
This she high-handedly did, talking meanwhile disgustedly of Cleveland. She didn't like the people, and they didn't like her. She was bored and lost there. Being lonely, she had sought escape more and more in her trance dreams. With these just now she was deeply absorbed, but at the same time worried. It was about them that she wanted to consult Bannister.

Up to about six months ago, she told us, all her dreams, or whatever you care to call them, concerned times and places historically known: St. Petersburg, Moscow, Little Russia, in the reigns of Catherine, of Boris, of Ivan the Terrible; sometimes less definite medieval periods in a vague castle in the Caucasus to which she took special pleasure in returning frequently.

Then one night, so she told us—she had meanwhile given up the crystal to induce her trances and begun the older classic method of sitting crouched motionless for hours with her head bent until the neck muscles became temporarily paralyzed—she had "slid across" expecting to find herself again in the castle, but instead had "awakened" in a camp of Mongols, where she herself, with some other women, was engaged in cutting up the carcass of a bear with a stone knife.

In this trance she suffered cold, discomfort, brutal treatment. She "hated" the hard work, the "dirty

Again, she was an aristocrat in Moscow in the time of Boris.



Each night Mara passed through the magic door of the Yi King hexagram to primeval times.

skins" she wore, the smells, the "burned, half-raw food." And the worst of it was that now, every time she sent herself into trances, she kept "sliding back" to that brutal life.

It was concerning this that she wanted Bannister's help. She talked of it in commonplace, practical, even petulant terms, as if she were complaining about having to live in one sort of house when she wanted to live in another. And, I thought, with similar commonplace motivations. She enjoyed being a feudal tyrant in a castle with serfs to wait upon her; she disliked sleeping in a cave and being clubbed about and forced to work and treated as if she were no better than a brute.

"It's JOLLY WELL good for you," interrupted Bannister with a malicious twinkle (he nursed old grudges toward her insolence). "Clubbing is what you've needed, and I hope every time you go there they beat you black and blue. But speaking seriously, my dear, you are wrong. I'd give my eyeteeth for a real throwback of that sort. They are extremely rare.

"I don't suppose you've thought to make notes or check your experiences against what is actually known of cave life? You don't know what this stuff of yours may tap. You ought to go out and talk with Gregory at the Natural History Museum. I've never known of anybody who authentically went back to the cave time.

"It's stupendous, if it's real! If you weren't so selfish you'd realize it. But no, you want your castle in the Caucasus. And you think I'll help you get back there, my dear? Well, I won't. But I'd love to help you in the other direction—farther and farther back."

Mara flew into a rage. "Of course!" she retorted angrily. "You have always been a selfish swine. I come to you unhappy, and all you think about is your own rotten experiments. You ought to know that I won't be anybody's Trilby. And to hell with your museums! I am not interested in adding to other people's knowledge. I am interested in myself."

"Come, Mara," Bannister protested, "don't lose your temper. I apologize. Of course you'll never be anybody's Trilby. You're too hard-headed. And with all your trances, you are not the passive medium type. We're equals here, even if you did come to me for advice. I am only venturing to suggest that you are wrong not to be interested in the turn this thing has taken for its own sake."

The discussion became amiable again. We told her about the Yi King hexagram, and at the end of the luncheon she agreed to cooperate in the plans outlined by Bannister. That same evening found her seated cross-legged and motionless as a carven idol on the hard floor of Bannister's dimly lighted studio.

On this first night, she stuck it out courageously for considerably over three hours with no results whatever, and finally gave up in a temper, cursing us and the Yi King together.

It was only after the third evening that things began to happen, and from then on every evening for about a week they happened regularly.

To MAKE CLEAR what follows, I must interpolate a brief description of the Yi King and the manner in which we employed the hexagram. The book itself is a profound and baffling mixture of mathematics, philosophy, ancient magic and elemental nature mysteries. But what concerned us was the supposed "magical" use of the wands, which I saw not as supernatural magic but as a fascinating mechanism for the concentrated stimulus of the subconscious brain. They are employed thus:

You shuffle the wands at random and toss them clattering to the floor, where when assembled they inevitably form one of sixty-four varied geometric figures. You fix this symbol in your mind, then sit cross-legged in the classic posture, shut your eyes and imagine that you see a wall in which there is a small closed door, and on the door your hexagram inscribed. If you stare long enough at the hexagram, and with sufficient concentration, the book says that "the door will swing open inward of its own volition." You then "arise out of your body," as the book says, and walk through the door.

In the telling, all this seems perhaps no more than a bizarre variant of some innocent and silly parlor game played by the credulous, but if you have sufficient patience the results are sometimes extraordinary.

And Mara was beginning regularly to pass through the door. Usually she would win through after about twenty minutes and often remain on the other side for more than two hours at a stretch.

Sometimes she talked while in her trance, describing things she saw and did, even responding to our low-toned questions while we made sheaves and sheaves of notes. Sometimes she would be deaf and dumb during the whole experience, and in those cases she would sometimes talk afterward, sometimes turn moody and refuse. It seemed always, more or less, the same astounding far throwback to primitive, primeval times, to the human dawn.

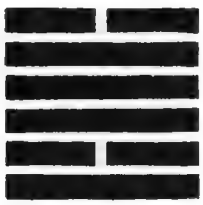
Each night there, under Bannister's direction, she blindly tossed the Yi King wands, then concentrated on whichever hexagram emerged. He attributed all manner of inherent magical significances to the divers symbols—an opinion which I did not share.

But I well remember the particular hexagram which

emerged on the night when things passed out of our control, for it fell so deadly pat that one might almost be forgiven for suspecting that it actually played some diabolical and mysterious rôle in the drama. I prefer to attribute it to mere coincidence.

It was number forty-nine in the de Harlez sequence, called the *Koh* hexagram.

Its corresponding Chinese ideograph was 革 which both de Harlez and Professor Legge translate as meaning: "Skin; hide; fur; leather; also to skin or flay; also, figuratively, to undergo change, to be made different."



The Koh hexagram

Among the esoteric aphorisms following this symbol, one finds:

"Two sisters live together in the same skin, differing and opposed, yet the same.

"The great sage may change himself as the tiger changes its form and stripes.

"The common man may change his face; the sage may change his whole being as does the leopard."

Now facing this old magic symbol, fixed in her imagination and projected against the Yi King door, Mara sat motionless with arms and legs crossed, eyes closed, staring. And presently, though she did not speak, we knew from her changed breathing that the door had swung open.

We thought then, after a little time had passed, that it would be one of those experiences through which she remained completely silent, but at last she began to murmur fragmentary sentences, in her deep dreamy contralto which seemed to be coming from far away:

"Snow—white. Everywhere snow," she kept murmuring; "and the moon—the moon—on the white snow . . . Yes, I am lying in the snow, pressed against the snow, but I am not cold . . . I am wearing a fur coat . . . I am lying naked in a fur coat, and I am warm . . . There is fur on my hands, and I am warm in the snow . . . Flat with my belly and chin pressed on the snow I lie . . . I lie strangely, but it is good . . . I think I am falling asleep." She fell silent again.

I whispered to Bannister, "Do you get it?"

"Not yet—unless——"

Again her voice came, and even in the trance it seemed puzzled:

"I am up and moving through the snow, but I am not walking; I am crawling on my hands and knees . . . No, I am not crawling, I am walking, but I am walking on my hands and feet—lightly . . . Now! now! now! . . . now I am running like the wind, as I have never run before . . . Yes, and there are others running beside me . . . We are running together—like the wind . . . How good the snow smells! . . . I have never smelled the snow before . . . But there is another smell—a *good* smell. It is in the snow but not the snow. We are following it and it is getting stronger—and I am hungry . . . Ah! Ah! . . . Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . ."

Again she fell silent as if now to save her breath, for she was breathing heavily, panting; her big handsome mouth was open, watering. And "Lord!" whispered Bannister. "You get it now?"

I am not concocting supernatural fantasy. I submit that no supernatural phenomenon or any actual reincarnation in a literal sense was happening here, but that pre-racial, atavistic memory had amazingly bridged back across the evolutionary gap to animal, pre-human days. Mara was running with a wolf pack. And they were on a kill.

But to Bannister, if not to me, the thing was blackest magic now and he became frightened. I was frightened, too, but not in the same way. There is nothing more dangerous than to become frightened in such situations. I believe that in this case if we had kept our nerve and let the trance take its normal course, all would have ended as usual.

But he was clutching my arm and urging hoarsely, "We've got to do something. We can't let this go on."

"I believe it's safest—for her—to let it alone," I whispered uncertainly. She had fallen into a deep, silent trance and was breathing steadily.

But there was no certainty in my voice and I couldn't persuade him. He was in the clutch of his own superstitions now. He began making silly passes in front of Mara's face, signs of the cross, muttering Latin exorcisms. And when this availed nothing, he seized the deeply entranced girl's arm and began shaking her and calling, "Mara, Mara, come out of it!"

Then the frightful thing happened.

With a deep, baying howl in which there was nothing human, she threw herself sidewise, then crouched to leap and was tooth and nail at his throat. She would have had him inevitably, I think, except for the numbness from long sitting motionless, which retarded and in a sense crippled her leap, so that he had just time to get his arms up and fling her off.

She did not renew the attack, but what she did do seemed almost more dreadful. She fell on all fours, then streaked to the darkest corner of the room and crouched there facing us, growling.

There the whole thing hung, for a long moment, in suspension. I risked a quick side glance at Bannister. He was staring in terror.

"Look! Can't you see? She's changing. She's turning into a *werewolf!*"

"That's rot," I said. "Pull yourself together."

"No, look," he said; "the shape of her head is changing. Her mouth—and her nose is growing longer."

It was awful, for I was staring too, and could almost have sworn he was speaking truth. Then he said:

"Look, look, her face is growing black—the fur!"

But I knew that what he now saw was the shadows, and it flashed on me in that relieved instant that at least no horrid physical miracle was occurring here. As a matter of fact, Mara had always looked like a wolf, and I mean nothing astonishing by that. There are normal people everywhere whose faces remind one of this or that animal—a dog, an ape, a fox, a horse.

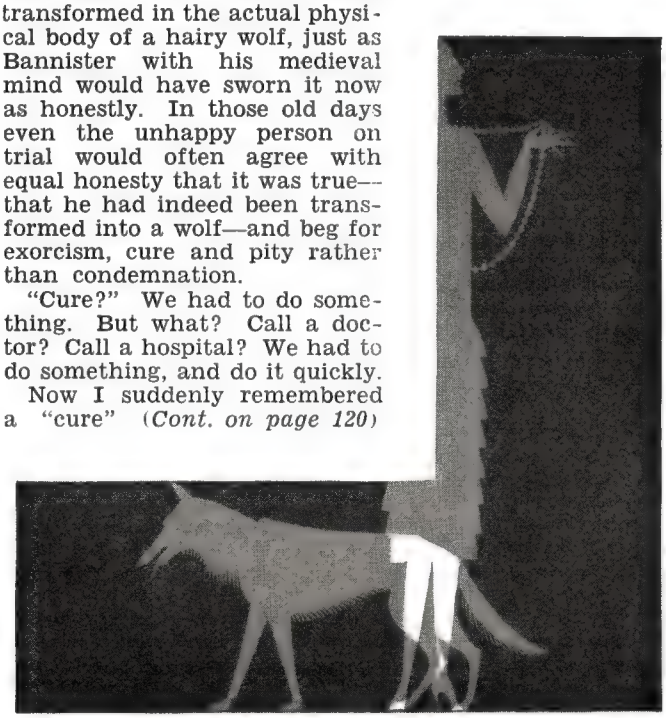
ONLY FRACTIONS of minutes were passing as Mara cowered there and we stood afraid to move, but my mind was racing fast and beginning in a way to coordinate. I think the process had begun at the moment Bannister used the specific word, "werewolf."

Bannister's mind was medieval. It was a medieval word. There had been hundreds of old attested cases. Sheep, more rarely children, had been found with their throats torn, and not a wolf but a human being had been captured.

Then would come honest witnesses who swore they had seen that human being transformed in the actual physical body of a hairy wolf, just as Bannister with his medieval mind would have sworn it now as honestly. In those old days even the unhappy person on trial would often agree with equal honesty that it was true—that he had indeed been transformed into a wolf—and beg for exorcism, cure and pity rather than condemnation.

"Cure?" We had to do something. But what? Call a doctor? Call a hospital? We had to do something, and do it quickly.

Now I suddenly remembered a "cure" (*Cont. on page 120*)



White Lies

Illustration by Nell Brinkley

THEY HAD been engaged only a couple of months so they were both enjoying their first quarrel. Neither would have admitted such a thing; indeed, neither was at all aware of enjoyment. Ann was definitely suffering. But of course, if she hadn't wanted to indulge it there was no mortal reason why she should suffer.

And Bill, though he kept saying "Oh, darling" and "Please don't," and kept telling himself he wished he'd never been born, was washed unconsciously with deep content that charming, adorable Ann loved him so much. Angry words tell the feelings of lovers so much more genuinely than tender endearments.

"Bill," Ann said, and her lovely mouth was taut in two hard scarlet lines, "Bill, what hurts is that you feel closer to *her* than to me."

"But dearest, I don't!" Bill insisted passionately. "You know there isn't another girl on earth for me but you."

Ann shook her dark head sadly. In a voice pierced with sorrow, she answered:

"Oh, no. For if you meant that you wouldn't try to shield her. If you really loved me, Bill, you'd——"

"Ann, please," he breathed.

"If you did, you'd feel close enough to me to tell me anything. You'd want to tell me."

"But darling, there isn't anything to tell. I've told you and told you that Dorothy and I——"

Ann held up a white hand that trembled. "How can I bear this?" she asked herself, feeling that now this insurmountable thing had loomed between her and Bill she would die. Why didn't he understand that she could forgive him anything if he'd only confess? But this awful denying, shutting her out——

"Bill, it breaks my heart not to be able to believe you."

"You've no right to call me a liar! I've never lied to you."

"Bill, you can't avoid the issue by yelling like that. Can I help it if I'm hurt? I wanted to have perfect confidence between us. And now you ruin everything. Don't you see how important it is? I wanted to be so much more to you than any other girl has ever been."

"You are!" he cried.

"Then why won't you tell me? I know——"

"But you don't know. You can't know."

"Can't I?" She turned on him like a furious rabbit. "Well, that's almost a confession in itself, Mr. Bill Barnes. You mean I can't know because you've never told anyone; because——"

"That isn't what I meant at all. There's nothing to tell. Because there isn't anything to know to tell, so how could you know?" he floundered unhappily.

"Bill"—she was standing now, straight and arresting in the tulip-yellow frock he adored—"when so much depends on this—our whole lives—how can you just sit there as if you didn't care?" Bill got swiftly to his feet. He was so eager to do what she wanted. "Bill," Ann cried, "there was something between you and this—this Dorothy person before you came to New York, now wasn't there? I know there was! I know it. And when you still think so much of her you can't trust me by telling me about it, when you put me on the outside and keep hold of your secret league with her by not being frank, don't you see——?" Tears, hurt and angry, poured down her cheeks.

"Darling, don't!" he pleaded.

"You said you were the first person she telephoned to when she got here, didn't you? Well——"

"I told you she just wanted to know where she could get hold of old Tom Wells," Bill began wearily. He had said this before but it seemed as if repetition must make Ann believe it. "We were just good friends in Saint Paul, and often not even that. Why, she used to tell me about being in love with another man—Fosdyke. He made her perfectly miserable and she told me all about it, and that was when I first knew her, too."

Is it True that *if a* Man *hasn't a* Past he *must* Invent One?

by

Virginia Dale

"Ann, Ann," Bill begged, "what do you want me to say?" "I want you to tell me the truth. You've got to confess there was something between you and that Dorothy."

"Ah," Ann murmured. "Ah." As if she didn't understand this unknown Dorothy's methods down to the ground! She could see her trading on Bill's sympathies, getting him interested. And then——

Bill went on rapidly: "Good heavens, there were a dozen girls—well, maybe not a dozen, but two or three, anyway, that you could be jealous about."

"I'm not jealous!" Ann flung out scornfully. "I'm above being jealous, I'd like you to know. But you can't expect me, as your fiancée, to be very glad when you protect another girl by not admitting me to your complete confidence."

Bill dived for a cigaret, and lighted it carefully. When he spoke his voice was patient.

"I told you about Madge Rainer, didn't I?" he inquired steadily. "And I told you about Peggie Fairchild and Jan Harris, didn't I? And——"

"Yes; but don't you see?" Ann faced him miserably as if he had given her a weapon with which to slay herself. "Don't you see just what that means? It means those girls meant nothing to you and so you could tell me. But this one, this Dorothy, went deeper. Maybe you promised her that you'd always keep what happened between you secret or something. How do I know? You might have talked to her as you have to me." Tragedy blazed in Ann's blue, tear-ridden eyes. Then new anger flooded her. "All right, keep it sacred! If it's too precious for you to tell me, *me*, whom you asked to be your wife, Bill Barnes, why, then you put me in second place! You put me on the outside. By keeping faith with her, you break faith with me. Oh, Bill, can't you see? Can't you?"

She was sobbing wildly now. Bill thought, "I can't stand this." He saw Ann, his whole life, tottering, falling to pieces because—because why? So many words had been flung, he was at sea. But this couldn't go on. He must stop it somehow.

"Ann, Ann," he begged, "what can I do? What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to tell me the truth."

"I have! I've told you——"

"You haven't! And you've got to if we're to go on. You've got to confess there was something between you and that Dorothy."

Bill felt like a motor that had been going headlong and had stopped suddenly, with grinding brakes. Peace, comfort seemed at hand. "All right," he said quietly. "I'll tell you. Yes, Dorothy and I had an affair."

Ann groaned as if knives were being extracted. "I knew it."

Bill went on grimly: "It was in Saint Paul. I—I felt sorry for her after the Fosdyke thing." His imagination soared. "So we had an affair. I adored her—just for a little while."

He took time out from his recital to think, "I never dreamed I was such a good psychologist." And then he played his trump card.

"But I always knew, sweetheart, even when I thought I loved her, that it wasn't real. I always knew there must be a *you*, darling, somewhere in the world. Waiting for me. And so," he ended on a crescendo, "I told Dorothy we must part. She knew how I felt—that I was thinking of my dream girl. She was a good sport. We must do her that justice, dear. And—and that's all."

He wiped his brow. The motor of his invention had died. Peace.

Ann was in his arms. "Oh, darling, I love you so," she whispered. "Don't you see how right I was? How much better we both feel, now that you've confessed everything? Don't we, dear? Wasn't I right?"

"Yes," Bill told her, "you were right. We do feel better—now that I've confessed."

"And of course," Ann added bravely, "I forgive you. I know now that you love me better than you do her."

He loved Ann so enormously that he hated himself for so long denying her the luxurious joy of forgiving him. He kissed her, thinking, "I must certainly see that Ann and Dorothy never meet. If Dorothy spilled the beans about never speaking to me after telling me about Fosdyke it would hurt poor Ann too dreadfully."

Tight

by Holworthy Hall

LAST SUMMER, when Wall Street was practically down to a couple of brass hat checks, the Chief sent for Ham Smith and me, and told us we'd better take a good vacation while we had the chance. Say six or eight weeks. And I was certainly glad when he finished that sentence, because I'd been afraid he was going to make it anything from twenty years to life.

Back in the sales department of Ye Olde Stocke and Bonde Shoppe, Ham said: "Well, George, have you got all or any part of an idea where you're going?"

I said: "Sure. I always go to the same place. Tomorrow night I'll be on a sleeper for Mt. Alpine."

"Hm," said Ham. "That's a spot I always wanted to see myself. Why don't we go up together, then?"

Simply to say I was astonished would be putting it on the short side. I mean, Ham had been with us for a year, and he was an able bond salesman, and he looked like a merger of the Four Hundred and the Four Horsemen, but this was the first time he'd ever shown the slightest concern for social geography. Or, for that matter, in anything that even had to do with society.

That was one reason why, in an office like ours, he'd often seemed a good deal out of focus. Not that anybody actually disliked him, but he just wasn't in the pool. And another thing: I've known my share of tightwads, but I'd seldom run across a more competent grip-nickel than Ham Smith.

So I said: "But do you realize what you're getting into? Because, at the inn, about the only use you can find for a dollar bill is to ring twice for ice water."

"Oh," he answered optimistically. "In a slump like this, I'll guarantee I can make my own market."

I said: "All right, Ham. It's for your own account and risk." So I telephoned for tickets—Ham saved eighty cents by taking an upper berth—and the next night we got aboard the Mt. Alpine Special together.

We sat up until about half past ten, when Ham decided to crawl into his bin. That left me alone in the smoking compartment with a shortish, grayish, middlish-aged passenger who hadn't once offered to help the two of us talk, but spoke to me as soon as Ham was on his way to the horsehair.

"Excuse me," he said, "but your friend's face is kind of familiar to me. Could he have been a star football player last fall?—so his picture was in the papers?"

I said: "No, sir, I'm afraid you've got the wrong man. He's been out of college four or five years, and he told me he never played football."

"Now, that's funny. Would you mind telling me what your friend's name is? And where he's from?"

I went to get a glass of water. "Why, he's from the West somewhere, and his name's Hamilton Smith."

Behind me, he remarked: "Well, that seems to dispose of that . . . Say, how'd you like a little genuine Scotch flavoring in that? I've got just enough for two good nightcaps . . . Fine. Hold out your cup."

From then to midnight, he pattered along like a newsticker. He was Mr. J. J. Gorman, originally from Grand Rapids, Michigan, but he'd lived all over. Ended up in the oil game, and retired.

He gathered that my friend and I were connected with

A Mixture of Golf and Romance

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

wad

a financial house. What did I think of conditions in general? Was I well acquainted with Mt. Alpine? And were my friend and I staying long? He'd never been there before, and didn't know a soul, so if I could ever stand the company of a man so much older . . .

He struck me as a rather lonely old buck, and he was sort of amusing, and his Scotch was excellent collateral, so I nearly promised to look him up.

Late in the morning, when we got to the inn, I said to Ham: "Now I haven't any particular drag here, so if you're going to stage a bear raid, I'll just introduce you to the manager and move on to the golf club. You come over when you're ready, and I'll buy the beans."

And at the club almost the first person I saw was Julie Whitcomb.

I'd known Julie for five or six years, and we had a sound friendship without any excess sirup on it. She wasn't by any means a lethal beauty, and she hadn't any money—some sort of aunt used to make her a present of two months at Mt. Alpine every summer—but she had plenty of lure, and her interests were thoroughly diversified, and she seasoned awfully well.

"Why, hello, George McCotter!" helloed Julie. "Shake hands with me a whole lot! And you're just in time to have lunch with me and Marshall Evans."

I said: "Oh, is Marshall here already?"

"Yes. And do you know what he's just done this morning? Tied the amateur record with a 71!"

I said: "Gosh, that's slapping 'em! But about lunch, I've got a he-guest coming in a few minutes."

"Bring him along. Your first day, you don't imagine I'm going to let you escape me like that, do you? Oh, here's Marshall! Would you have believed that any human face could hold all that grin?"

I LIKED Evans, net. In New York he was a rival bond-monger, but anywhere on the chart he was a grand guy.

A Yale blond he was, and so big that, by comparison, even Ham Smith would look nearer portable than standard size. He wasn't at all affluent; but his motto was apparently, "The Lord is my shepherd—I should worry."

"Hello, George," said Evans. "What are we both up here so early for?"

"Ditto. But Marshall, I understand you've made a new low for the present movement."

"Bull luck," he deprecated. "But how I love it! For instance, George, my drive on the tenth was up against the trunk of a tree; but I took a spade and——"

So I listened golf until Ham sifted in. I introduced him and told him what Marshall had transacted, and he said the right thing the right number of times, and then we all pointed for nourishment.

At the table Julie asked, "Of course you play golf yourself, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, yes, I do."

I said: "Why, Ham, you never told me that."

"I don't remember your ever asking me, George."

"But why didn't you bring your clubs, then?"

"I did. I checked 'em with my trunk."

"Well," said Marshall generously, "let's make up a foursome. What's your game?"

Ham shook his head. "Thanks, but I'd better bat around alone a few days, till I get my eye on 'em."

After luncheon, which Marshall insisted on underwriting, we transferred ourselves to the terrace, where our immediate neighbor was Mr. J. J. Gorman. He seemed about as misplaced as a minister in Montmartre, so finally I got charity-smitten and said: "Oh, Julie, would you mind too much if this next old chap has his coffee with us? I picked him up on the train, and he really isn't as crumbling as he looks."

Julie didn't vote black, so I invited Mr. Gorman into the conference, which obviously gladdened him. Naturally, somebody mentioned Evans' record, and Mr. Gorman said:

"Well, that's fine. And I know how elegant it must feel, because for twenty-seven years I've held a world's sport record myself."

Everybody's eyebrows went up; because you never saw a man with fewer omens of being an athlete.

Julie urged: "Oh, do tell us what it is, Mr. Gorman."

"Well," he said, "when I was twenty, I took the biggest small-mouthed bass was ever caught. That was in Cheboygan County, Michigan, and you'll find it in the books. Nine pounds and five ounces. So I know how it feels."

At first, I thought he'd told this as a sly joke on himself, but then I realized that he was absolutely serious and tremendously proud. Personally, I wouldn't have known whether a nine-pound bass was an adult or only a cub, but anyhow, I was sort of glad that nobody laughed.

Then Julie said: "Why, that sounds wonderful, Mr. Gorman. Won't you tell us about it? What did you catch him with?"

His deep admiration for her dated from right there.

Presently Ham and I wended back to the inn. I said: "Well, did you get a good rate?"

He gave a start, and said: "Rate? What do you mean, rate? Oh! . . . Why, yes, they did."

I said: "It's certainly odd, though, you never spoke about golf around the office."

He said indifferently, "Oh, I don't belong to any club, but I squeeze in a round once in a while."

He sounded as if he were telling me where to get off, so I promptly got off there.

Now lots of men had fallen for Julie, but Ham positively hurtled. And at almost the same time Marshall Evans, who, like myself, had just been one of her regular accomplices, suddenly got all churned up about her, too. And I happened to be an ear-witness when it started.

It was the fourth day, towards noon, and Julie and I were having a bask on the terrace when two hundred pounds of Marshall came stalking up to us, accompanied by a smile. But the smile was a bit underdone.

"Say, George," he said, "you told me this Smith product isn't any violent pal of yours—but have you played golf with him yet?"

"No, I haven't. Why?"

"Because *I* have—and he's lost his market with *me*."

Julie blinked. "Why, Marshall! How can you be so uncouth?"

He opened his smile another notch. "I'm just as couth as anybody'd be, under the circumstances. Listen: I took him on, and he's no dub either; I was out in 37, and I was only two up. Well, on the tenth I was trapped, and he had an easy run-up to take it away. He fluffed it. And then hauled off and zinged his club as far as he could zing it. And——"

"But," said Julie, "because he lost his temper once in his life doesn't prove——"

"No, but he still had a sure half, but he picked up. And the next few holes, he wasn't even trying. So finally I hinted that if he didn't care to play it out, he didn't have to torture himself on *my* account. And he said I could play my own game, and he'd play his.

"Well, when I finished nine up, he did say he was afraid he'd spoiled my morning. So I implied he was in a position to know. So all I'm saying is, he's a good shooter, but his sporting blood's got too much Seltzer in it."

"Marshall," said Julie patiently, "when you know I like Mr. Smith very much, do you think it's so awfully sporting of *you* to go on this way?"

Evans slowly deflated. "Why, Julie, if you think I bore down on it too hard, I'm sorry. I thought you'd think it was a sketch, the same as I did."

"I'm going to make believe," said Julie sweetly, "that you kept it to yourself."

The subject was allowed to wilt, but after Julie went off to support a date, Marshall audited his finger nails for a while, and then said: "George, what kind of management do you suppose this is, anyway?"

I said: "It sure looks as if Ham might be a fly in the woodpile, doesn't it?"

He didn't squander much more dialogue, but from that day forward he certainly coveted Julie. But a remarkable thing was that she, now holding options on Marshall and Ham, fleeted so many of her hours with J. J. Gorman, either on terrace-fatigue or in roaming through the adjacent nature. Oh, yes, he was nice and gentlemanly, but in comparison with the others he was distinctly an odd-lot, and of course in age he was rapidly becoming erstwhile.

And so, inevitably, and sooner than later, the more alum-minded of the colony began to insinuate. Their thesis, of course, was that even the purest of maidens can fall prey to arithmetic.

Myself, I thought Julie was the last girl I knew who'd consult a business barometer to see what her trend was. I was sure that she was merely dabbling in philanthropy, and I expected every minute to see Mr. Gorman sagging, and Ham and Marshall making a sharp rally.

But . . .

It was towards the end of our first quarter at Mt. Alpine that I shot my first round of golf with Ham Smith. Ham and I hadn't meshed here much better than in New York, and I took Marshall's anecdote about him as an inside tip; but after all, we were office mates, and besides, I wanted to see him perform, because the rumor was that he was coaxing the ball around in an average of about 75.

As we came out of the club, we saw Julie and Mr. Gorman on the lawn. When we were twenty yards older, Ham said: "George, have you ever heard that old museum-piece admitting about himself?"

I said: "Why, I've heard him admit about his champion Roman-nosed anchovy, that's all. Is there anything else?"

"Well, it's his manner," explained Ham. "I mean, any time anybody mentions money, he acts as if even his telephone number's in seven figures—and personally, I don't believe he amounts to a drop in the bucket shop. No, he's trying to put over a line of hee-hee on us. Anyway, that's my hunch."

One of the research men at Columbia University has traced the relations between various social conditions and the business situation. He finds that great revivals, as well as great waves of interest in religion or in trying to talk with the spirit world, have always come in periods of business depression.

When affairs of this world look unpromising, we hope for better business or better things in the next world. Men are like children. When everything goes wrong, they want to run home to mother, or to God, for consolation.

Fred C. Kelly

Ham hauled back his arm, and Julie gasped. "Here, kid," he said to his caddy. "Very expensive putter. Cost eleven thousand dollars."

Somehow, this made me feel a little styptic at him. I said: "No, I don't agree with you. I think he's got a stack of it, and he's as sincere as the whooping cough."

But Ham shook his head.

Well, we started our match; and in nine holes Ham made one mistake. That was when, with a premature practice swing, he didn't brain my caddy. He was out in 38—and I was out in the open air. But on the tenth he heeled his drive into a patch of salad that grew to about the same height as appendicitis.

After we'd hunted for the ball awhile he remarked casually, "Just around here, I had a little twitter with your friend Evans, one day. Did he tell you?"

I took a medal for diplomacy, and said: "Why would he?"

Ham looked a tint brighter. "That's right, too. He's a swell citizen."

"What was the jam about?"

"Oh, not much. I got too sore at my own game, and that sort of rankled him. But he's a swell citizen."

I said: "Confirmed."

The ball had cost Ham a dollar, so that's all you need to know about another ten minutes. From my own sector of the jungle, I said:

"But it sure was funny you never told us you're a player. And you aren't a member anywhere?"

He said shortly, "No."

"Then where do you play, mostly?"

"Van Cortlandt Park."

I said: "*No!*" I mean, the idea of an expert hitter like Ham, no matter what an expert tightwad he was, playing a crowded and bumpy public course.

He stared at me and said: "Why not? I'm not rich, like you, working simply because you happen to like it. I've got two uses for every nickel I can make, so I can't afford to join a club yet."

"But if you'd only told us, you could have had guest cards enough."

"Maybe so. But I don't like to take invitations I can't pay back. And I couldn't very well ask anybody up to Van Cortlandt, so it was simpler not to talk golf."

I appreciated that. I said: "But you're at least a Metropolitan six, and you ought to be playing in tournaments."

"Not interested," he stated. "Oh, I *have* played in quite a few, but I'm off it. I'd rather just play friendly matches."

I said: "Hey! Here's your ball."

He shot a 74, and went back to the inn for luncheon, because the inn was on a plan. I can't ever remember which is which, American or European, but whichever one includes meals is why Ham went back to the hotel for luncheon. I stayed at the club, where I had a commitment with Marshall Evans.

Marshall said waggishly, "Well, how many irons did your partner fire today?"

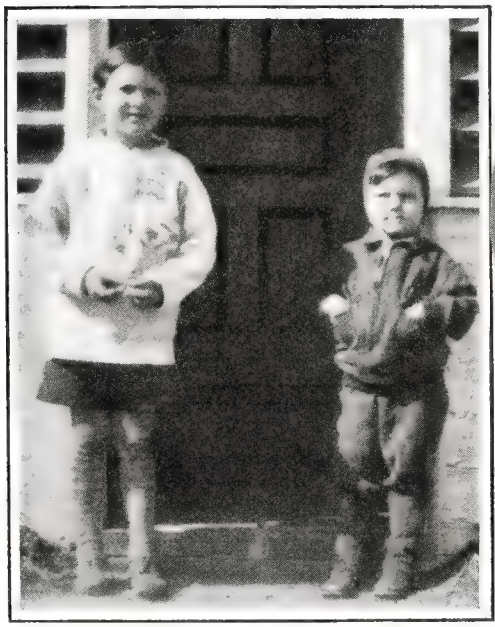
I said: "Not a single any."

Marshall grinned, and I didn't have to be an expert grin-reader to know what he was thinking. For Ham, conceding me ten strokes, had been six up.

Marshall said: "All right, George. He's a good sport, then. E. and O. E."

I said: "Oh, mature, Marshall; (*Continued on page 179*)

My Children



¶ *"Since leaving my husband, I have learned that if I must make sacrifices for my children, they must make sacrifices for me."*

FOR A PRESUMABLY practical, shrewd and money-grubbing race, we Americans have more quaint folklore, more strange mythology and more unfounded legends than the people of any other country—not excepting Scandinavia—that I have ever visited. And I have visited a lot.

We believe that we're democratic; that we're idealistic; that American husbands are God's gift to women; that we all hate big cities and want a little home in the country—to quote just a few of the prevailing superstitions which make us what we are today.

All my European education, all my American education, all my traveling and what intelligence I have didn't save me from my inheritance. I remained unscathed from democracy and any craving for country life; but when it came to ideals, the choosing of an American husband, and the sweet, sentimental, idiotic cult of "the little child" and what he, she or they do for adult life, I had all the simple faith commonly supposed to be a perfect substitute for Norman blood.

I still believe that the American husband is all right. He has to be, to survive the high cost of living and what is expected of him by the people watching him—whose intelligence tests reveal them to be all of twelve years old. But how about "the little child"?

We hear on all sides—ignoring the preliminaries for a moment, and starting at the birth of the hypothetical infant—that married life without children is like salad without dressing: flat, like grass. That however incompatible two people may be, the minute a little foot patters through the living room, a little voice is raised in the night, little hands hold the forefinger, and little garments hang on the line, father and mother sob aloud, fall into each other's arms, and immediately like the same books, no longer wrangle over bridge, and have a perfect love-life.

Also, that if two people are passionately in love and are having a marvelous time together, the mere fact of having a third person suddenly demanding attention from them night and day will make them realize that all their previous love was merely a casual attraction. That the consideration of sordid details such as leisure and material comforts simply does not occur in the lives of either a manly man or a womanly woman, once these two join together in matrimony and produce twins.

My husband and I were married in Paris in the early summer, and came to America on a ship which touched at the Azores. Under those circumstances we might be pardoned for believing in the possibility of an enduring romance, and for accepting sentimentally any suggestions as to increasing and strengthening its beauty. We had a great deal in common. We liked traveling, books, music and the theater. We were in love with each other; we liked to be together.

Also each of us had a personal life which was very important. My husband's work, certain forms of sport and some outside contacts meant a great deal to him; while I was doing work in the university which I enjoyed.

I belong to a church which, rightly or wrongly, discourages the artificial restriction of the family. In addition to my religious convictions, both my husband and I liked children and wanted them. But even if we had been atheists and had never thought beyond our marriage, it is doubtful that we could have resisted the credo brought to us by books, magazines, plays and word-of-mouth that our placid, satisfactory and affectionate life would be a thousand times renewed and improved by the mere arrival of two or three babies.

WELL, we had babies. Freud or Jung, or one of those learned foreign gentlemen, has written feelingly about the "terrible mother" and the psychological warps with which she unconsciously afflicts her young. They tell us ominously that the first eight years of a child's life are the most impressionable, and that we parents can do dire things to his adult life during this time. But if these savants, or anyone else, can point to anything done by a parent to a child which even approximates in deadly effect the things a baby does to two hitherto rational and care-free human beings, they should be unhesitatingly recommended for whatever honors the world gives to record-holders for new discoveries.

Our very first baby—weak and ineffectual as she seemed—came between her father and me.

To begin with, my looks suffered. And my looks happened to be of a type which was particularly attractive to my husband. Since all fiction is full of them, there

separated *me* from my husband

Hal Phyfe

by Alice D. Kelly

must be expectant mothers who remain—until they delicately break the news to their husbands at the eighth month—slim and graceful and unchanged except for "an added something in their faces, and the wonderful mother-look in their eyes." Personally, and in common with a great many women I know, I turned yellow, was ill at inconvenient times, soon grew clumsy and distorted and had the utmost difficulty in getting about. In short, I was not at all what a man really yearns to see across the breakfast table.

My husband's intellect, no doubt, told him that it was not my fault, that I was to be pitied, that he loved *me*, not my looks, and that I was a brave woman. But his emotions told him that home was not attractive, and that, in this state, I was neither interesting nor particularly seductive.

In spite of his courtesy, tact and affection, I felt these things; and was, illogically enough, hurt by them. If a happy expectant mother is unattractive, a hurt one is painful indeed.

Yet I could not blame him. As I continued to bear children, I was robbed for some time of what might be called elasticity, and permanently of my slenderness—and my husband likes slim women!

He had fallen in love with a slender, dark-eyed girl who was studious, who was supposed to be fairly amusing, who was reasonably attractive, and who had the same ideas about partnership in marriage that he had. He found himself too soon married to a tired woman, no longer even reasonably attractive, not particularly amusing, who was perforce interested in things which had no appeal for him. And even with that woman he could not have uninterrupted and unrestricted contact. However, our affection survived this.

Our perfect companionship began to be so difficult of achievement that it soon became a thing of the past.

When my first baby was born, we had no money worries. My husband was on the staff of a university in a small town, and we had a large and comfortable house and adequate help. I went to extravagant lengths in preparing for my baby. My mother sent a layette from Paris; a friend (who was staying with me) and I spent hours of time furnishing and arranging the big pink-and-white room where the baby was to sleep. I did everything but enroll the child at a college.

She was a lovely baby; and trained in the improved modern manner, she made little or no unnecessary trouble in the household. Still, she had to be fed; she had to be bathed; she was *there* twenty-four hours of the day. I did not have a trained nurse, or even a full-time child's nurse, so that every detail of her routine had to be supervised. This meant that I was no longer completely at my husband's disposal.

He accepted this, naturally. His child's welfare presumably was as important to him as it was to me. But there is, after all, something about a woman's leaving every party or interrupting every interesting conversation at exactly a quarter to ten in the evening which does not make her a social asset.

There is something about hearing time after time, "I can't go, darling. The baby isn't taking to the change of formula very well, and I don't like to leave her"; or, "You'll have to wire that I can't come today because Nora's mother is ill and I have to take care of the baby"; or, "Just a minute, dear. That's an awfully interesting paper, and I'd love to hear it another time. But the baby has to have her bath," which palls on the average man in an incredibly short time.

I have been told by childless women that I should systematize my household. It was the *system* that was so annoying. If I had loved my children less and could have allowed them to remain unbathed and undressed in the morning—on Sundays, (*Continued on page 183*)

Léopoldine was uncomfortable under the ardent oglings of Chabot.

The Kingmaker

Illustrations by W. Smithson Broadhead

The Story So Far:

Born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad, André-Louis Moreau was peculiarly fitted for the rôle of Scaramouche in which he once hid his identity. By temperament an actor, he was equally fitted for his later rôle in the service of the Count of Provence, Regent of France, for this consisted in a subtle campaign to restore the Throne by exposing the corruption of the demagogues who had risen with the Revolution.

There were times, however, when Scaramouche the Kingmaker showed himself a man of heart. Ruthless he might be in corrupting the Citizen-Representative Delaunay, who had fallen in love with Mademoiselle Descoings, the Columbine of André-Louis' histrionic days. Ruthless he undoubtedly was in leading that great man in the state, François Chabot, towards his ruin; but when it threatened to involve the ruin of an innocent girl, he faltered.

This pathetic pawn in the game of kingmaking was little Léopoldine Frey, the sister of two Austrian bankers who had come to Paris to enrich themselves out of the general disorder, courting in particular the men of the Party of the Mountain—the party of the terrible Robespierre. It was at the house of the brothers Frey that André-Louis and the Baron de Batz, posing as financiers interested in buying confiscated émigré property, tempted François Chabot to betray his trust. It was here, too, that the odious ex-Capuchin forgot his sour-tempered mistress, Julie Berger, in languishing glances at Léopoldine.

On one occasion, elated by wine and his own turgid rhetoric, Chabot went so far as to force his attentions upon the poor girl. She was white and trembling as she ran to André-Louis afterwards, yet there was something other than terror in her eyes. "Monsieur Moreau," she faltered, "I hope you did not think that I—that I welcomed the liberties of the Citizen Chabot."

André-Louis was taken aback, conscious perhaps for the first time of her comeliness and the appeal of her youth, though the eyes of his soul were on the fair image of Aline de Kercadiou. Had he but known it, at the Regent's court in Hamm, Westphalia, his fiancée had drifted into a plight similar to Léopoldine's.

Shocked by a report from Paris that her lover had

A New Romance of Scaramouchie

by Rafael Sabatini

gone to the guillotine, Aline had barely braced herself to face life again as bravely as she might when His Highness, who from the first had harbored secret longings for the Lord of Gavrillac's beautiful niece, proceeded to a cautious wooing. It was his duty, he reasoned, to bear what consolation he could to Mademoiselle de Kercadiou for the bereavement which the service of the House of Bourbon had brought her.

The attendance of the portly, sluggish prince upon the slender, golden-headed girl became soon a daily habit, and once as they walked abroad he ventured beyond the disinterested friendship becoming to his high position. "What is there that you may not command of me?" he asked her. "Of my love for you?"

Watching her keenly, His Highness read in her troubled glance that he had been premature, and adroitly turned to a recital of his misfortunes in exile. Aline, her woman's sympathy deeply stirred, was conscious that these confidences were forging a stronger link between them, and thus he effected in good order his retreat. But you perceive how it happened that when a letter from André-Louis finally arrived at Hamm, the Regent permitted his astute minister, the Comte d'Entragues, to withhold it from the stricken girl.

THE Citizen-Representative François Chabot strutted into his sordid lodgings in the Rue St. Honoré feeling like some lesser Atlas bearing the French nation upon his shoulders.

Godlike and truculent, he came into those shabby rooms and the presence of Julie Berger. The one and the other offended him. Here was an incongruous Olympus, an incongruous goddess. He spurned her fawning greeting.

"*Que Dieu me damne* if I will support this longer," was precisely what he said.

"What offends you, my cherished one?" quoth the cross-eyed. Although a scold by nature, here instinct warned her scolding would be out of season.

"What offends me? To the devil with it all, I say!" His left hand on his hip, his head thrown back, he made a sweeping, comprehensive gesture with his free right arm. "And to the devil with you! Do you know who I am? François Chabot, the idol of the people, the greatest man in France at this moment. And you ask me who I am!"

"I did not ask you, my love," she protested mildly, perceiving that his attack of egomania was unusually violent, and perceiving also that he was not quite sober.

"I know what a great man you are. Do I not know it?"

"Oh, you do?" He eyed the sagging body so shabby in its faded black, the pallid face that was robbed of comeliness by its squint; he became conscious of the grime upon it, of the ill-kempt condition of the brown hair. There was almost dislike of her in that glance of his. "Then if you know it, how can you suffer that I should continue in these surroundings? Is this a dwelling for a representative of the sacred people? These broken shards, this common furniture, this filthy, uncarpeted floor! All this detracts from the dignity of my office. I owe it to myself and to the people whom I represent to house myself in dignity."

She tittered venomously. "Why, so you do, my friend. But dignity costs money."

"Money? What is money?"

"Filth, so you say. But it brings the things we lack. What's the use of having people run after you in the street shouting 'Long live Chabot'? What's the use of all this, my cherished one, when we live like pigs in a sty?"

Chabot snorted furiously. "Money! I have all the money a man desires. It is at my command. I have but to put forth my hand and take it."

"Put forth your hand, then. Let me behold this miracle."

He set himself to pace the chamber, strutting, his chin in the air. He talked volubly; boasted freely. He owned a fleet in the Mediterranean; the resources of the bank of the brothers Frey were at his command.

He must be better housed than this, better clothed, better—— He broke off. He had been about to say better accompanied, but a timely remembrance of her potentialities in venom checked him.

Yet although he did not utter the word, she sensed it, and her smile changed. It grew bitter and cunning.

"So the Freys have bribed you, eh? They've paid you well to procure the repeal of the interdict upon their corsairs. Behold your fleet, my friend."

His eyes stood forward on his face. "What's that you say, Jezebel?"

"What I know. Do you suppose that I can't read because I am cross-eyed?"

"Read? What have you read?"

"The speech that was written for you by somebody; the Freys, belike. Ha, ha! You'd like the people to know that, wouldn't you? That those foreign Jews put into your mouth the words that are to seduce the representatives and the people, and that they pay you for the dirty job. A fine patriot, you! You! The greatest man in France, the idol of the people! You!" Malice poured from her in a foul torrent of mockery.

"Silence, harridan!" He was livid. "If I have more of this, I'll fling you back into the street from which I took you."

"So that I may tell the people how you sold yourself to the Austrian Jews?"

He eyed her with unmistakable dislike. "You——" With a vile name he swung aside and went to sit down. He was suddenly limp. Threats could not avail him against one who held all the weapons.

Malice poured from Julie in a foul torrent of mockery. "Silence!" said Chabot. "If I have more of this, I'll fling you back into the street from which I took you." "So that I may tell the people how you sold yourself to the Austrian Jews?"

Meanwhile she was raging. That foul name contemptuously flung had acted as a goad. Her strident voice shrilled up. It floated out through the open windows.

Neighbors paused to listen, smiled and shrugged. The Citizen-Representative Chabot might rule a nation, but he would never rule that woman.

He strove to calm her. "Quiet, my dear! A little

calm, in heaven's name! Sh! The neighbors will hear you! Listen now, my dove! Listen! I supplicate, my little one!"

Not until she paused for breath, invective momentarily exhausted, did he really have an opportunity. He took it eagerly; talked rapidly. He reasoned. It was not at all as she supposed. The rewards that came to him were rewards for which he could answer freely before the tribunal of his conscience.

She listened, sneering. Then, perceiving profit perhaps in accepting these explanations, she ceased to sneer. "I understand. I understand, my love. You are right. We should be better housed, better fed, better clad. Give me ten louis, that I may go and buy myself a gown to do you credit."

"In a few days," he answered readily, thankful that the storm had passed.

"Now," she insisted. "At once. I will not go in rags a moment longer."

"But I have no money yet. That is to come."

"To come? When?"

"What do I know? In a few days, a few weeks, perhaps."

"A few weeks!" She was shrill again. "Why, what a fool you are, Chabot! In your place——" She checked. More cunning in the minutiæ of life, she perceived what Chabot had overlooked.

Two mornings later she blossomed forth in a new gown, striped red and black, new shoes and stockings, and a new mobcap under which her hair for once was tidily disposed. The Citizen-Representative stared, and demanded explanations. She tittered and was archly mysterious.

"We are not all of us such fools as you, Chabot. I am not one to go thirsty when there's a well within reach."

That was all she would tell him, and he went off perplexed, the mystery unsolved. Junius Frey could have solved it for him, and had thought of doing so. But upon further reflection the financier preferred to seek Moreau and his friend de Batz, of whose judgment and ability he had by now been afforded such signal proof.

He found them at home and he rumbled forth the announcement that they were sold, betrayed. That fool Chabot had allowed their secret to be discovered. His indiscretion had forged a sword which was being held over the head of Junius. He was being shamefully blackmailed by Chabot's housekeeper.

"Blackmailed!" It was André-Louis who stirred to that word, adducing the whole story from it. "Let me know by whom. I have a short way with blackmailers."

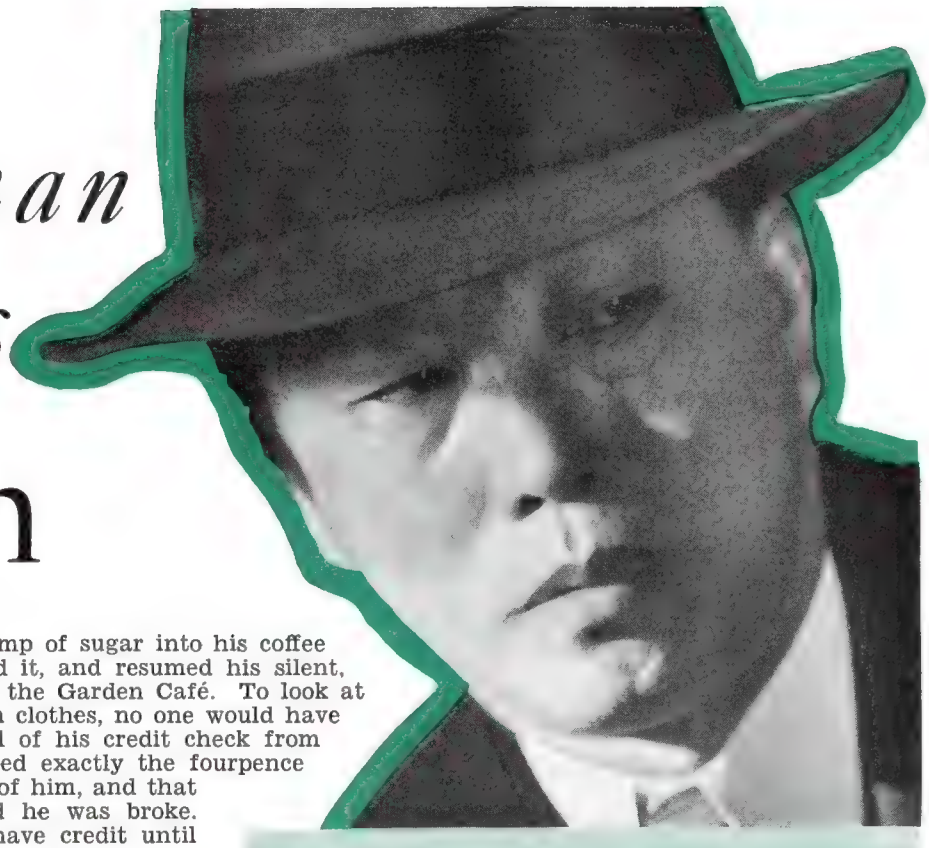
But de Batz joined issue with him. "You can't deal with her as you dealt with Burlandeux. She is in possession of dangerous facts."

After Junius had gone again, his panic undiminished, de Batz revealed this to be precisely what he desired. He rubbed his hands and laughed.

"The thing is done, I think. Let the fair Julie precipitate the avalanche."

But André-Louis was scornful! "Is that your notion of an avalanche, Jean? Why, it's scarcely a snowball. Let Julie dare to throw it at the idol of the mob, and her head will pay for her temerity. I waste no thought on her. I have work to do this morning. I am to write an article for the Père Duchesne in praise of Chabot for his labors of two days ago." He smiled grimly. "The higher we hoist him the heavier the crash when he comes down. And I have (*Continued on page 156*)

A Gentleman repays a Loan



TSIM SEK dropped the fifth lump of sugar into his coffee with Oriental precision, stirred it, and resumed his silent, apparently unseeing survey of the Garden Café. To look at him, dressed in quiet European clothes, no one would have guessed that, owing to the nonarrival of his credit check from Hongkong, the young Chinese possessed exactly the fourpence needed to pay for the coffee in front of him, and that so far as ready cash was concerned he was broke. Of course, the hotel would let him have credit until the next mail arrived from China, but still, it was awkward.

At the next orange-covered table the only other occupants of the café were also drinking their morning coffee, and debating in low but urgent tones. At intervals one of them would produce a small tissue-paper packet from one of his waistcoat pockets and open it on the glass-topped table. Then the debate would begin again. Tsim Sek, who had arrived in England only a week ago and had not been in Hatton Garden before, did not know that these were diamond merchants and that the tissue-paper packets contained uncut stones—he only knew that these low-voiced men seemed to attach considerable value and importance to the contents of the packets.

The movement of what appeared to be a translucent pebble rolling across the floor of the café caught the eye of Tsim Sek, and he followed its course towards his own table. Neither of the disputants seemed to have noticed it, and Tsim Sek, with an almost imperceptible shift of his foot, covered the pebble . . . The haggling went on. The Chinese leaned down to scratch his ankle, and when he straightened up the pebble was between his fingers.

He inserted the sugar tongs down the side of the sugar basin, allowed them to spring open and dropped the stone into the space thus made among the sugar. Then he picked up his coffee cup and drank hurriedly, just as the nearest merchant discovered his loss and rose to his feet in time to see the Chinese rapidly gulp the remainder of his cup of coffee and move his throat convulsively as if swallowing something difficult to swallow.

"My tiamont!" the merchant cried, advancing. "My tiamont!"

"I do not understand you," Tsim Sek replied, rising with dignity.

"My tiamont! I see you swallow eet! I see eet pass down your t'roat! I vill call t'e police! Help! Police! He hass stolen my tiamont!"

Uproar raged round the motionless figure of Tsim Sek. Waitresses appeared, proprietresses emerged from doors marked "Private"; onlookers crowded through the street entrance and a constable turned up.

Photograph by Lazarnick

By Keith West

Illustration by Gordon Grant

Through it all no one touched Tsim Sek, perhaps because he seemed to have a sort of uncanny dignity as he stood there.

The stout merchant explained to the constable: "As I turn round I see heem svallow eet—hees t'roat steek out, so, ven he svallow. He haf eat my tiamont. Officer, arrest heem!"

Tsim Sek, silent and dignified, was led away.

The police surgeon came out of the X-ray room. "No trace of any diamond anywhere inside him," he told the waiting inspector. "I don't know who made the mistake, but this man hasn't swallowed any diamond. You've searched his clothes?"

"Of course, doctor. Well, I don't know what they'll do about it. Old Guggenheim the diamond merchant it was. Told me he saw him swallow it," said the inspector. "He's waiting downstairs. Lucky you happened to be here, doctor, otherwise we'd have kept him in custody. I don't see how Guggenheim can charge him now."

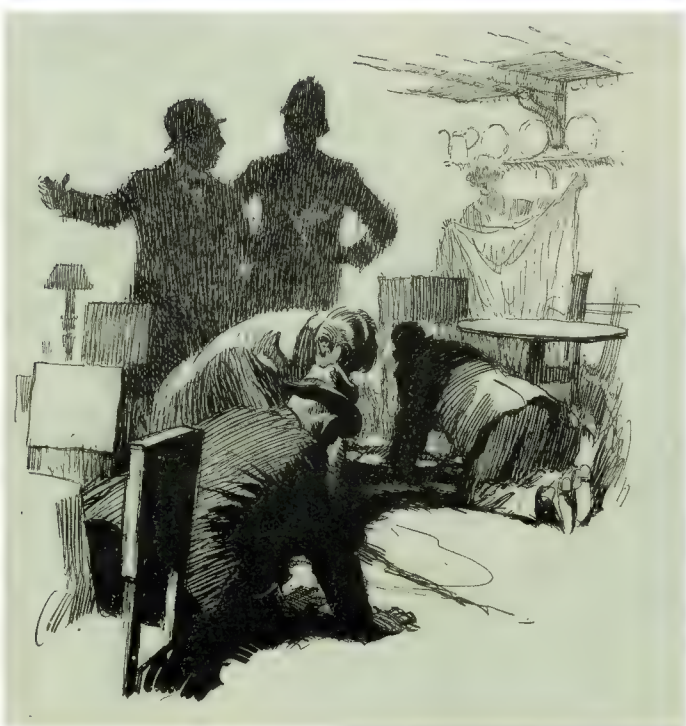
Down in the charge room the merchant rose to his feet. "You haf found my tiamont?" he cried.

The inspector shook his head. "No. The man didn't swallow it. I'm sorry. Do you still want to charge him?"

"But I saw heem svallow eet!" Guggenheim protested.

Then Tsim Sek raised a hand. "Is it permitted to speak?" he asked.

"Of course you can speak. Do you know what happened to the diamond?" the inspector demanded.



"He hass hidden t'e tiamont," Mr. Guggenheim told the inspector, pointing toward Tsim Sek.

"You English are very courteous to prisoners," he said. "In China I should have been beaten on the soles of my feet with bamboos until I confessed. But you—you just look through me with your wonderful machine, see that there is no diamond anywhere, and then let me go."

Mr. Guggenheim protested: "My tiamont! You talk and talk, but vere ees my tiamont?"

"I do not know where your diamond is," said Tsim Sek. "But I could tell you where to seek it."

"I gif fifty pounds if I find my tiamont!" cried the merchant.

The inspector suggested: "Perhaps he might help us. It's all very irregular. Do you want to charge him, sir?"

"Eet ees no goot!" groaned Mr. Guggenheim. "My tiamont! My tiamont!"

"Then," said the inspector, "we can't keep you, Mr.——"

"Tsim Sek," said the Chinese. "No. But I believe that if you arrest me I can demand trial, and I can get money from him for being arrested falsely, can I not?"

"You'd better see a solicitor about that," the inspector told him guardedly.

The Chinese walked up to Mr. Guggenheim. "I sell my brains, like any other man," he said softly. "You have said you will give fifty pounds if you find your diamond. If you will give me the reward, I will tell you where to look."

Mr. Guggenheim brightened up. "He hass hidden eet in t'e café: he knows vere eet ees. Come, ve vill search and find my tiamont, and then I vill charge heem vith stealing eet!" he cried.

Tsim Sek laughed. "If you seek without knowing where to look, you will not find it. If I help you, then you will find it. Remember, it will be in a place where I could not have placed it, so you will not charge me with the theft. You will pay me the fifty pounds: the diamond is worth five times that, is it not? Or more? Come, bring your police and search, and you will not find it. Then I will tell you where it must be, and you will find it and pay me the reward." He paused. "Ah, I see that you do not believe me: you think you will find it! Very well, come with me, and you shall search."

He picked up his hat. Mr. Guggenheim and the inspector followed.

Tsim Sek sat watching the efforts of Mr. Guggenheim, the inspector and the café staff to locate the missing stone. Strange, apparently four-legged creatures coursed over the carpet like hounds on a trail.

It was after the luncheon hour, and one waitress, unoccupied in the search, cleared the white cloths from the tables and replaced them by the orange cloths of tea-time. Then on each table she set cups, saucers and sugar basin, which she brought from the kitchen. The inspector and Mr. Guggenheim approached, baffled.

"You have found it?" the Chinese asked.

"No. Ah, my tiamont!" began the merchant's refrain.

"Then you will pay the reward?"

Mr. Guggenheim nodded, loathing the thought.

"Bring all the sugar basins here," Tsim Sek ordered. Soon they stood on the table before him. "You will find your diamond in one of these."

Mr. Guggenheim feverishly emptied basin after basin. At the tenth basin he held up the missing diamond. "Ah, I haf heem!" he proclaimed excitedly.

"How did you know?" the inspector asked Tsim Sek suspiciously.

"Since the diamond was not on the floor, and since it was presumably not in the pocket of you or your friend"—Tsim Sek nodded to Mr. Guggenheim—"it must be on the table at which you were sitting. There is only one hiding place on a table like this. If you had looked in your sugar basin instead of suspecting me, you would have saved fifty pounds." He held out his hand for the money. "My coffee was too hot, and I had difficulty in swallowing it, when you thought I was swallowing your diamond," he smiled.

A fortnight later, when Tsim Sek received the delayed check from Hongkong, by a curious coincidence the diamond merchant found that someone had credited his account at the bank with fifty pounds, two shillings. The paying slip was signed "Sherlock Holmes," and an observant man would have noticed that the two shillings represented the interest on fifty pounds at approximately five percent for a fortnight. But Mr. Guggenheim did not pursue the matter further because he had no business relations with anyone of the name of Holmes, and knew nothing either of the Chinese sense of humor or of the scrupulous care with which a Chinese repays a loan.

City of Mercy

Salem preached to the earnest colonists on the virtues of the paradise

THEY WERE wild whiskery men, those religious and communistic leaders of the nineteenth century in America. They had large fists and many wives. They founded log churches in the backwoods; they led bands of zealots through Indian-pestered wilderness; they founded colonies which were within five years to settle the problem of poverty for the entire world, and which before that blew up with much fireworks.

Some of them were mad, some were cranks, some were saints, and most of them wore terrifying chin-whiskers. They gave to that place and time a strange, exalted romance such as has never been known elsewhere. And whatever they were, they were not back-slappers nor smug salesmen of righteousness.

One of the greatest and least successful among them was that gaunt, rangy man, Salem Cady, born in Barnard, Vermont, in 1845. From sixteen to twenty, he served through the Civil War, and came out of it as he had gone in, a not very high private. But he also came out of it with something that was lacking in the brains of most of those starry generals whose dismal replicas in rusty marble still make our parks depressing. That Something was a bundle of thoughts.

HE THOUGHT that war was a clumsy way of settling debates. He thought that men could have an army and a strategy of peace as well as of war; that they could get together under discipline, not to kill other men, but to kill poverty and sickness and crime.

He was not a man of books, Salem; he did not know how many other leaders had conceived these same thoughts; and he hugged them to him when he returned to Vermont and became a carpenter-farmer.

At twenty-eight he had a beard, a rocky farm of one hundred acres—it was extraordinarily beautiful, but Salem never noticed that, being engaged in saving mankind—a set of carpenters' tools always very shiny, and a solution of the troubles of mankind.

It was so simple!

In fact, it is always simple to save all mankind and make them baskingly happy, even though day by day it is never simple to cure the toothache, find a lost hammer, or get along with one's son or father.

All he had to do, Salem announced, was to found a new community in which everyone would agree to be good, never to quarrel, to divide all earnings equally, and to elect to office only honorable men. If he could only get followers, he would go out West and start this city of perfection, and then the rest of the world would look on and do likewise.

(It is a curious fact that when a man decides to become perfect—to stop drinking or to start writing, to invent a perfect health diet or to slay Capitalism—he invariably feels that he can do it ever so much better in some new place. A man who nags his wife in Tallahassee is certain always that he wouldn't nag her if they could only move to Jacksonville or Tibet.)

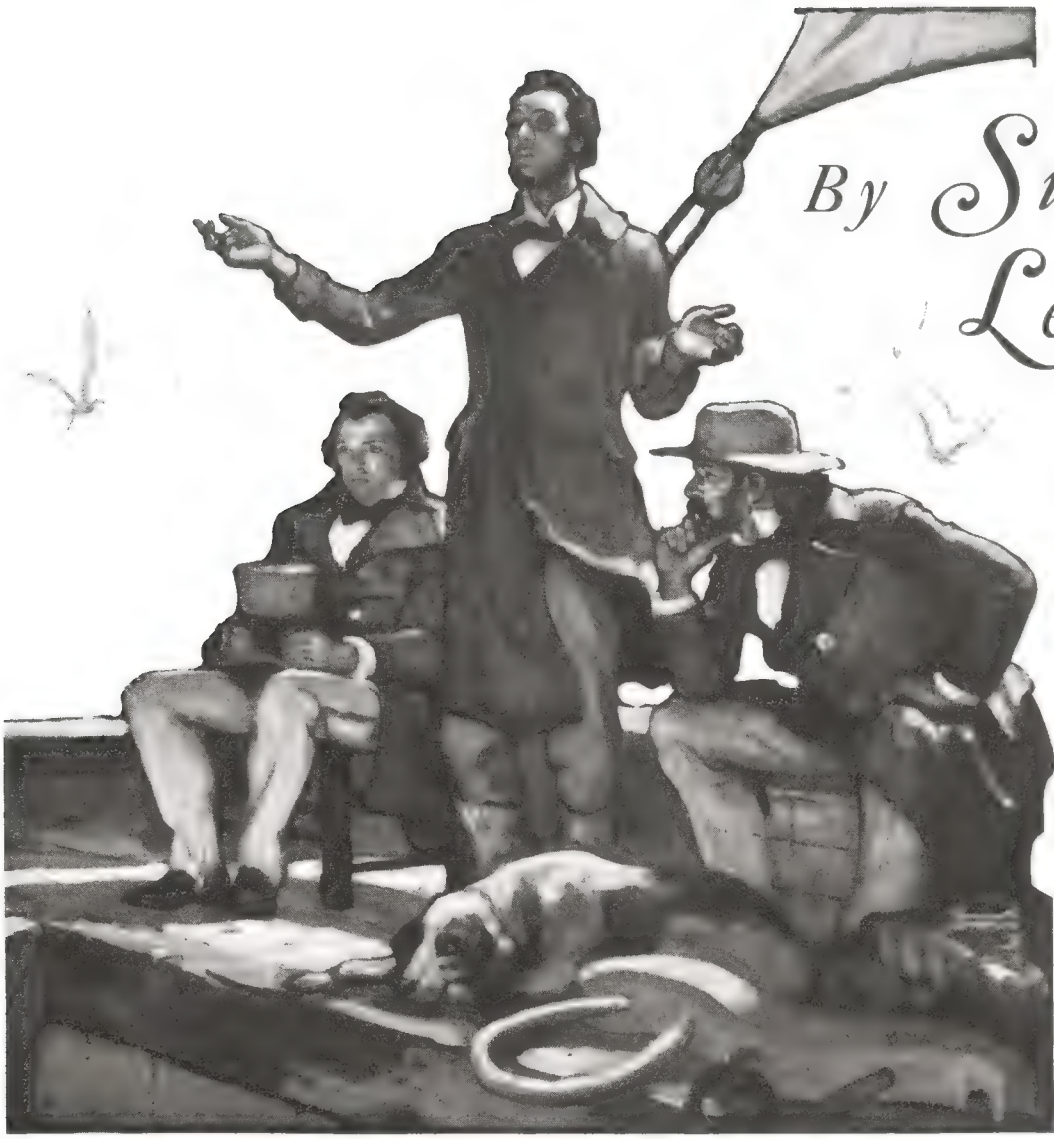
He must have been a bit of a pest, Salem Cady, as he preached his crusade. You can see him, a man not unlike Lincoln in visage, very awkward save for his clever hands, noisily hewing a beam for the Captain Bruce House, and shouting at Lemuel Newton above the harsh thumping of his adz, "The trouble with you is, you're content with your buggy and your hoss and your garding!"

Yet they liked him; they took his word for everything, so honest and kind was he. The only eccentricity they found in him was that, in his devotion to his Cause, he had never married. That he should have a new religion seemed not at all strange, for out of Vermont had come Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and Ethan Allen.

About the stove in Danforth's store, Salem's neighbors, in their shy yet acrid way, agreed that it wa'n't a bad idee of Salem's, to move West and become rich. They had, you see, taken Salem's gospel contrariwise.

By Sinclair Lewis

Illustrations by
Alfred Simpkin



to come. He had worked out the plans for the situation of an ideal community.

His notion was to found a colony in which every family should be as blessedly poor and simple as every other, but the understanding of his reluctant Yankee admirers was that in this Utopia every family would be as rich and swanky as the rest.

They would merely have talked about it for fifty years, but suddenly Salem Cady acquired a lieutenant who had the eloquence and jolliness to put Salem's highfalutin ideas into action. Noah Pribble was his name. He wasn't a genuine Vermonter. In fact, he was alleged to have come from York State, where the citizens wear horns and sell their inferior maple sirup with a Vermont label. But so cheery was Noah Pribble, so round and quick-footed and red-faced and articulate, that he won over the suspicious Vermonters in only a year or two.

And he said, did Noah, that Salem had the right idea.

It was a shame, said Noah, that some folks should own thousands of acres, while an able carpenter like himself should have only a hundred. They were fools, said Noah, if they didn't go out to the trackless wilds in Dakota, where there were no vast and dominating cities like Burlington with its 15,000 population, and become rich.

Noah was a boy of twenty-three, five years Salem's junior, yet as do all leaders throughout all history Salem followed his follower. He listened, ecstatic, while Noah, in his wild-western York State accent, jeered at his fellow carpenters on the Crowell House.

"Of course, you'll all stay here and starve, and go on picking stones out of your land, while out West they's land that hasn't got one durn' stone to an acre. To say *nothin'* of all of us working together one for all and all for each. I'm just a western York State rube, but it do tickle me to see you Yanks not listening to a real Great Man like Salem here!"

Noah Pribble's loquaciousness confounded the most granite-faced doubter who had dryly chuckled at Salem. And thus in 1875, when Salem was thirty, Noah and he led a crusade of twelve farmer-craftsmen and their tremendous families from Vermont to the distant state of Michigan.

As they huddled together on a Great Lakes boat the size of a sand-barge—but not quite so elegant—Salem preached to them on the virtues of the paradise to come. His discourses sounded like a description of the Soviets of five-and-fifty years from then, and the earnest colonists nodded as he talked about community dining rooms, equality of women, certainty of employment.

But though Salem was often senatorial about taxes and game-stocking and the beauties of a fish diet, he was also the jolliest man aboard—the best wrestler, the most tolerant of squalling babies, the loudest to sing "Oh, Susannah," and when they touched in at a tiny village in the northern peninsula of Michigan called Duroc (it has 50,000 population now) and Lem Newton fell overboard while dancing a hoedown on the eight square feet of poop deck, it was Salem who dived to rescue him. Of them all, the twelve hirsute men and their sunbonneted women and the hordes of children yowling protests against having to go West and become perfect, Salem was equaled in gayety only by the round and shining Noah Pribble, the perfect yes-man.

And Salem was not without something of the wisdom of the serpent.

During the years while he had pounded home wooden pegs and meditated on reforming the world, he had worked out the plans for the situation of an ideal community. He was not going to have one of your chancy towns whose foundation was determined by a broad place in the cow path which some lazy settler was tired of following. He wanted a site with rich and stoneless soil, with a river for power, and not too far from a harbor fit for vast ships of four hundred tons.

Salem left the womenfolks, the children and most of

the men in a miserable hotel at Duroc—that straggling town of nine hundred people, with pigs rooting in the mud in front of the handsome wooden sidewalk that decorated the Woodmen's Tavern—while Noah Pribble and Lemuel Newton and he straggled through the pine forest seeking the perfect site—two tall men and a round, jocular one, dining thrice a day on beans and salt pork and nothing much else, save water, and at night rolled up in sodden blankets.

From time to time they came back to Duroc to cheer the brethren and always they were met with fury. Were the colonists to stay forever in this horrible inn, where night by night men rolled drunken on the floor of the taproom? And their money was going—the hard money they had earned by grubbing stones out of Vermont hillsides, by shivering in March slush while they tapped the maple trees.

They faced Salem and Noah and Lemuel furiously at meetings in the hotel dining room, with its oilcloth-covered tables, its pine buffet and plaster walls smeared with greasy fingerprints, and universally they twanged that Salem was a fool. Why, they could get land within ten miles of Duroc at five dollars an acre!

Salem and Noah faced them with equal fury. They were not going to be another starveling colony taking what other men had left! They were going to have the perfect site! The Land of Canaan!

Seventy-two people, hard men and worried women and bewildered children, packed into a dining room which would have been comfortable for thirty—if it had not been for the odor of cabbage and the angry boulder face of the landlord listening to them from the grained swing door to the kitchen—and these seventy-two dominated by Salem and Noah and Lemuel, trying to look prophetic behind a grooved pine kitchen table.

Two families abruptly left the colonists and returned to Vermont, and it may be that when you are motoring from New York to Barnard or Woodstock or Royalton today, you may stay overnight at a gnarled farmhouse where the proprietor will tell you that Salem Cady was not at all as I have described him—that he was at once a fanatic and a crook who tried to ruin your host's grandfather.

But ten of the families stuck.

And five long, hungry months after Salem had guided them to

Duroc, he came back to tell them that he had miraculously found the place he had sought.

There was a cove on Lake Huron, he said, which would accommodate the largest vessels—two-thousand-tonners could anchor there. The land was blessedly flat to the plow, and rich with the moist black richness of corn lands. And no one lived there, so infatuated had these Michiganders been with huge Detroit, with its hundred thousand people, and Duroc with its nine hundred. It was too late now to homestead the land, but Salem had arranged to buy 3,600 acres for $3,600.

It was a vast sum, then. It half exhausted the funds of the ten families still true to the ideal of justice, but they paid it, and on December 10, 1875, they knelt in a pine forest through which whined the blast from the salty lake; they sang "Beulah Land," and in prayer Salem dedicated the community to the service of God, and christened it "City of Mercy."

All that winter they toiled like maniacs. The men-folks felled trees, hauled out stumps with starveling oxen, built cabins of logs; the women cooked and nursed and fussed and gallantly tried to make a peck of corn meal with sorghum take the place of beefsteak; children down to four and five gathered chips, tended fires, fed dwindling hay to more dwindling cattle.

As this was to be a brotherhood, with a community sleeping house and a community kitchen and dining room, instead of the separate cabins of the selfish world outside, it was completed sooner than most frontier settlements, and by spring each colonist of sixteen or under (for below that age they slept, as is proper, three to a bed) had his own berth and his own place at a massive table of hand-hewn pine, with real Vermont beans every Saturday supper, in case he might be tired of corn meal and sorghum and sowbelly.

That spring they planted two hundred acres—a hundred of them had been prairie which they had not needed to clear—and in the autumn following they held a solemn feast of Harvest and Thanksgiving.

The Lord had prospered them.

Salem and Noah had been right in their prophecies. For after prayer by Salem in the dining room, and his short discourse of an hour or so on their duty to show the rest of the world the joys of brotherhood, together with a short humorous discourse by Noah Pribble, they sat down to a feast of canvasback ducks, sweet potatoes, squash pie and willow-bark tea.

There was mercy, then, and happiness, in the City of Mercy.

BETWEEN 1875 and 1885, a number of interesting things happened to the City of Mercy.

The land of the colony had increased to ten thousand acres, and the population to five hundred souls—at least Salem called them souls, though sterner zealots, like Lyman Whitcomb, hinted that many of them were sinners, and some of them weren't even Vermonters. When the new settlers arrived, Salem insisted that they were to go in with the pioneers, share and share alike in all the profits, but in town meeting, against his furious oratory, it was agreed that the newcomers should only be allowed to rent.

When Salem threatened to leave the colony, to go on alone to Dakota, it was Noah Pribble who soothed him.

"Of course we'll make 'em full members of

the community later, but first we ought to keep 'em on probation, to see if they share our ideals of brotherhood," said Noah piously.

And they gave up living in community houses after an assortment of interesting rows in which every couple complained of the bawling of every other couple's children, and every housewife had nasty things to say about suspicionin' that other folks had been using her pet frying pan, and two sturdy old bachelors kept the Men's House awake till three A. M. while they argued Universalism versus Congregationalism, which ended in the Universalist's assaulting the other with a logger's boot and being answered with a stone jug smelling of whisky.

SALEM mourned as the City of Mercy, unique among all the sinful and fleshly communities of the sorrowing world, began to look like the rest of that world, each family selfish and unfriendly in its own log cabin—which presently changed to a white frame house with geraniums—while stores no more noted for philanthropy than those of the wicked traffickers outside sprang up and put the community trading post out of business.

Now Noah Pribble had been in charge of that store, while Salem, still president of the colony, worked like any other carpenter. Salem never could understand how it was that, when the trading post had to close, Noah had enough money to start a tidy grocery and meat market (also hats and caps, boots and shoes, agent for the Quick Lick mower, insurance written) of his own.

Then things exploded in the City of Mercy.

Copper was found in the hills back of Mercy. A little of it was on the community land, and rumor suggested that Noah Pribble secretly owned the rest.

When Salem questioned him about it, muttering, "You know it's one for all and all for one, Brother Noah," his friend looked at him with round-faced innocence, and mourned, "Why, Brother Salem, how could I ever have got the money to buy any land private?"

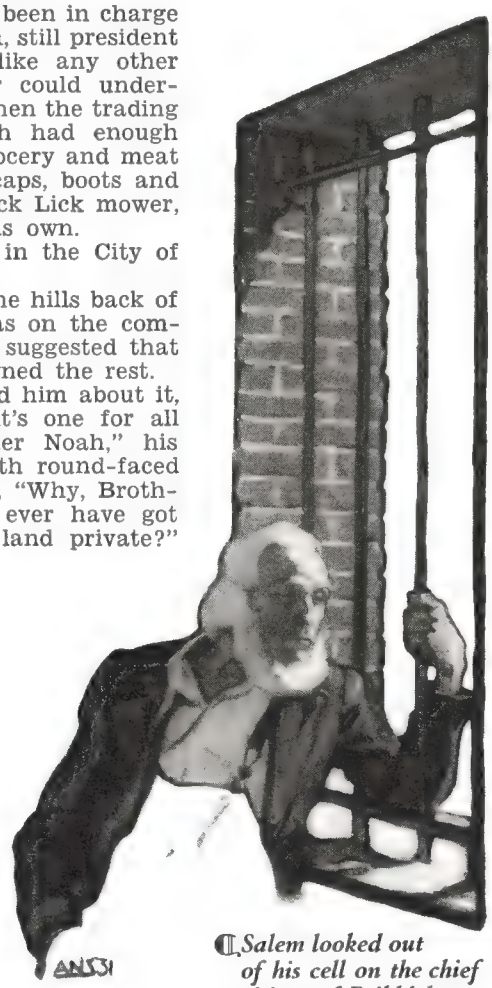
It wasn't till next day that Salem wondered if this had been an adequate answer. And not even then did he reflect that no one had ever gone over the books of the community trading post when Noah had announced that it must fail.

Noah's name did not appear in the deal when the copper mines were leased to a great mining company.

Instantly hundreds of miners were swarming into the outskirts of the town; hundreds of lake mariners settled along the water front; freighters by the score puffed into the harbor, not only to transport the copper but to carry off wheat and corn and apples

Mercy seemed on the edge of a boom, but it was halted by the dizzying complications arising from the ownership of everything in sight by the eight male pioneers now left, and the heirs of the others. Without their consent, no one could build a house, open a store, found a church or rent a livery rig.

Quite suddenly, early in 1885, without Salem's knowing that anything was coming, he was bidden to a meeting of the Founders—he who had always called the meetings and ruled them.



Salem looked out of his cell on the chief citizen of Pribbleburg.

Four out of the eight were gathered in the parlor of Noah Pribble's new house, upon whose expensiveness Salem had silently pondered as he had nailed up the proud new clapboards. It was a handsome parlor. There was a piano lamp with a brass and onyx standard, a Brussels carpet, a crayon enlargement of Noah, and an abalone shell, polished. When Salem straggled in, the others were sitting in a circle, and they abruptly stopped talking and stared at him.

He seemed to himself the only shabby man in the crowd, and suddenly he was shy, turning his hat over and over in his leathery hands.

"Evening, Brother Salem; fine evening!" purred Noah. "I just had a little idee I wanted to talk over with you and the rest of the brethren. Then, if you think it's fitting, you can call an official meeting to take it up. Of course this is just an unofficial powwow between friends, y'understand. Sit down, Brother Salem; sit down, sit down!"

Salem found the fine tufted patent rocker more uncomfortable than any scarred workbench upon which he had ever sat to eat his bachelor's lunch of corn pone and an apple. He stared, long-faced, like a melancholy old horse, while Noah brightly pattered:

"Here's what we've been thinking—and the boys all agree with me—though with Lem and Mose here I've had to do a power of arguing these last few weeks, hee! hee! Well, here's the idee! Mercy is growing so fast that we can't go on holding the land in common any more. No, wait; listen! What it does is to keep back the smart go-ahead fellows, because they have to support the worthless ones. What we ought to do is to divide up everything and make a new start, and give this place a chance to grow like a real enterprising town."

"You'll only do it over my dead body!" raged Salem.

"THEN I guess we'll have to do it that way," observed Noah, much less brightly. "We can get enough votes—the heirs of Fred and Silas will give me their proxies. But we thought it would look nice, you having been of great help in starting this place, if you came in with us. And think, Brother Salem, your own share of the property will come to something like fifty thousand dollars. A fortune!"

"I'd cut my right hand off before I'd take a cent!" Salem sprang up, shaking. "We have founded here a sign for righteousness to all the generations. Things haven't always gone perfect. Lot of scandal and backbiting, and that unfortunate matter about poor Fred and the dressmaker. But things'll work out! No, sir, if you do this abominable thing, if you turn this temple that we've builded out of our own sweat and prayer into a common market place for worldly hucksters, then I won't take a cent of the blood money!"

Noah answered him placidly—and Noah was still sitting—and Noah lighted a cigar.

Now drinking and smoking had never been precisely forbidden in Mercy. But they had never had a saloon, and men who smoked had been looked upon as trifling. Salem never had seen Noah smoke before, and he stared down on Noah's accomplished blast of cigar fumes with almost as much horror as he gave to Noah's words.

"Do you mean to tell all of us here, Salem, that if you're outvoted and we do divide up our property, you won't take your share—you'll leave that much more for all of us? There! You see how silly it sounds! You haven't that much nerve!"

When Salem had answered with a splutter, Noah bubbled on: "Hey! Bluff! I dare you to sit down and write out that promise in black and white! Here!"

Very deft and swift for so (*Continued on page 185*)

by Elmer Davis

The Story *of a* Has-been *who gets* a Strike-out *and a* Girl *who deserves* Credit *for an* Assist

Win *or Lose?*

HE WAS RELEASED in the spring, as the sports writers had predicted in the fall; since his arm went bad last season everybody had known that Russell Fleet was through. Ten years of big-league pitching, with four World Series, is a life work for any man; and nobody but Russ wondered what a man is going to do whose life work is over when he's thirty-one.

He was a free agent—they couldn't send him to the minors; so when he announced his retirement from baseball people supposed he had something to retire on. He'd made big money for years; he wore good clothes and drove a smart green roadster; he didn't look or act like a man who had only eleven hundred dollars in the world. So he got into the roadster and drove home—not to Miami where he lived of winters, but back to the little town where he had been born and reared. He hadn't been there in the years since his mother died, but he remembered Acacia as a place where there was nothing much to do with money if you had it.

Also, Acacia was a blur of memories that had grown brighter with the years. There his people had been somebody; there for the first time he had heard a crowd cheering him, when he pitched the town team to victory over the hated rivals from Elmville, the county seat. There if anywhere a man who had been on top of the world, and was still dazed from his sudden tumble off, could pull himself together and make another start . . .

Of course it had changed in ten years; the town was bigger, brisker, more expensive. People were glad to see him, frankly admired his clothes and his roadster—but he had a feeling that he'd better not tell anybody he had only eleven hundred dollars. Not even Earl Haslock. Haslock had been his classmate in high school, his fraternity brother in college, his best friend; but the aggressive young man, conscious of success, who finally greeted him in Haslock's law office after he'd waited half an hour, wasn't the Haslock he remembered.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Russ—official business. It's lucky I wasn't in Elmville, at the courthouse; I'm county prosecutor now."

"Yes, so I heard. I meant to study law, too," Russ recalled. "We were going into partnership. Great plans we had, Earl, in those days."

"But you went to the big league instead," Haslock reminded him. "You were on top of the world while I was working my way up. Are you through with the game, Russ? You'd be good for years in the minors——"

"The minors?" said Russ fiercely. "I don't want some traveling man to go to the ball park at Shreveport or Dubuque and say, 'Why, that's old Russ Fleet; I wondered what had become of him.' I'm still young for anybody but a ball player; I'll start in at something else."

"WHERE you can stay on top, eh?" Haslock chuckled. "Always a bit of a prima donna, weren't you? But I suppose you've saved some money if you can afford to retire. Going to stay in Acacia?"

"I don't know. I want to rest awhile, and look around."

"There isn't much for a leisure class to do here," Haslock warned him. "But you've got a good standing in this town, Russ; why not buy into some business and become one of the solid citizens?"

"I might do that. I suppose you think I don't know my own mind," said Russ. "But I'm not used to making it up; I was a salaried man, under orders, for ten years." He grinned. "I probably need a manager."

After that interview it was a relief to drop in at Augie Utz's pool parlor. Augie had been a high-school classmate too, but he offered no good advice; he merely took Russ into the back

Illustrations by Maurice L. Bower

room, where there was a bar, and gave him a drink.

"How do you get away with this, Augie?" Russ asked him. "There's a stiff state Prohibition law, and I hear Haslock's a good prosecutor."

"Yeah, he sends 'em up when they get caught; but he has to wait for Stukely to ketch 'em . . . Stukely? The sheriff—he just about runs Elmville. Every now and then he raids a still, or grabs off a truckload goin' through. But he never ketches the wrong man."

"But you can't tell me Earl would stand for anything like that," Russ protested. "Why, he's honest!"

Augie yawned. "Sure he's honest—but he wants to go to Congress. He's strong with the church people because he makes it hard to get a drink—but a lot of people like a drink, and they vote, too. They might not vote for Earl if he made it too hard. Also, he'll need the Elmville delegates to get the nomination; and they'll vote the way Stukely tells 'em to."

"Do you mean to say Elmville would send an Acacia man to Congress? Why, the two towns used to hate each other like poison!"

"They don't love each other, even yet. But politics is politics."

"But I remember those old ball games against Elmville," said Russ, "when everybody in both towns turned out and bet their last dollar. I tell you, I felt bigger when I used to beat Elmville than I did the day I fanned fourteen men in a World Series. Is that all gone now?"

"Pretty much. We still got a ball team, but they don't play Elmville; Stukely owns a semipro outfit down there that's too fast for us. So people here have kind of lost interest in baseball. It ain't like the old days."

"So I see." Russ got up. "Well, I must be drifting on."

He felt like drifting on to some other town—a strange town that would be less strange than an Acacia that had forgotten the old days. Augie walked with him to the door; they stood watching the passers-by, and Russ found his eyes following a blond girl in sleeveless green.

"Got your eye on that already?" asked Augie dryly. "No good, Russ. She's reserved; she can be Mrs. Earl Haslock any time she wants to."

"Who is she? I remember her face, but I can't fit a name to it."

"Bee Sloane. She runs the restaurant down by the post office."

"Good restaurant?" Russ asked him. "Then I'll go down there for supper. The food's pretty bad at the hotel."

It was excellent at the restaurant; he said so as he paid his check. Miss Sloane's blue eyes studied him a moment; then she sat down at a vacant table, beckoned him to sit beside her, lighted a cigaret.

"You don't remember me, do you?" she said with a faint smile.

"Of course—even after ten years. You're Ike Sloane's daughter."

"But you've forgotten that I came to a party of yours at the Embassy Club in Miami, three or four years ago. No wonder, with all the glittering women that were there; I was just a girl from back home that you'd met at the track that day, and invited in a burst of local patriotism. But I remember it because it was the most gorgeous party I was ever on in my life—all champagne and roses."

"I was spending World Series money that winter," he recalled. "A winner's cut, too. Yes, that *was* a good party."

"It was—Miami," she said. "What everybody expected there, and so few got. Dad had gone down to get rich in real estate and lost every cent; I was just one of the thousands of little people clinging to the wreckage after the boom broke, watching a few big people spend big money—and you gave me a chance to feel for one evening as if I were one of the big people, too. So I was terribly sorry when Earl Haslock told me you were thinking of settling down in Acacia."

"Sorry? You came back here and settled down; why shouldn't I?"

"I had to; Dad was sick and wanted to come home. When he died my restaurant was making money, and I needed the profits to finish paying for some land he'd bought on the Keys. But what do you mean to do here?"

"I hadn't decided," he said.

Her blue eyes seemed troubled. "What can you do," she persisted, "besides play ball?"

He grinned. "Not very much. I'm a good auto mechanic; I suppose I could run a garage. But I'm not worried," he told her cheerfully. "My people used to be somebody here——"

"But you can't get by on what they used to be—or what you used to be," she broke in. "You've always been on top; and you hate the idea of starting in again at the bottom and working up. I don't blame you; I did that, and it's no fun. But if you expect to stay on top, in this town or anywhere else, you've got to give them something they want. Or make them want it."

He thought that over; then: "You're absolutely right," he admitted with a wry chuckle. "But do you mind telling me why you're giving me this excellent advice?"

"Because I remember the way you looked that night in Miami," she said. "And I'd hate to see you ever looking any other way."

He left her, then; but the memory of her troubled blue eyes stayed with him. What could he give Acacia that Acacia wanted? But perhaps he could make them want something they'd forgotten. They had a ball team: and if he could put it in shape to take on Elmville . . .

The ball team elected him manager the moment they learned he wanted the job; and under his direction they began to win. Russ didn't dare to pitch; but young Jim Pierson was a pitcher with a lot of stuff and Russ taught him how to use it. Also, Russ covered first base as Acacia had never seen it covered before; but above all, he gave the team confidence. Captained and coached by the great Russ Fleet, no small-town outfit could stop them.

And when they began to win, Acacia began to recover its interest in baseball. That had an echo in Elmville; when a three-game series between the two ancient rivals was scheduled for successive Saturdays in July, both towns began to seethe with the old hot partisanship.

All of which brought Russ glory, but no money. Without money he couldn't go into business in Acacia, and he was ashamed to ask for the sort of job the town offered, when people still thought he was well off. Yet he couldn't leave town, now, till they'd played the series with Elmville.

He began to wish he hadn't stayed, hadn't taken charge of the ball club; but here he was, and there wasn't much for a leisure class to do in Acacia except drink and play poker at Augie Utz's—and take Bee Sloane out in the green roadster after supper. Haslock had first call on her time but politics had first call on his; and on evenings when his Congressional ambitions kept him busy Russ and Bee used to drive, talking endlessly of the old days in Florida.

Then, one day, Earl Haslock came to see him.

"Russ, I'm going to say something you won't like." Russ stiffened. "Why haven't you joined the country club?" Haslock demanded. "All our sort of people belong; not to be in it classes you with the wrong crowd."

"I don't like golf," Russ lied, ashamed to confess that he couldn't afford the country club.

"Well, even so, you ought to join. I ought to tell you, Russ, there's been a lot of talk about your hanging around Augie Utz's. I'm morally certain Augie sells liquor, though we've never been able to prove it; and I

¶ *"Neat work!" Russ panted. "We'll be safe when we're over the state line," said Bee.*

know there's a poker game there on Saturday nights."

"They generally play a quarter limit, Earl. That's no crime."

But last Saturday they'd taken the limit clear off in honor of a friend of Sheriff Stukely's from the city. Russ had sat in at the game because he needed quick money; but the stranger had got away with five hundred dollars.

"Anyway," Haslock persisted, "you have no business flocking with Augie Utz's crowd. Going with roughnecks was all right while you were playing ball, and—and——"

"Giving my home town good publicity?" Russ supplied.

"Well, you're not doing your home town any good now! And do you realize how you're hurting me?" Haslock demanded. "I've been your best friend in Acacia—but I represent the moral element in politics. I can't have a friend of mine hanging around Augie Utz's. And your ball team has stirred up that old silly feeling between Elmville and Acacia; it's going to be all Stukely can do to hold the Elmville crowd in line for my nomination. You've done nothing but make trouble for me ever since you came home!"

Haslock was panting; and Russ flushed slowly as he realized what lay behind all this—Bee Sloane.

"Sorry, Earl," he said quietly. "I never meant to make trouble for you. I wish now I'd never come back to Acacia. But as for going with the wrong crowd, I don't see much difference between Augie Utz and your friend Stukely. You know he's a crook."

"Nobody's ever proved it," Haslock snapped. "Anyway, you can't always pick your associates in politics. But you can in private life; and I just want to tell you, Russ, that you've got to choose between Augie Utz's friends and—and the people you belong with. And that doesn't mean only me."

"Doesn't it?" said Russ. "Anyway, I'm going down to Augie's." Augie's back room seemed almost like home to him, now.

"It's a shame the way that bird from the city took us along," said Augie. "Yes, he nicked me, too, but I guess I can spare it better than you can. You look prosperous, Russ—but I noticed you keep on wearin' those fifteen-dollar shirts even when the cuffs are ragged."

Russ turned red. "I'm a bit low," he admitted. "But I can sell my car."

"It'd be a shame to do that with the fastest car in the county. Russ, the fellow that does the deliverin' down this way went off into a ditch, (*Continued on page 100*)

¶ *Are royal heirs mostly morons?*

You're Wrong

by Albert E.

who wrote "The Marks *of*

Do You Believe—

1. That opposites marry each other?
2. That you can remember faces better than names?
3. That the sight of a red flag will madden a bull?
4. That Betsy Ross designed the American flag?
5. That nearly all rich men's sons go to the devil?
6. That bald-headedness is due to wearing tight hatbands?
7. That beauty and stupidity go together?
8. That cousins should not marry?
9. That you can predict future events by the stars?
10. That women are not logical but intuitive?
11. That there is such a thing as an undertow?
12. That a woman is naturally a poorer mechanic than a man?
13. That child prodigies are usually frail and neurotic?
14. That blind persons have an extraordinary sense of touch?
15. That fast workers make more mistakes than "slow but sure" workers?

¶ *Is red hair a sign of temper?*

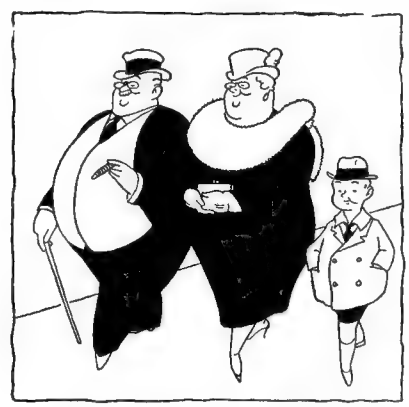
AT A DINNER party recently, I was startled when my hostess suddenly tapped on her glass with her spoon to gain the attention of the ten or twelve other guests present and said: "I want to ask Mr. Wiggam a question. He has written two or three books on heredity and marriage and I think he can tell us. The question I want to ask is, Why do opposites marry each other?"

I was so taken by surprise it took me a few moments to get my poise. Then I said, "How many of you folks believe that opposites usually marry each other?" All but one cried, "Of course we believe it!"

"Why do you believe it?" I inquired.

They exclaimed in chorus, "Because everybody knows it is true; you see it every day."

"Well," I replied, "I don't wish to seem dogmatic, but I am forced to say you are all wrong about that. In fact, *anything that everybody knows is true is never true.* Since everybody knows that opposites tend to marry each other, we know in advance, without even looking up the facts, that it isn't so. Popular notions are *always* wrong. They *have* to be wrong. It is a psychological necessity that they must be wrong.



¶ *Do we marry our opposites?*

"This does not apply to notions about art and religion, because these have to do with emotional satisfactions. These are true if they exalt, console and inspire. But general notions, impressions and beliefs *about matters of fact and natural law,* provided they are not the outcome of scientific investigation, are always wrong.

"Anything you find that is believed by people in general, outside of science, or anything of this sort you yourself believe, simply isn't true. I'm sorry to say it but you are wrong about it. The 'accumulated wisdom of ages,' in this respect, is ninety-nine percent accumulated tommyrot."

Needless to say, I was in for a couple of hours of very warm discussion, but I had no difficulty making my point. You can see as well as I why your own notions are all wrong except the few that have come from the scientists. It is, first, because you notice the exception to the rule; and second, you draw general conclusions from particular cases.

We could take a hundred examples, but let us pursue this notion that opposites marry each other. Professor Karl Pearson, the great English statistician, studied this question extensively. He found that there is a strong tendency for like to marry like.

Numerous other studies have confirmed this. Blue eyes marry blue eyes more often than they do brown. Intelligent people select intelligent mates; and, thank heaven, the stupids marry the stupids. And, astonishing as it may seem, nervous people tend to pick out nervous mates. On the average, the talls marry the talls, the

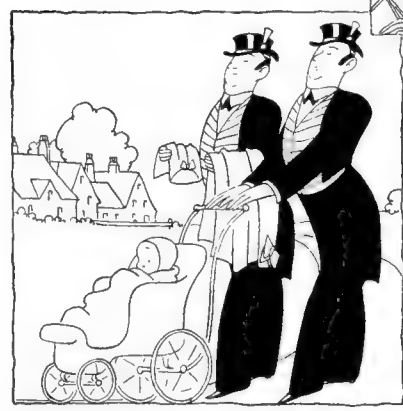
about That!

Wiggam

an Educated Man"

Illustrations by
Gluyas Williams

¶ *Are talented children physically inferior?*



¶ *Does wealth produce great men?*

slims marry the slims and the fats marry the fats.

When I am out on a lecture trip with Mrs. Wiggam, we often while away the time by making a wager on this point. When we see a large fat woman struggling up the car steps, one of us bets the other that she will be followed by a big fat husband. We found we had to take days about as to which one got the favorable wager, because anyone who would bet against this tendency regularly would soon go bankrupt. We did the same thing with the extra-tall and extra-slender women.

If you want to get rich this is a little tip that I give you free of charge. You will find it is "heads I win and tails you lose" seven or eight times out of ten.

High-tempered people, however, do not often marry each other; this is because, fortunately, they usually fall out before they reach the marriage altar.

Red-haired people also do not often marry each other. I have found but two red-haired persons married to Titian-haired mates. Even this is in all probability due to another wrong popular notion—namely, that red-haired people have fiery tempers.

The Freudians believe this tendency of like to marry like is due to the fact that a boy admires his mother and a girl admires her father. A healthy normal boy thinks his mother is the ideal woman, and even if she be very fat and very homely, the chances are he will fall in love with a girl who looks like her. The same is true of a healthy girl: she tends to pick out a husband who looks like her father and *is* a good deal like him.

This is the way nature builds up her breeds. You see, the daughter is like her father by heredity; she selects a man somewhat like him partly from environment. Thus the grandchildren tend to keep the family resemblance. This tendency of like to mate with like runs all through nature. Without this tendency evolution would have gone to pieces long ago.

Then what is it that makes you believe opposites marry? Why, every now and then you see a tall man with a short wife and you instantly exclaim, "The long and the short of it; just as I have always said, opposites marry each other!" Likewise, now and then you see a big fat man with a tiny slender wife. It is these exceptions to the rule that cause this widespread belief.

¶ *Are beauties brainless?*

You can wager your money on the fact that popular notions are wrong every time. Let us, for example, take the notion that cousins should not marry because such a marriage is likely to produce defective children. Nonsense! If the parents and grandparents are ordinarily healthy you can wager your money that the children will be as healthy as the average.

Indeed, there is a slight tendency for them to be a little bit healthier than usual. This is because about eighty or ninety percent of the average person's heredity is good. These two cousins, therefore, bring together a great number of hereditary health factors, *of a similar kind,* from both sides. You see, both husband and wife have much the same heredity. The children thus get a "double dose" of the health factors.

You see this in the Bach family. There were many cousin marriages in this family, and within five generations they produced twenty-eight musicians of genuine fame, culminating in the immortal genius of Johann Sebastian. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have been the children of a whole series of cousin marriages. We see this also in the royal families and in numerous families of actors and actresses.

Of course, if the parents are defectives, or are carrying defects from their parents or grandparents, then the children get a double dose of these defects. But you can wager your money on the fact that if for several generations back the ancestors have been as healthy as the common run of people, the children of cousin marriages will be even slightly better than the average.

Again, how did this popular notion arise? Just because, now and then, two healthy parents who are cousins have the misfortune to have an imperfect child.

PEOPLE fail to notice that this happens now and then with *other healthy parents who are not cousins.* It is too complicated to explain here but you can be sure the *cousin marriage did not create the defect.* You see how disastrous these popular notions may become when we note that seventeen states have laws against cousin marriages! I have known numerous cousins whose lives have been ruined by this piece of popular nonsense.

Take any notion at random, and if it is generally believed, you can be sure it isn't so. There is the notion that the sight of a red rag will madden a bull. That is one of our most common popular proverbs. If that were true, why would the bullfighters of Spain often wear suits made of red silk? Surely a man would be a fool to wear something he knew would make the bull charge at him instead of charging at the piece of cloth he is waving.

Sidney Franklin, the famous Brooklyn boy who has astonished the world by proving himself to be a great bullfighter, has demonstrated that it is not the red that enrages the bull but the fact that it is *something that is moving.* A bull will charge a suit of pink pajamas or a white tablecloth as readily as a red cloth or flag if it is waved at him, particularly when he is excited.

Indeed, the popular notion (*Continued on page 108*)

A Business man

THERON FLAGG stopped his beautiful roadster at the gate and stepped out, himself rather a beautiful object in immaculate and expensive sport clothes. It was not Theron's fault that he looked so much like an advertisement for one of our Better Collars. In shabby clothes, his good looks were intensified and he became promptly the male Cinderella, the poor boy who has not a chance in the world of not winning the millionaire's daughter.

The roadster and Theron and the house before which they had stopped made an incongruous trio. Passers-by, had there been any on this sandy and little-traveled road, might well have wondered what such a young man, in such a vehicle, was doing there.

Even when it had been built, some seventy-five years before, this house had had neither beauty nor charm. Three-quarters of a century had added nothing of mellowness, merely a bay window which protruded from its side with the unnatural aspect of a wen or a goiter, and an increasing air of shabbiness and neglect. As he walked up the unkempt path Theron wondered what color the paint had been originally, before the weather changed it to its present sickly raspberry.

A terrific pounding was going on within, a noise like the enemy bombardment in a sound-picture. Theron's knock was ineffectual against it. He hesitated, and then walked around to the back. No shrubs or flowers grew against the house; its brick foundation was bare and stark below the clapboards, like the gums of a snarling animal. But at the rear an enormous clump of old lilacs spread outward, like an enchanted thicket, and behind them Theron heard a girl's voice, and in some surprise, because he had thought no woman lived there, he walked toward it.

"Yes, Sabra, my dear, my darling," it was saying in a rich singsong, "you may well weep! Tears may well trickle down your cheeks. And for what reason do your pretty eyes fill and overflow?" The voice paused. "Onions, my girl! A broken heart, a disillusioned spirit are but trifles. Here you sit in the golden sunshine, polluting the summer air with your onions——"

The singsong shifted imperceptibly into actual song, warm and deep and obviously improvised. "Oh, love is brief, and so is grief—sing hey, for pickled onions! And love is sad, and life is mad—sing ho, for pickled onions!"

Theron rounded the bush and stopped. The singer was sitting cross-legged on the grass, her feet bare beneath a faded black cotton dress, her black hair loose. A bushel basket of small silver onions was at her right hand, and an enormous yellow bowl at her left, and she was wielding a knife expertly.

"Yes, my dear," she resumed, "you damn yourself! It is not as though you *had* to pickle onions. Of your own free will, impelled by your own low tastes——" She rubbed a bare arm across her face, and looked up with tear-filled black eyes at Theron. "Now just how long have *you* been standing there?" she demanded indignantly. Theron flushed. "Only a minute."

Dirk Salisbury looked at a faultlessly attired young man peeling onions, and roared with laughter. Theron did not care for Dirk, nor was he at all sure that he cared for the sculptor's daughter.

in Love

by Phyllis Duganne

"Well, why didn't you call out—fool?" she asked, still angry, and flourished her knife.

"I'm sorry," said Theron. "I——" His errand seemed suddenly absurd.

"Do you like pickled onions?" she inquired, and added, rather fiercely, "You don't look as if you did!"

"I'm wild about them," stated Theron, and suddenly she smiled and her pale face was lovely.

"I'm peeling with tears in my eyes!" she announced. "Every pearl an onion and every onion a tear." She looked up at him swiftly. "Do you think I'm crazy?"

The thought had entered Theron's head.

"I'm truly not," she answered, before he could reply. "I'm quite unhappy!" Her smile flashed again; she seemed amused as much at herself as at him, and she sat, staring quite frankly, inspecting him from his Panama to his feet. "I *never* saw such white shoes!" she said.

Theron looked down at them. "They're new," he explained. "They won't be so white long."

" 'Oh, both my shoes are shiny new—and pristine is my hat!' " she sang. " 'My dress is nineteen-twenty-two—my life is all like that!' D'you know Dorothy Parker's stuff? All *your* clothes are new, though, aren't they?"

Theron's orderly mind was getting under control. This girl must be Dirk Salisbury's daughter. She probably was not insane; living here in this dreadful house, miles from anyone, was enough to make any girl eccentric.

"My name's Theron Flagg," he said. "And——"

"*Do* sit down," she interrupted him, and added politely, "If you can stand the onions!"

He sat on the grass. "Give me a knife and I'll help peel 'em," he said, an offer which surprised him more

Illustrations by José Segrelles

than it did her. He liked pickled onions well enough; in a dry cocktail a small onion lent a subtle flavor. But there was nothing subtle about a bushel of onions.

"Self-protection?" the girl suggested, smiling. "But think of your pretty clothes!"

"You needn't be so snooty about my clothes just because they happen to be clean!" he flung at her. Theron Flagg was not at all in the habit of being insulting to ladies, and in view of the girl's faded and undeniably dirty dress, the remark carried its barb.

She laughed and handed him a knife. "You're going to look right funny when you start weeping," she said cheerfully.

He peeled an onion, and his eyes smarted. He had never felt quite such a fool. Without speaking, he peeled another, and another, and she watched him, chuckling a little to herself.

"Besides being Theron Flagg, what are you?" she inquired, at last. "You haven't come to the wrong house or anything, have you?"

He looked at her, aware already, as though he had known her for a long time, of what her reaction to his errand was going to be.

"You know that we're building a country club here in Foxport, don't you?" he asked, selecting another onion. "Eighteen-hole golf course, tennis courts, yacht landing, and a clubhouse. We need all the members we can get right now, so that the work can go on. I'm chairman of the membership committee and——"

"That's it!" she interrupted him triumphantly. "You know, you *look* like a chairman! When I first saw you, I thought: No, it's not brushes; it's not books. He's not working his way through college, nor is he deaf and dumb. It might be insurance, although he's a leetle mite too well dressed. Or——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Theron, who was never rude to ladies. He might as well get it over with, and then he would go. "Membership is a hundred and a quarter a year, but if you join now you can get a life membership for five hundred. That's a family membership, of course."

The girl leaned toward him, her tear-filled eyes shining.

"What," she demanded, in a whisper, "happens to a life membership if you die?"

In spite of his irritation, he laughed. "Well, I may look like a chairman to you, but you don't look like a country-club member to me! However——"

"However, my onions are getting peeled," she said brightly. "Would you mind signing a jar for me?"

There were a great many onions, and it did not seem fair to Theron to leave her with them, now that he had begun. She did not suggest his stopping, and they peeled in silence for almost ten minutes.

"I presume," he said, "that you are Dirk Salisbury's daughter."

"Why?" she asked, looking at him sideways out of her dark eyes. He did not answer at once, and she laughed. "I'm afraid all the ladies seen here are not all Dirk Salisbury's daughter," she said. Theron had heard that, too. He peeled another onion. "*Don't* cry!" she murmured, in the coaxing voice one uses to a small child. "I'm Sabra Salisbury."

"We'd be awfully pleased to have your father a member of the club," said Theron.

"I should think you would!" Sabra retorted. "However, *he* wouldn't."

"And yourself?" Theron asked.

She laughed at him. "You just said that I don't look like a country-club member."

"That," he returned, "is the country club's loss."

Her laughter heightened. "Why, what a pretty speech from a solid business man!" she cried, and clapped her hands.

Theron looked at her coldly. "What makes you think I'm a business man?" he asked.

"Aren't you?" she said.

He was, undeniably, yet he did not think of himself in just the terms her words and tone had conjured. Flaggs originally had been natives of the New England town in which Theron now spent his summers. In the days of clipper ships, they had been merchants who themselves set sail for foreign ports; now, a sixth generation, in the person of Theron Flagg, continued the trading from a mahogany desk in Boston.

A booming voice from beyond the lilac clump announced that Dirk Salisbury was—to such-and-such and thus-and-so a degree—hungry, and why the so-and-so and this-and-that was not Sabra cooking lunch? Then Salisbury himself, a bearded giant, dirty and magnificent, stood before them like Zeus, looked incredulously at a handsome and faultlessly attired young man peeling onions, and roared with laughter, thundering out ejaculations couched in even less elegant terms than his opening remark.

¶ Salisbury was the romanticist's idea of a sculptor.

Theron blinked, but Sabra stood up calmly. "This is Mr. Flagg, Dirk. And don't eat those onions—they're for pickling." She slapped his huge sculptor's hand sharply, and Theron thought that she was like a Pekingese growling at a Great Dane. "You'd better stay and eat lunch with us," she flung back over her shoulder, as she disappeared into the house.

Dirk Salisbury dropped down to the grass and stretched out prodigiously. "Lord, I'm tired; been working since five this morning. You from New York?"

Theron shook his head. "No; I'm a native."

The sculptor raised himself on an elbow and gazed briefly into the young man's face. "New Englander," he said, and grunted.

Theron did not care for the grunt. He did not care for Dirk Salisbury, nor was he at all sure that he cared for Salisbury's daughter. Yet he stayed for luncheon.

At the west side of the ugly house was more vegetation, grapevines, untrimmed yet flourishing, and beneath them on a bare wooden table Sabra had set their food. There were no delicacies of serving, no precision of arrangement, no decoration of flowers. Plates were piled, knives and forks dropped in a heap, three thick glasses set one within the other.

But the copper casserole contained as excellent a stew as Theron had ever tasted in Provence, flavored with thyme and bay and garlic and a touch of saffron. The salad, heaped in a tin dishpan, was like no salad he had had in America, and the thick glasses were filled with a very palatable red wine from an earthen jug.

Perhaps it was the wine or the sunshine beating down

Sabra was laughing, now, and Theron clutched her with sudden violence and kissed her. "That," she said, "is the first time I was ever kissed by a solid business man."

upon him which made Theron feel so languid and content. Certainly he had no desire to stir himself, and the three sat smoking and saying little.

From time to time, he looked at Sabra. The girl was really lovely; in repose, pale and gentle, like a Watts-Burne-Jones-Swinburne lady, and in animation so conversely vivid and colorful.

SALISBURY was the romanticist's idea of a sculptor; he could have stepped intact from the pages of Du Maurier or Murger. A tremendous man, full-bearded and full-throated, who roared and pounded and could not speak a dozen consecutive words tuned to the ears of a Sunday-school class.

"Eating's a fine thing!" he cried, now. "Eat and sleep and make love—why be a human being, anyway? I wish I was an animal."

His daughter's dark eyes came alive with humor. "You're not so far removed, darling," she comforted him.

Theron smoked his cigaret and was silent.

Then Salisbury rose. "Come on in and see what I've done, Sabra."

Theron did not move.

"Come on, if you like," Sabra invited, and he followed them.

The entire lower floor of the house, with the exception of a small kitchen, had been thrown into one room—"thrown," reflected Theron, was almost literally the word. Walls had been pounded down and jagged cracks and seams remained on floor and ceiling where they had stood. At one end, a couch, two chairs and a table looked like pigmy furniture; there were neither curtains nor rugs. The rest was stone and clay and tools and great sheeted figures, the sculptor's workshop.

Fittingly, it was a giant Pan upon which Salisbury was engaged and it was beautiful, lazy and luxurious and subtly wicked. Theron wanted to say something of the pleasure it gave him.

"Lord, that's great!" he said. "I don't know much about sculpture——"

"But you know what you like," interrupted Salisbury dryly. "Yes, I know. Look here, Sabra . . ."

"Well, Limpy, I'll be seein' ya!"

Father and daughter ignored him; Theron felt his neck grow hot. He wanted to turn and walk out of their house, but he had eaten their food, and whether they were civil or not, at least he would thank his hostess before he departed.

"It was good of you to let me stay," he told her—after Salisbury had suddenly seized his chisel and requested them both to get out.

She smiled and put out her hand decisively. "Good-by."

It was plainly enough a dismissal, and again Theron flushed, more with anger than confusion. He bowed briefly and strode off. It was not until he reached the car that he realized he had left his hat. It was a good hat, but he was hanged if he'd go back for it. He started his motor and drove off.

His own home seemed gracious and serene when he entered it: pleasant dignity of ivory paint and mahogany, soft rugs and fine chintzes. His mother had asked Elisabeth Mason—who was *not* his fiancée—to dine with them, and the two women were sitting indoors, the elder dainty and exquisite in gray organdie, the younger already in a dinner frock of blue crêpe. It seemed very far from that spot beneath a ragged grapevine, as far as the South Seas, and though its difference was the difference between civilization and barbarity, he felt an unformulated lack in his own setting.

At dinner, the excellent New England food, hot raised biscuits and a roast with Yorkshire pudding, cried out to him its lack of garlic and rough wine—which he knew was absurd.

"Do we ever use garlic, Mother?" he asked.

Mrs. Flagg laughed. "Certainly, son. Nellie always rubs the salad bowl with a kernel. Why?"

That launched him on the Salisburys, and Elisabeth listened intently.

"Do tell me about Sabra Salisbury," she said, when he paused. "What did she have on?"

Theron chuckled. "The dirtiest black dress I ever saw!"

That was funny, Elisabeth told him, and Theron listened in some surprise to certain information about Dirk Salisbury's daughter. She was, he learned, the fashion expert for one of New York's largest stores, at a tremendous salary. She was in love with Jan Lupesco, the young Hungarian-gypsy conductor who had created such a stir in New York. Elisabeth had always wanted to meet her. Couldn't Theron take her to call?

Theron grinned. A swift picture of Elisabeth, garbed for calling, and the Salisbury ménage, struck him as ludicrous.

YET only the next afternoon, Elisabeth and Sabra met. Theron and Elisabeth were returning from the beach when a voice from a truck hailed them.

"Hi, Theron Flagg! Here's your hat!"

Sabra descended from the truck, bestowing a delicious smile upon its driver, who was grinning appreciatively.

"Oh, you needn't have——" Theron began.

"And a jar of your own onions!" interrupted Sabra, her dark eyes very bright as she handed them to him.

"Miss Mason—Miss Salisbury," Theron mumbled.

The girls shook hands, and Theron could have slapped Sabra for the amused and slightly mocking smile she turned upon Elisabeth.

"Won't you come in and meet my mother and have some tea with us?" he invited, instead.

She shook her head. The fashion expert was clad, this day, in boys' overalls. "I hadn't meant to come to town, but Dirk wanted a drink, so I hopped a truck. D'you know where that Italian bootlegger hangs out?"

Theron looked at her calmly. He suspected that Miss Sabra Salisbury was showing off for Elisabeth's

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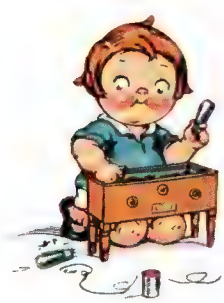

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benefit, and Elisabeth, like a little fool, was watching Sabra, round-eyed. "Come in with us, and I'll give you a bottle of decent Scotch to take back to him with my compliments," he said, and as she hesitated, "Oh, don't be an idiot!"

Elisabeth's round eyes moved to his face wonderingly.

Mrs. Flagg received her guest without a flicker of surprise at her costume, and sat her in a delicate Adam chair. "I've enjoyed your father's work so much, Miss Salisbury," she said pleasantly.

"*You* have?" said Sabra, faintly stressing the pronoun.

"Precisely why should that surprise you?" Theron inquired curtly.

Sabra started. "Why, I don't know. Dirk's work seems so—so crude, and your mother——"

Her confusion gave him a distinct satisfaction, but his eyes remained angry. "Don't forget that it is people like my mother who buy the work of people like your father," he reminded her.

"Theron!" Mrs. Flagg protested.

"Miss Salisbury prefers that people say what they think," he told his mother gently. And less gently, "Don't you?"

Sabra smiled at Mrs. Flagg. "By all means. And may I say that I think this is a very beautiful house?"

They got on fairly well after that, though Theron was acutely conscious of Sabra's amusement at his mother and Elisabeth and the pretty formality of their tea.

"Will you be here all summer, Miss Salisbury?" Elisabeth asked, her soft voice sounding suddenly, to Theron, peculiarly colorless.

Sabra shrugged. "I don't know. I haven't any plans. One place is as good as another, I suppose."

Theron found himself remembering one of her first remarks to him: "I'm quite unhappy" . . . Was it the Hungarian?

He drove her home, not admitting to himself the skill with which he contrived not to have Elisabeth accompany them.

"*That* was a dumb little girl!" said Sabra, and as he frowned, "Oh, Lord, is she your sweetheart or something?"

"No," said Theron, and any doubts he may have entertained on the subject of Elisabeth's status were then and there dispelled. "But she's a nice girl, and she isn't dumb!"

Sabra's eyes were dancing, "Don't apologize," she murmured.

"I have never," said Theron deliberately, "wanted to slap any human being as often as I have wanted to slap you!"

"It must be love," she said, and his desire to do her physical violence was increased. "I always want to sock people I like," she added, and then fell into a reverie. *Was* it the Hungarian?

At her door she insisted that he come in and have a drink with Dirk.

The sculptor's cordiality rose with his first taste of Theron's whisky. "Fine," he rumbled. "Better have some, Sabra."

She made a face at him. "I hate the stuff," she said, and though it was none of his affair, Theron was glad.

She disappeared into the kitchen, and the two men sat in the crazy studio and had several drinks.

"You know," said Theron abruptly, "you and Sabra give me a decided pain! Just because I sometimes wear a boiled collar and have an office doesn't mean that I have less appreciation of art than some other fellow who needs a hair cut!"

Salisbury squinted at him. "So?" he commented.

"So!" said Theron. "That Pan of yours is good, and I know it as well as anyone else." The sculptor poured out two more drinks. "There's an artistic snobbery," continued Theron, "that's just as bad as any social snobbery."

"Bravo!" cried Sabra, and he turned to look at her.

She had changed into a dress, and it was clean and French and immensely becoming. She had pinned up her heavy hair, and put on satin slippers.

Her father looked at her, and then roared with laughter. "I told you no broken heart lasted more than a month!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Sabra, and for the first time Theron saw her blush.

Dirk Salisbury refilled Theron's glass. "To Eros!"

Sabra glared at them as they drank. "Fools!" she said.

Theron's fingers closed about the bottle. "To Sabra," he suggested.

He did not feel that he was drunk, yet it was an undeniable fact that he forgot completely that he was to accompany Elisabeth to a dinner party that evening. Again the table was set out of doors, and again the three sat, this time before a fiery sunset, and ate good food and washed it down with red wine.

"I hate you in clothes like that," Dirk Salisbury told his daughter.

"It's very becoming," said Theron.

Salisbury roared at him. "Becoming to what?" he demanded belligerently. "Becoming how? She looks just like anybody else, and she *isn't* like anybody else! Go on and change it, Sabra." She hesitated. "Go *on!*" he shouted, and she went, yet Theron did not think it was entirely filial obedience which impelled her.

Girls like to change their clothes, and when she returned, in a gypsyish dress of plum-colored cotton with a cerise handkerchief tied about her white throat and her dark hair hanging, he understood her father's feeling. This was Sabra Salisbury.

"Dresses ought to look worn—lived in," pronounced Salisbury. "And they need color and form just as much as painting."

"You tell 'em," suggested the fashion expert indulgently.

"I *know*," said the sculptor. "The initial object of clothes, of course . . ."

Theron leaned back, enjoying himself, not considering it in the least odd that he, Theron Flagg, should be spending an evening discussing women's clothes. They had finished the bottle, and he was about to suggest going back for another—Sabra, he reflected pleasantly, could ride with him—when the thought of home brought up the thought of Elisabeth and their engagement.

"Remember something?" Sabra asked, at his exclamation.

"Lord, yes!" he said, getting up a little unsteadily, and shaking Salisbury's hand.

"I wondered when you'd remember," she commented, at the door.

"What do you mean?"

She was smiling, and more than ever he wanted to choke her. If she had known that he had an engagement, if he or Elisabeth or his mother had mentioned it in her hearing that afternoon! She was laughing, now, and he clutched her with sudden violence and kissed her.

"That," she said, in a cool voice, "is the first time I was ever kissed by a solid business man. I had no idea they'd do so well."

They! This time the pressure of his mouth upon hers bent her head back so that she cried out; she seemed very small and fragile in his arms, and he wanted to hurt her, and did. She was not laughing when he released her, nor did she seem angry. White-faced, with dark eyes wide and lips trembling . . .

"I don't know that I particularly like you!" said Theron, and pushed her back into the house, and strode to his car.

The morning brought several things to Theron besides a headache and a bitter taste in his mouth. He had seen Elisabeth the night before, and she had found, and said that she found, his conduct inexcusable. In five minutes, the intimacy which had existed between those two who had known each other since childhood was swept away, like a bridge before a flood, and Theron knew that there was no rebuilding it. He was not unhappy, but infinitely sad, with that melancholy which reminders of the instability and frailty of human relationships always bring.

His mother was definitely wounded. Her son had not acted like a gentleman; he had been both drunk and discourteous. There was no excuse, no justification that he could offer her, nor did he try.

He had—or perhaps he had not—offended Sabra Salisbury. He did not know. In any case, he felt that he had allied himself with her whether for war or peace, and he was not yet sure that he wanted the alliance.

For the first time Theron had become consciously aware of a lack of emotional kinship with Elisabeth; with many things for which his mother and home stood as symbols. But he did not feel that he was part of that other sort of living, that careless, slipshod, ungoverned life which is called "Bohemian." He liked, he reflected, curtains at windows and damask on tables; he liked women to be gentle-spoken, and men to speak gently in their presence.

His headache and his tangled thoughts drove him out of doors; his car, almost of its own volition, drove him to the Salisburys' house. He was sitting in it wishing he had not come, when Salisbury hailed him.

"Come on in. Sabra's gone to New York."

Theron's confused brain sought to discover his reaction to that information. Was he glad or sorry?

"She got a telegram from that Hungarian lover of hers"—Salisbury qualified the musician with adjectives which Theron somehow approved—"and hopped the morning train. He *needs* her!" The booming voice was contemptuous.

So it had not been because of last night that she was gone! He had flattered himself, reflected Theron grimly, by thinking that.

Salisbury brought out the wine jug, and the two men sat down beneath the vine which gives wine.

"Women are queer animals," said the sculptor. "Take Sabra." He laughed suddenly. "Don't *you* take her!" he interrupted himself. "She's not for you."

"Why not?" Theron inquired.

"Why don't dogs mate with cats?" Salisbury retorted. "It's almost biological. I don't know how many kinds of people there are in this world, but sometimes I think there are only two. Artists and non-artists. And they mix just like oil and water."

"Rot!" said Theron flatly. "There you go again."

"It's true," said Salisbury, unperturbed. "Sabra's not an artist, but she has the artistic temperament. Besides which, she's one of those poor unfortunate women who are constitutionally incapable of caring for any man who is—one might almost say *whole!* She was born to mother weaklings."

"She's strong, isn't she?"

"Strong!" cried her father. "She's like a well-built ship, like one of the clippers

that used to sail out of this harbor. Strong and sturdy and dependable."

"And graceful and gallant," added Theron.

Dirk Salisbury looked at him intently. "In love with her, aren't you?"

"Am I?" Theron had never talked so with a man or a woman in his life. "Why doesn't she marry this Lupesco?"

Salisbury shrugged his great shoulders. "What does he want with a wife? He'll probably marry her ultimately—when he's sick or broke or a failure. It's the only way he'll get her, and he's beginning to realize it."

"Why do you think she wouldn't be happy married to me?" Theron inquired.

"You've seen her here," said Salisbury. "Can you see her happy in *your* setting? Can you see her paying calls and being polite to the proper people and entertaining your business friends?"

Theron obediently tried to see Sabra in those rôles, and found the phantom disturbingly lovely and desirable. Sabra across his dinner table; Sabra in a white kitchen; Sabra in a garden . . .

"Look here!" he said, sipping his wine. "You talk about form—form in art, form in dress. What's the matter with form in living? Why shouldn't the accessories of life hold as much beauty and order of form as anything else? If you strip away too much of symmetry from a work of art, it loses out. Why can't you see that living bears the same loss?"

Never had Theron Flagg talked like this, and the morning wore into afternoon, and the sun commenced its descent.

Sabra was gone for a week, and Theron and Dirk talked almost daily, talked for long, tireless hours, far into the nights.

"I like you, Theron," Salisbury told him. "You've got imagination. In a way, I'm sorry that none of your children will call me grandpa—and wouldn't I break their little necks if they did!"

Theron laughed, and then was silent. His children . . . He looked at Dirk Salisbury oddly. Men, he knew, sometimes thought of women as potential mothers for their sons; it was strange to think of a man as a potential grandfather. Strange for Theron to be thinking of children at all. He was thirty-two years old, and never, until this moment, had he given the prolonging of the Flagg line a thought.

During her absence, his thoughts of Sabra had held a paradoxically impersonal quality. He had thought, and even spoken, of love and marriage in conjunction with her; he had pictured her, in turn, a wife, companion and mother. Yet it was not until he stood face to face with her again that he realized that he loved her, was in love with her, head over heels, madly, completely, as he had never expected to be in love with any woman.

The realization made him at first awkward and unhappy. Here, before him, was Sabra Salisbury, again in the faded black dress in which he had first seen her, and now he loved her and wanted to marry her. He looked helplessly into her eyes, trying to read them. What had gone on in New York between her and his unknown rival; how did she compare him, Theron Flagg, with that other?

At least, one could be frank with Sabra; such a short time of knowing this father and daughter had taught Theron the advantage of openness and directness.

Dirk Salisbury was working, and Theron and Sabra moved once again to the shelter of the green lilacs.

"Sabra, I'm going to tell you this now, and then, if you want, we can let it wait for a while," he said. She looked at him evenly, smiling. "I love you," he said, "more than I thought I could ever love anyone. I want you to marry me."

Her face did not change; her smile was steady. She put out her hands. "All right, Theron," she said softly, and then burst into laughter. "Darling," she cried, "*don't* look so startled! Didn't you mean it? Was I supposed to say no?"

"Do *you* mean it?" he asked. "You'll really marry me? Right away?"

She nodded, her eyes still laughing at him. "It's very humiliating to see you so taken aback. Should I have been coy?"

The New Englander indulged himself in several bromidic extravagances to which Sabra responded with tenderness and warmth. He adored her; he had never been so happy in his life. He would be good to her always; he wasn't worth her little finger and he knew it.

"Do you honestly love me?" he asked, still incredulous.

Her face, a little flushed now, was beautiful. "I do love you—oh, so much!" she said. "I think I loved you right away, Theron." Her hands moved over his head, his face. "I love your hair, the color of it and the feel of it and the way it grows," she chanted, her voice taking on that singsong it had had when he first heard it. "I love your gray eyes, and all the lights that come into them. I love your nose and——"

"For the love of heaven!" said Dirk Salisbury, coming, as Theron once had come, about the lilac clump, and standing, a baffled Jove, his very beard quivering with surprise.

Sabra glanced at him. "And I love your cheeks and your chin and most especially your mouth," she continued. "Go in and sculp, Dirk. We don't want you around here!"

Salisbury sat down. "All right," he said, "I'm through! I don't know anything about women."

Theron grinned, a little self-conscious, a little foolish, yet entirely happy.

"If that rude man would get out," said Sabra to Theron, "I could go on like that indefinitely—you darling!"

Recklessly, Theron kissed her.

Salisbury groaned. "What did you do with the hungry Hungarian, Sabra?"

His daughter looked at him brightly. "Not that it's any of your business. But for Theron's benefit I'll tell you both that Jan did me the *exceptional* honor of asking me to become Madame Lupesco, and I told him——" She hesitated. "Well, it boiled down to no!" she added.

"I see," said the sculptor. "That's fairly true to form—don't want it after you've got it. Hmph!" He looked at them both, beneath shaggy brows. "Well, I suppose you know what you're doing."

"Oh, go away!" said Sabra, and he went.

Back at his own house, Theron's happiness was touched with uncertainty. As he went into the living room to tell his mother he was tempted to wait, to postpone his announcement. Would Sabra change her mind? Was she sure of herself? Yet, he reflected, all the talk of the unfitness of their marriage, of the part one Jan Lupesco played, had come, not from Sabra, but from Dirk Salisbury.

"Mother, I'm going to marry Sabra Salisbury," he said.

His mother looked at him. "Are you?" she asked. "You love her, Theron?"

He nodded. "Very much," he said, and the fullness of his voice made up for his lack of words.

"And she loves you, Theron?"

"Yes, Mother. We want to be married right away." As he stood there before her, for the first time in his life he was acutely aware of his mother as a woman, as a widow, living alone in her dead husband's house with her one child.

"You've been with me a long time, Theron," she said. "I've had you longer than most mothers keep their sons." She was smiling.

Theron had not cried since he was a little boy, and now he felt very close to tears. He knelt before her. "Gosh, you're a peach!" he said, his face against her lap. "Sabra's in luck."

Above his head her voice came clear and sweet. "She has no mother?"

"No." At least, he thought she hadn't. He was suddenly appalled at the number of things he did not know about Sabra. Yet loving her as he did, he knew enough.

"She has a fine head, your Sabra," said his mother softly. "When will you bring her to see me—tomorrow?"

It was Sabra who insisted that they postpone their marriage for a month. "It's not that I'm not sure, Theron," she told him. "I am. Perhaps it's really for you—we have so much to learn about each other. And"—she was constantly surprising him, and now he was more surprised than he had ever been—"and it will be easier for your mother."

His misgivings about that second meeting between his mother and Sabra had proved baseless. He had known, of course, that his mother's breeding and tact would carry her through any situation, but he had underestimated Sabra's gentleness and comprehension.

Only Dirk Salisbury was restless and moody, and only in his presence was Theron's happiness incomplete.

They were to be married at his mother's house—still another proof to Theron of unknown depths of tenderness in Sabra—and it was on the preceding day that Theron, hurrying up the path to the raspberry-colored house, was met by silence. He called, and Dirk Salisbury answered from the kitchen; he met Theron's eyes starkly.

"Where's Sabra?"

She was, replied her father, out with that several-times-qualified Hungarian, and, for himself, he'd like to wring her quaintly denominated neck!

"He's lost his orchestra," said Salisbury gloomily. "Been kicked out on his ear. He clung to Sabra's knees—literally, I tell you. I saw him!—and said that she was the only person who could save him from suicide. In fact, he rather implied that the whole thing was her fault."

Theron was silent.

"Wouldn't this just happen?" the sculptor demanded. "One more day to go! Theron, I tell you there's fatality in these things. We try to pretend that we govern our own lives—remember what I told you when we first discussed Sabra? You can't get away from it! You're horses of a different color, you two; you belong in opposing camps. Theron, I love you like a son, but you're a business man and you'll stay a business man."

Theron shook his head. "Where have they gone?"

"Walking," said Salisbury. "They'll be back. They can't leave until the train. Besides, I think Lupesco's broke. Sabra probably has some money. It's no use, Theron. You might as well——"

"Rot!" said Theron. "She doesn't love him, Dirk."

Salisbury roared. "Who said she did? That's the damnable part of it! But she'll marry him all the same. Because he *needs* her! I tell you, I *know* her, Theron, and women like her."

"No," said Theron.

"Yes!" said Salisbury. "If only——" His voice rose to a shout. "Listen to me! I've *got* it! You're a business man—how well can you bluff? By heaven, there's

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Theron contemplated the sculptor's excitement calmly. "What do you mean?"

Salisbury's blue eyes were flashing; his beard bristled. "Theron, my boy, *you* can't marry Sabra. And you must tell her that before she tells you. You can't marry her—and why? Ha! Because you've just discovered that you have incipient T. B.!" he roared triumphantly. "You have to go West—perhaps indefinitely. You wouldn't think of asking her to go with you—not you! And Sabra, if I know my own daughter, wouldn't think of letting you go alone!"

Theron smiled. "All artists are mad."

Sabra's father spluttered. He knew what he was talking about. Theron had not seen Sabra and Lupesco together; he didn't understand women, anyway. Salisbury shouted and Theron listened, remembering his own misgivings.

"You come back here around eight," said Salisbury. "I'll get Lupesco off somewhere, and you break it to Sabra *pronto,* before she can get a word in. It's your only chance. But of course if you're just an unimaginative, thick-skulled business man——" He shrugged.

Theron departed, his thoughts in a state of chaos. To hold Sabra by a trick was loathsome. And yet—Dirk Salisbury's taunt rankled.

He spent a bad four hours. It was true, in a way, this thing Dirk Salisbury had said from the first, that he and Sabra had lived in different worlds. It was one of the things which made their companionship so thrilling, this difference in attitude and background. The difference, reflected Theron, should be made to form a bond and not a breach.

Theron was confident that he could carry out Dirk's scheme. He was as confident as Dirk himself of its result: Sabra would never abandon him when he needed her. You're a business man, Salisbury had said; how well can you bluff? But there were business men and business men; there was business and business.

Dirk Salisbury winked at him when he arrived at the house. The three were seated at the table beneath the grapevine, Sabra, rather pale and quiet, her father alive with excitement, and the Hungarian, listless and slender, turning liquid eyes upon this intruder. Salisbury rose and dragged the musician after him, with little subtlety, and Sabra's mouth twitched as her eyes met Theron's.

"Theron——" she began, and he cut her short.

All his life he had had precisely one method of doing business. He couldn't change, now . . .

"Sabra, I was here this afternoon when you were out," he told her. "Dirk was very agitated; he's convinced that you're about to throw me over for this Lupesco." He looked at her steadily. "Dirk says he understands you better than I do. Maybe he does. And maybe he underestimates your intelligence. I don't think I'm conceited, but I do think you'd be the biggest fool that ever lived if you did that!"

"Do you, Theron?" Sabra asked softly.

"I do," he said decidedly. "I don't know how much of caveman tactics a young fellow trying to get along can indulge successfully in this day and age, but if it's necessary, I'm going to find out!"

She laughed. "That would be—sweet," she answered, leaning swiftly toward him. "But—not necessary, Theron."

Dirk Salisbury's curiosity exceeded his consideration. Theron, however, did not release Sabra upon his appearance.

"I thought you'd take it like that," the sculptor addressed his daughter, beaming triumphantly. "After all, in a year or two Theron will be fit as a fiddle again."

"What?" asked Sabra.

"Maybe even less than that," boomed Salisbury. "And New Mexico isn't bad."

"*What* is he talking about?" Sabra asked Theron.

"I haven't the remotest idea," Theron answered meanly.

Sabra looked up at her father. "What's all this, Dirk?" The sculptor's face was very red. "New Mexico—and Theron will be——" She commenced to laugh. "Oh, Dirk, Dirk! It's Mrs. Machiavelli's own little boy! What was it to be—lungs?"

"Blah!" said Dirk Salisbury furiously.

Sabra jumped up and hugged him. "Darling!" she cried. "Oh, Dirk, I do adore you! And now you run away like a good parent, and lend Jan some money to get back to New York—I told him you would—and remember in future that this handsome gentleman at our left is a business man who knows his business!"

Theron reached out for the wine jug and filled three glasses, shoved one into the sculptor's hand. "To the artist!" he suggested, grinning.

Salisbury cursed roundly; then he, too, grinned. "To the business man!" he corrected, and drank and departed.

Win or Lose? *by Elmer Davis* (Continued from page 87)

last night and broke his leg. Anybody that would take his place, bring stuff down from the city to Elmville, would get a couple of hundred a load. No? Why not? There's no risk; the way's greased in the city and Stukely takes care of everything at this end. Maybe you don't like the idea because your dad used to be somebody in this town. But you won't be somebody after people notice those ragged cuffs."

"I know it," Russ sighed. "But—better deal me out, Augie."

Yet it was the only job that had been offered him; and Augie hadn't laughed, as respectable citizens might, at his ragged cuffs. He was still meditating on that when he drove up to the restaurant that night and whistled for Bee. She seemed depressed; they drove half an hour with hardly a word. Then he stopped the car; they smoked in silence.

"I've been instructed to stop driving with you," she said at last. "Earl says you've classed yourself, hanging around Augie Utz's. And of course that's true, in a town like this. You and I may think it's silly, but so long as we live here we've got to play by the rules."

"Does that mean you're going to stop—because he asks you?" She was silent; she wouldn't meet his eyes. "Bee!" he said. "Look at me!"

She met his eyes, then—and his lips; melting suddenly, incredibly. "Oh, my dear! This is insane, but——"

"Why? Because you're engaged to Earl?"

She shook her head. "I would have been," she said, "if you hadn't come to town. But I fell in love with you, Russ, at that party in Miami. Silly—you didn't even know I was there. I laughed at myself for it, afterward. But when you came back this summer—— Maybe I'm crazy, but what of it?"

"Crazy?" He laughed. "Well, it looks like it. Earl's the big man of Acacia, and I—I've only got in wrong. But I'm going to leave town when the series is over; go somewhere else and get another start." He flushed. "I know that's what I was going to do here. But next time I'll have more sense. Then, when I've got a job and some money, I'm coming back for you. Will you be ready?"

She laughed unsteadily. "I'm ready now. Let's go to Florida, my dear."

"But what would I do there? I haven't got five hundred——"

"I've got twelve hundred in the bank—and an offer of four thousand for the restaurant from a man in the city. And I own some land on one of the Florida Keys, right by the Overseas Highway. Russ, dear, you know automobiles and I know the restaurant business; if we opened a road house and garage for motor tourists——"

"With me contributing five hundred and you contributing five thousand, and the land besides? I've got to get some more money, Bee." And there was only one way he could get quick money. Nothing in that; if she ever dreamed he'd turn rum-runner—— Suddenly he had an idea. "I've bet all my money on this Elmville series," he told her. "I got odds, too. When we've beaten Elmville—six weeks from now—I can contribute my share." To his surprise, she didn't seem pleased.

"In other words, you're betting me on the series. If you lose——"

"We can't lose. Bee, it's the only way I can swing it."

"Then why not let me swing it? I told you this was insane," she sighed miserably. "Tomorrow, by daylight, I may be sane again. It would be terribly sane to marry Earl; he's going to be a big man in politics. Let's go somewhere and get married tonight."

"While you're still in the mood? You've got to be in the mood by daylight. And I can't ask you till—till after the series. It isn't only the money," he said. "Partly it's—putting something over. I took an awful tumble when my arm went bad; I've been slipping ever since. If I can beat this Elmville outfit I'll feel that I've got a fresh start."

"So we must wait till the series is over?" She smoothed her hair, smiled at him, cool and controlled. "Then in the meantime," she said, "we'd better forget what's happened this evening. Let's see how we both feel six weeks from now."

"All right," he agreed grimly. "By then I'll have some money, too."

It was easy, once he got started. The green roadster backed up in an alley up in the city, and six cases of whisky were stuffed away in the rumble seat. Then Russ drove away, traffic policemen waving him on, and turned in eventually at a side-street grocery in Elmville where taciturn men unloaded the car and handed him two hundred dollars.

Sometimes he passed one of Sheriff Stukely's deputies, patrolling the roads on a motor cycle; but the deputy never looked at him. Russ had made three trips, six hundred dollars, before the team went over to Elmville to open the series.

That was like old times—five hundred people seated in the shabby wooden stands, five thousand standing or seated in parked cars along the foul lines, and all sizzling with emotion. In the first inning Russ tripled with two on, and young Jim Pierson set himself to hold that lead—trying to strike out every batter, throwing himself away.

He weakened in the seventh, again in the eighth, but good fielding pulled him through. But the Elmville pitcher had

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steadied down; Acacia came into the ninth with only a two-to-one lead.

Then, with one out, an Elmville batter got a lucky hit, the next man got a clean one; and Pierson, bearing down too hard, passed the next to fill the bases.

Russ walked over to the box, patted his shoulder. "You're all right, kid. Don't try to fan 'em; a force-out will do."

So Pierson steadied a little, and the batter presently sent an easy bounder down to third. The third baseman had an easy double play in front of him; but he was young, and violently excited. He flung the ball ten feet over Russ' head and Elmville had that one, 3 to 2.

Russ went home worried. He'd have to have a new third-baseman next time; all Acacia believed that the man who lost the game had been bought. This small-town rivalry had seemed romantic when he looked back to it from the big league; but when he had to live with it, it was dangerously real. And it was his fault; three months ago Acacia wouldn't have dreamed of playing Elmville, wouldn't have cared—much—if the team had lost. It was his fault that they cared now.

Every morning of the next week Russ worked out with the catcher, trying to get the kinks out of his arm, hoping that long rest had given him back a little of his old stuff. It hadn't; his curve was a joke, his fast one wouldn't have broken a windowpane. But he still had his head, his ten years of experience; maybe that would help win the series that must be won if he hoped to get Bee Sloane.

He didn't see much of Bee that week; she kept to herself, kept away from him and Haslock. But she was in Haslock's car, parked by the foul line, when Elmville came over for the second game. That one looked easy, at first: Acacia hit two Elmville pitchers hard and Jim Pierson breezed along in great form—for six innings. The score was 7 to 0 when the seventh began and 7 to 5 when Elmville's half was over; and Pierson started the eighth by passing the first two batters.

Russ tossed away his first-baseman's glove, beckoned a substitute out from the bench, and walked over to the mound.

"You've held 'em fine this far, Jim. Let me do the rest."

Jim Pierson walked sullenly to the bench and Russ tossed a few to warm up. He looked just once at the girl in Haslock's car; then turned, grinning, to the batter.

Russ was grinning, actually, because it was so funny—but he was the only man who knew how funny it was that he was getting ready to pitch his way out of a hole, with absolutely nothing on the ball. The batter didn't know it; he saw a pitcher, grinning and confident—a pitcher who had once fanned fourteen men in the final of a World Series.

The ball came up with nothing on it but a great tradition—and the batter watched it float over for a called strike. He swung at the next one, topped it, and bounced it into Russ' glove for a double play.

A sigh went up as five thousand people relaxed in unison; and with a sudden tingle Russ knew he had them. Nothing on the ball—but he had something on the Elmville hitters. The next man hit under a slow one and popped out; and in the ninth Russ set down three Elmville batters in a row.

That night, in Augie Utz's bar, he met a mountainous green-eyed man—Sheriff Stukely.

"Well, Fleet, it's game and game," he said. "But we'll take the odd one when you come to Elmville next Saturday . . . Think not? I got a thousand that says we do. Want to cover it?"

A thousand—exactly what Russ had made out of rum-running. It was almost all the money he had, but if he bet and won he'd have two thousand to throw into partnership with Bee. Jim Pierson could hold them for six innings; after that he could hold them himself. Since he had faced a batter and realized he had that man licked, and his team, and his town, on pure nerve, he knew that everything would break right. So he took the bet.

"Wish you hadn't done that," said Augie later. "Stukely's a bad man."

"A small-town bad man," Russ qualified. "I'm not worried."

He was still unworried as he drove up to the city on Friday—the day before the game—on what he had decided would be his last trip as a rum-runner. Tomorrow the series would be over, and then——

He was thinking about that prospect so eagerly as he drove down the main business street in the city that he never saw the blond girl on the sidewalk who waved to him in vain. He hadn't known Bee was going to the city that day. He loaded his car, drove back to Elmville—where a uniformed man on a motor cycle drove up beside him.

"Keep right on goin', fella. The sheriff wants to see you."

"Stukely?" Russ was puzzled, but not alarmed. "What about?"

"Better ask him; he's waitin' for you in his office. Keep right on—and I'll go with you."

They stopped in the alley behind the sheriff's office; Stukely came out and demanded the keys to the car.

"What's the idea?" Russ flared as he handed them over. "You know what's in there, sheriff, as well as I do."

"I got no idea," said Stukely solemnly. "But we've had complaints from citizens who wonder what you're up to, drivin' this car all over." He peered into the rumble seat. "Aha!" he said. "Six cases. Unload 'em, Jim, and put 'em away. As for you, Fleet, come up to my office." And when he had closed the door: "This is a crazy thing for a man like you," he growled. "Caught cold in a felony that's worth five years!"

"Cut the comedy, sheriff. Are you trying to frame me? You can't get away with a trick like that."

"Fella, you don't know what I can get away with in this county."

"Well, I know a lot about the local rum trade. If I told it——"

"You ain't got a thing on me," Stukely told him. "You may have heard talk, but that ain't evidence."

With a sudden chill Russ realized that this was true; he knew Stukely was the master mind of county bootlegging, but he couldn't prove it. Whereas Stukely could prove plenty on him, now.

"I feel kind of sorry for you, Fleet," the sheriff was going on. "You used to be somebody, and now to come down to this! I'm goin' to give you a break.

"Fleet, I'm goin' to book you for speedin'—hold you in twenty dollars' bail for a hearin' at six o'clock tomorrow. If you're fool enough to show up for it my deputy'll remember what he found in your car. But if you just fade out tonight nobody'll ever bother you."

"Tonight?" Russ laughed. "Before the ball game, eh?"

"Before the ball game. I got five thousand bet on that game, Fleet. And without you that Acacia team will fold up. Of course you can stay and play if you'd rather; but if you play, Elmville's got to win. Then you'll be fined for speedin' and that's all—but if Elmville wins and it's your fault Acacia'll be too hot to hold you. And if you play and Elmville don't win, you'll get five years. So I thought you'd rather disappear and let 'em wonder what ever become of you."

"Oh, you did? You can't get away with it, sheriff. Earl Haslock would have to prosecute me."

Stukely laughed soundlessly. "And you and him used to be old friends? Yes, but I hear you've cut him out with his girl; I guess it wouldn't break his heart if he had to hang a felony on you. No, Fleet, I got you sewed up."

"But Earl's an Acacia man! If I tell him why you want me out of the way——"

"Try it," said Stukely unexpectedly. "He's over at the courthouse now. I'll call him up and ask him to step over."

He went out, turning the key in the lock. Russ looked at the barred windows; he'd look at barred windows for the next five years, unless . . . It seemed an hour before Stukely came back with Haslock.

"Russ, old man!" Haslock shook a sorrowful head. "I warned you about the company you were getting into, but I never expected this."

"Never mind the moral lecture, Earl. Stukely's just offered to let me sneak out of town tonight so that Elmville can win tomorrow."

"That's your story," Stukely grunted. "A cheap squeal, Fleet; I looked for a little gratitude when I offered to save you a five-year sentence. Here's how I figure it, Haslock. Fleet comes of a good family in Acacia; I'd hate to have him showed up this way. But I can't compound a felony without your say-so."

"It's very irregular," Haslock sighed. "But—we were boyhood friends, sheriff. It hurts me to see what he's sunk to. If he'll clear out tonight, it's all right with me."

"I don't doubt that," said Russ grimly. "But how about the ball game, Earl? People in Acacia have bet a lot of money on it."

"Is that my fault? Personally," said Haslock, "I think this excitement over baseball is silly. We'd outgrown it till you came back and stirred it up again. And why? Because you were too lazy to go to work like all the rest of us. You've thrown away the good name of your family, your standing in your home town—and then you insult men who offer to let you escape jail for old times' sake!"

"Still preaching, eh? Well, I deserve it," Russ sighed, "for being such a fool. I ought to have stayed in the city; I'm not fast enough for small-town Machiavellis like you two. All right. As I understand it, I'm free till six o'clock tomorrow night?"

"Don't think you're too free, fella," Stukely warned. "I'll have you tailed; if you try to double-cross me——"

"I wouldn't dare, sheriff. Now book me for speeding and let me go."

Five minutes later Russ drove the green car down the street. Around the corner Haslock was waiting.

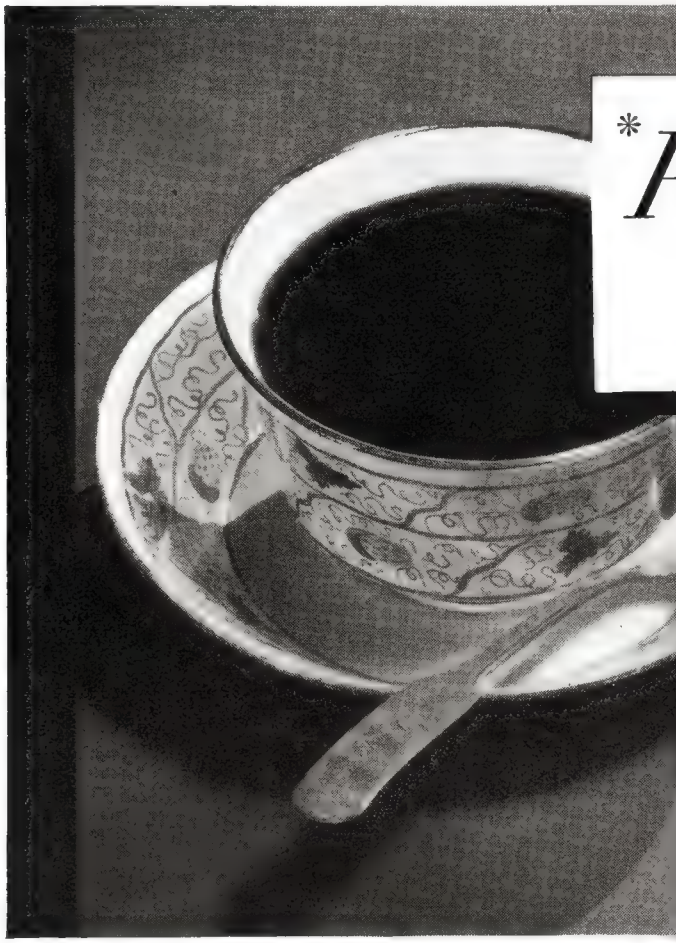
"Russ, old man, if you need money to get out of town I'll cash your check. I mean, you'll hardly want to go back to Acacia, after this."

"You seem pretty anxious that I shouldn't," said Russ dryly.

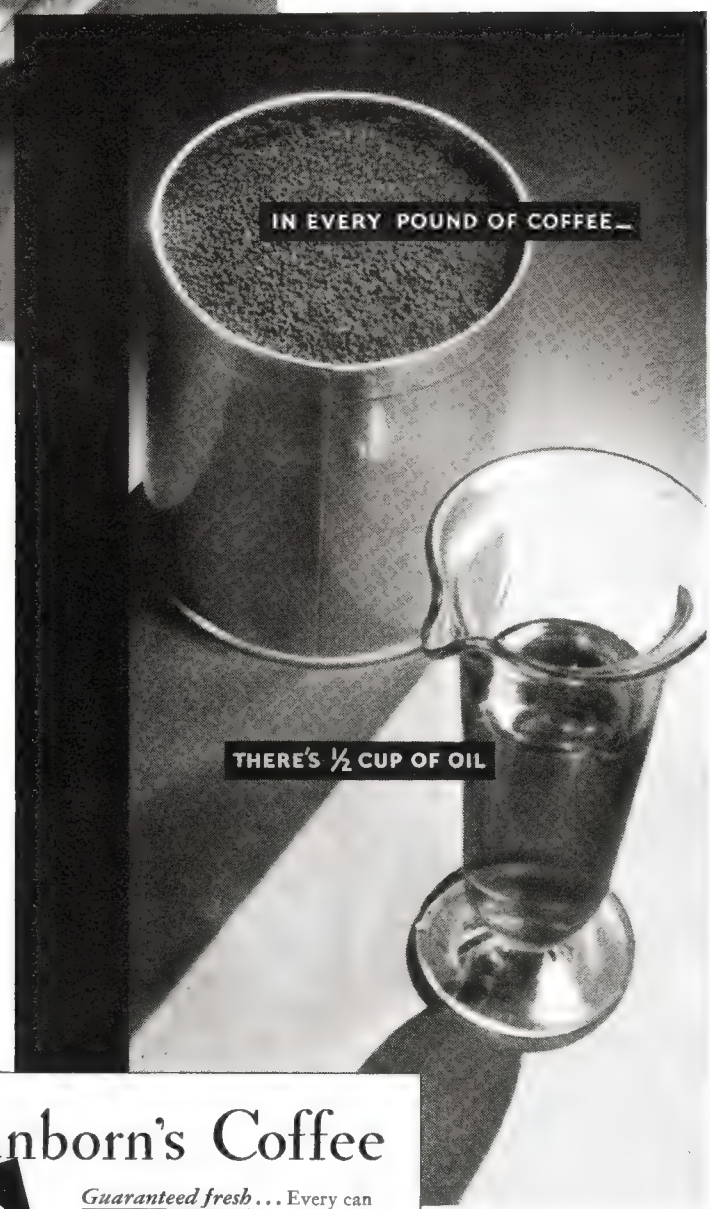
"I won't pretend I don't know what you mean; and I won't pretend I wasn't influenced by the way she'd feel if you went to the penitentiary. But believe me, Russ, I'm sorry—personally."

"Sorry! You know as well as I do that Stukely's head of the rum trade in this county."

Haslock leaned closer; his eyes were bright. "Russ, can you prove that? Lord knows I hate to work with a man like



Fresh—it Aids digestion



* SCIENTISTS *have given a new meaning to the term* fresh *as applied to coffee, by the discovery that coffee contains a delicate oil which, like butter, turns rancid. The moment this oil begins to turn, the coffee is no longer fresh. Most people, unknowingly, drink stale coffee.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT COFFEE is known at last! Fresh, it is a wholesome tonic to the nerves and digestive organs of all normal persons. Fresh, it *aids* digestion. Until now the reputation of coffee has suffered because it is so often *stale* when purchased. Stale coffee is bad, for this reason . . .

In each pound of coffee is approximately a half cup of delicate oil. This oil, like cream or butter, is perishable. Fresh, it is sweet and wholesome. Fresh, it carries the marvelous flavor and aroma which you crave in coffee. Stale, it is rancid and toxic. Stale, it frequently causes indigestion, nervousness, headache, sleeplessness.

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Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

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IN THIS DELICATE OIL, *when fresh, are the matchless flavor, the marvelous aroma, that make coffee the delightful, reviving drink we love!*

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Stukely. If I could show him up, run him out of the county, the man who gave me the information wouldn't need to worry about anything he might have done. Can you give me——"

Russ shook his head. "Not a thing, Earl. I ought to have looked after that—made sure I had as much on Stukely as he had on me. But it's too late now."

"Then you'd better be moving along," Haslock warned him. "Good-by, old man; and—better luck next time."

The green roadster rolled down the street that turned, at the edge of town, into the road to the city. But a mile down that road Russ turned off; an hour after nightfall he came into Acacia.

Bee had left the restaurant; Russ drove down a shaded street to the house where she roomed and saw her on the porch, alone. She started up eagerly.

"You didn't see me this afternoon, did you?" He stared at her. "Up in the city," she said. "On Midland Avenue. I waved, but you never saw me. I thought maybe you'd want to drive me home."

"My Lord!" he said. Of course he'd have brought her home if he'd seen her; and in that case he'd never have taken on a load of whisky, never been caught.

"What were you doing in the city?"

"Selling the restaurant. It's all settled. The money's in the bank and the new owner takes it over tomorrow. No, don't ask me why I'm selling it—not till tomorrow evening when the series is over."

"Bee!" He had to look away from her dancing eyes. "I've been the world's biggest fool. Sit still while I tell you . . ."

But as he talked he saw that he couldn't tell her quite all of it. When he was out of the way she'd naturally turn back, sooner or later, to Haslock; he'd done her enough harm without spoiling that. So he told Haslock's part in the story as Haslock might have told it himself. When he finished there was a long silence; and then she laughed.

"Well, it's lucky I've sold the restaurant. We can get out of town tonight."

"We?" he exploded. "A man who's been as big a fool as I have——"

"Needs a manager," she supplied calmly. "You've got plenty of stuff but somebody's got to show you how to use it. Well, your manager's elected; and it won't take her twenty minutes to pack."

"But I can't leave town tonight," he said. "About all the loose money in Acacia has been bet on that game tomorrow, and that would never have happened if it hadn't been for me. I can't let them down."

"But if you stay here and win that game, Stukely will get you!"

"He probably will. When I decided to stay, I—I hadn't supposed you'd want anything more to do with me. But even now, Bee, I don't see how I can let them down."

"If you feel you've got to stay, we certainly won't start out by doing something you'd be ashamed of," she decided. "You win that game if you can; and leave the rest to your manager. And now, since we didn't wait till the series was over, don't you think it's time to kiss me?"

Five hundred people packed the Elmville grand stand, five thousand stood or sat in parked cars along the foul lines. As Russ came in with the Acacia team he glanced down the third-base line where Bee sat alone in the green roadster—and then Stukely intercepted him.

"Decided to stay?" he asked with a grin. "I hear your clothes are still at the hotel and your money's still in the bank. But remember, fella, if Elmville don't win this game——"

"What do you think I'm here for?" Russ asked him cheerfully.

"You're here on account of that girl!" Stukely snorted. "I had to laugh at Haslock; he figured you'd run out on her. He's fit to be tied. But remember, Elmville's got to win."

"Sheriff, I remember every word you said. But you remember that one man can't always throw a game; you can't tell how the breaks will go."

Russ wasn't as cheerful as he seemed—but the breaks might save him, yet. Elmville might win the game honestly. But that would solve only one of Russ' problems. He had to get away if he could; but also he had to win that game and put one over on Stukely.

So he was nervous as he hadn't been since his first game in the big league when the Acacia lead-off man stepped up to the plate. That man fanned, the next two grounded out; and Jim Pierson, that usually dependable six-inning pitcher, cracked at the very start. He passed a man, hit another, got the next on a pop foul—but then came Shreve Hamer, Elmville's famous left-handed slugger. Pierson threw two wide ones, then in despair stuck the next pitch in the groove; Hamer slammed it to right center for three bases, two runs came in—and the Acacia crowd began to yell, "Take him out!"

Russ listened to them thoughtfully. If he took Pierson out he'd have to go in himself; but he couldn't last eight innings on his head and his reputation. He went over to the box, tried to calm Pierson—not very successfully, for he passed two more men. One more pass, one more hit, and they'd have to take him out.

But then came a circus catch in the outfield; Hamer scored after it but it made the second out. The next man slammed a liner to right but Russ snared it and the inning ended with Elmville leading, 3 to 0.

Russ opened the second with a hit, but his team mates couldn't advance him. Then Jim Pierson passed the first man on four pitched balls. As he touched the bag, edged down the base line, Russ was thinking hard. Nobody could blame him much for leaving Pierson in a little longer; all Acacia knew that Russ could hardly pitch eight innings. If Pierson let in another run or two before he was taken out, then it would be Pierson who had lost the game. Acacia couldn't blame Russ; and Stukely would believe Russ had lived up to his bargain.

"Ball one!" yelled the umpire. And then, "Ball two!"

"Stukely be hanged!" said Russ, and walked over to the box. "Sorry, Jim," he said. "Let's see what I can do with these birds from now on."

A moment later he was warming up, with a confident grin. The batter looked worried; he was facing the great Russ Fleet. But Stukely, on the Elmville bench, didn't look worried at all.

THE baseball handbooks will tell you that the greatest game Russ Fleet ever pitched was that two-hit shutout in a World Series, when he fanned fourteen men. But ask Russ Fleet and he'll tell you that the game that took most out of him was his last one—that struggle at Elmville. Inning after inning he tossed them in without a thing on the ball; and inning after inning nervous semipros bore down too hard, or swung too soon, or waited for a curve to break and watched a cripple split the plate.

Didn't they hit him? Of course they hit him—eight hits in seven innings, up to the ninth; eight hits and no runs. Always there were men on bases; but always in the pinch Russ knew what these small-town batters were looking for and threw them something else; and they popped out, or bounced into easy double plays. And meanwhile Acacia got a run in the third, another in the sixth; Elmville led, now, by only one run.

The first Acacia batter in the eighth got two bases on a wild throw; there followed a pass and a sacrifice; Russ came up with men on second and third, and one out. Logically, the Elmville pitcher would have passed Acacia's hardest hitter in such a situation; but Russ guessed that Stukely had told the pitcher to pitch to him, and that he expected Russ to do his duty. Now was the time to show Stukely. Russ faced the batter, grinning; took two strikes while he waited for the one he wanted. Here it was! He swung—and missed by a foot.

A MILE beyond the center-field fence was rising ground with a road running down toward the park; just as Russ swung the sun, glinting on the windshield of a car coming down that road, had flashed in his eyes. Stukely was certainly getting the breaks today. Russ walked back to the bench while the Elmville crowd screamed in derision; he kept on walking, to the green roadster. He knew what Stukely would think of that strike-out; but he had to know what Bee thought. He told her what had happened; and she laughed.

"Idiot! Did you suppose I thought you'd sold out?" Then, anxiously, "How's your arm, Russ? You're perfectly wonderful; can you keep it up?"

"Lord knows. I feel as if every pitch would be my last one. But I've only got to get six more men; if we can pick up a couple of runs somehow——"

A roar drowned his voice; a roar from the Acacia crowd. The man who followed him had doubled over the left fielder's head and the score was Acacia 4, Elmville 3. Russ looked at Bee somberly.

"I'll hold that lead if I can," he said. "But afterward——"

"Afterward, my dear, you stand still and wait for me."

So he held them in the eighth, though his shoulder was in agony with every pitch; Acacia went out in order in the ninth; Elmville came up for their last chance, one run behind. And now they changed their tactics; began to wait Russ out. The first batter calmly watched two wide pitches and swung on the first good one. The fielder got his hands on it—— A groan from the Acacia crowd, drowned by Elmville yells; he had dropped it. The batter got to third, and now Stukely would expect Russ to deliver.

The roar of the crowd died out suddenly as the next man stepped up to the plate, tense, eager to bat in the tying run. Too eager; Russ kept them low and he rolled out to the first baseman while the runner on third held his bag. He passed that man with only a single strike. In the Acacia crowd he heard a dull hum, and grinned at the perception that, even if he lost the game honestly, half the town would think he was bought. Well, he mustn't lose it.

The next batter took a ball, a strike, then popped a high foul almost into the stands. The catcher got it—but the man on first went down to second. Two on, two out—and Shreve Hamer coming up.

Russ pulled down his cap, wiped the perspiration off his forehead. Hamer was dangerous. It would be only sense to pass him, fill the bases, pitch to a less dangerous man. But Russ had to get it over with; he didn't dare waste a pitch. He glanced toward the green roadster. Bee had her compact out and was calmly powdering her nose.

Her coolness braced him; he wiped his

What she *really* wanted was Children

IT is curious how some minor fault may alter a person's life. Take the case of Miss Nickerson.

If you live in New York you may have seen Miss Nickerson walking up Park Avenue. A lithe woman in her late forties, with a streak of grey or two in her black hair, and a suggestion of a double chin. You would realize that once she must have been very beautiful. With her are two Pekingese dogs—always. Their pictures, with Miss Nickerson, frequently appear in the rotogravure sections.

People say that Miss Nickerson makes a fool of herself about them; that she acts downright silly. Having them sit at the table with her while she dines, for example. Putting each one in his little French bed. Sending them out for an airing in her car, jacketed as well and certainly more beautifully than children. Talking baby talk of the most banal kind to them.

The whole attitude sounds silly enough, but in Miss Nickerson's case it is not silly. It is tragic. Because these two pets of hers represent a bitter compromise with life.

If ever a woman was born who yearned for love, marriage, motherhood and children, Miss Nickerson was the woman. All of them were denied her.

What kind of sly trick had life played upon her? Why had fate singled out for punishment this great-hearted, charming woman? Many, many times she must have wondered about it herself.

After her debut in June, 1904, it seemed almost certain that she would marry a titled young English army officer whom she had met on the Riviera, when the Nickerson yacht had been in foreign waters. Nothing came of it.

Then in rapid succession other men paid serious court. At least so it seemed. But one by one they, too, drifted away. She didn't seem to be able to hold them. The years passed quickly and still Miss Nickerson was unmarried. Occasionally men still felt the force of her beauty and charm—but not for long.

When she was past forty, she seemed to give up any idea of romance. Most of her time and her money were devoted to her many charitable enterprises. The Nickerson Home for Crippled Children. The Nickerson Education Foundation. She busied herself in a round of activities for the good of others.

To those who did not know her, she seemed to be like a thousand other New York women. Sophisticated. Cold. Indifferent. But if you could see her at the end of the day, mothering the two Pekingese, you would realize that she was none of these things; that she was simply a lonely and disappointed woman.

. . . . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never realize when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. The one way to make sure your breath is beyond suspicion is to use Listerine systematically as a mouth wash.

For obvious reasons names and places referred to are fictitious

(Advertisement)

Before any social engagement

Many women, otherwise fastidious, neglect to rinse the mouth with Listerine before social engagements. Apparently the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath) never occurs to them.

Frankly it should be one's first concern. Because, due to natural processes in even normal mouths, anyone is likely to have halitosis. The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that the victim rarely realizes her affliction. And even a best friend won't tell.

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There is no scientific evidence that other antiseptic mouth washes exceed or even equal Listerine in deodorant power. Indeed recent experiences show that ordinary antiseptics fail to mask in 4 days odors that instantly yield to Listerine.

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the safe, pleasant deodorant

LISTERINE ENDS HALITOSIS

hands on his trousers and grinned at Shreve Hamer. He'd been pitching high and close in to Hamer all afternoon; Hamer didn't like them there. This time Russ tried one that cut the outside corner; Hamer watched it go past for a strike. Another—too wide; ball one.

Hamer swung on the third, but it had a little hop; he fouled it over the grand stand. Now Russ had him in the hole, could work on him. Another, around the neck; Hamer backed away from it—ball two. Another; ball three.

Five thousand people held their breath as Russ looked at Stukely, glowering in cold menace; at Bee sitting motionless, her compact still in her hand; at Shreve Hamer. He'd look for another one high and close in. Fool him, then; cross him with the kind he liked best, around his waist.

Russ stretched out, began his wind-up; poised an instant, he straightened out, hurled the ball—and knew, the instant it left his hand, that it was going wrong. It was going right where Shreve Hamer expected it, right where Stukely wanted it. Russ wanted to run after the ball, bring it back, pitch it again; the tiny fraction of a second seemed an age as he saw it float up to the plate; saw Hamer draw back and swing; saw a queer flicker of light on his face; heard the click of a foul tip, the thump of the ball sticking in the catcher's mitt for the third strike. And then, ripping the silence, the grinding rumble of a starting car.

A sudden roar of blended exultation and fury; in a wave the crowd poured out on the field; Russ saw men running toward him, and Stukely, his hand on his hip——

The crowd fell away from a green car coming straight across the diamond, gathering speed. As the roadster passed him, Russ leaped on the running board, clambered into the seat at Bee's side. The car shot ahead, straight toward the exit gate that had been opened, as always, the moment the last man was out.

Behind them was a confused shouting; Stukely's voice rose over all, "Stop them!" But nobody wanted to get in the way of the car; and Stukely, his gun in his hand, dared not shoot into the crowd. A moment, and they were out of the gate on the highway.

"Neat work!" Russ panted. "Where are we bound for—Acacia?"

"Florida," she said, watching the speedometer swing past sixty. "But we'll be safe when we're over the state line; you're only charged with speeding and they can't extradite you for that." She looked back. "Motor cycles," she said. "But we're leaving them behind. I wouldn't have dared try this if you hadn't had the fastest car in the county."

"You had it all figured out? I'm glad you did; I don't know that I could have asked you to leave everything like this."

She laughed. "I'm not leaving a thing. You're leaving your clothes, but they were beginning to look shabby, anyway. I expressed all my things to Miami this morning. You can check out your money from the Acacia bank when we get to Florida, and collect what you won on the series."

"I'll have to buy some clothes before I get to Florida. I don't want to get married in a baseball uniform."

"That's all right. I've got five thousand two hundred dollars in my hand bag. Take what you need, and pay me back when you get your money."

He glanced back; they had outdistanced all their pursuers.

"Then we start again," he said. "I came to Acacia to start again, and pretty well gummed that; but now that I've got a manager—— But I did one thing," he said. "I beat Elmville; beat Stukely. I'd be almost afraid to let you take a chance on me if I hadn't done that. But when I fanned Shreve Hamer in the pinch, without a thing on the ball—just outguessed him—— But that's all ancient history. Let's think about what comes next."

She was willing to let it remain ancient history. She might have told him that you can flash sunlight a long way with the mirror of a compact; and that a tiny flicker in Shreve Hamer's eyes at the critical moment might have made the difference between a foul-tip and an extra-base hit. But she was never going to tell him; she knew that a pitcher likes to get all the credit for winning a tight one, especially an old-timer who's been something of a prima donna in his day.

She was a smart manager.

He Swam His Way to Health (*Continued from page 43*)

arch in the back was not too high to tire or retard him. He even improved the Duke's kicking motion. He had Ross' relaxed, rolling, body motion. He could start as fast as Ross and he could turn the ends of the pool as fast as Hebner. He was a coordinated medley of their best motions.

But the only competition he ever had had was a stop watch, and the only gallery—the critical Bachrach.

Bachrach taught Weissmuller not only how, but why. Dozing beside the pool, apparently unnoticing as Weissmuller trudged along, Bachrach would suddenly come to life and shout, "What are you doing with your right arm?"

"Digging with it," Johnny would reply.

"Why?" Bachrach would blare.

"Because it gives me more power. I must put my hand in first to keep my shoulder up above water, so that the water will pass under my arm and not retard me."

Every other action of Weissmuller's swimming had to be explained at different times.

"It kept me constantly thinking about my form, so that I couldn't do it wrong if I tried," Weissmuller recalls.

Then came the day of Weissmuller's big chance—his first competition. It was in 1921 in the National Championship at Great Lakes Training Station outside Chicago. The canny Bachrach had timed every swimmer in the meet. He knew Weissmuller could swim circles around them. He sat chuckling as they went to the starting line.

"Don't lose your head," he had just told Johnny. "Don't try to outswim them. You can swim faster than any of them. Let them pace you until you reach the three-quarters mark. Then you sprint. When you start out in front, the little man with the lead hammer will hit them on the head, and then watch them fall back."

The result was just as Bachrach had advertised. Overnight Weissmuller became the swimming sensation of the world and started his championship career, which continued until he retired undefeated.

Strangely enough, Weissmuller's greatest and fastest swimming achievements were not performed in competition. In his races he merely swam fast enough to win. He made the lead man pace him. When the contender found he was leading Weissmuller, he attempted to double his efforts. His hands would flay the water. Form would be disregarded. Then came exhaustion while Weissmuller calmly sprinted to victory.

When Weissmuller wanted to break a record he would go in search of a "fast" pool. Water is either fast or slow. Varying conditions make it so: dimension of the pool, area, density of the water, depth, fresh or salt water. A pool with scuppers always is faster. When swimmers plunge into a pool they create waves. If this water can roll over scuppers, the pool is fast. If the water hits the sides and rolls back, it retards the swimmer and makes him slow.

Weissmuller is adept at locating "fast" water. I have seen him work out in a new pool for hours to determine its speed advantages.

Finding such a pool, he would notify Bachrach. Together they would decide on the record to be broken. Then they would spend days in secret practice. Strokes would be speeded against stop watches until it was easy for Weissmuller to keep his fast gait. He would break the record for days before the official timers were called. Then he would officially establish the record.

Strategy and psychology are just as important in swimming as in other sports and in life. Shortly after becoming the swimming sensation, Weissmuller went to Honolulu to compete in the National Championships. There was only one swimmer Weissmuller feared. It was the famous Duke Kahanamoku, whose form was used, in part, in training Weissmuller. Bachrach realized the mental handicap, so when they arrived at the scene of the meet, he called on the Duke and told him of the prowess of the youngster.

"I'll give him a good trimming," countered the Duke.

"Yeah?" bantered Bachrach. "What's your record for the distance?"

The Duke told him.

"Well, tomorrow morning you come out with me and hold the watch on this lad's trial," blustered Bachrach.

Johnny never had seen the Duke, the scarecrow in his swimming fields, so he paid no attention to the husky man who accompanied him and Bachrach to the morning practice. Bachrach told the Duke to time the trial with his own watch. Weissmuller flashed into the water and broke the Duke's existing record by three seconds. The time was with the Duke's own watch and he was the clocker. That night, the newspapers reported that the Duke was ill, which he was, indeed. Weissmuller won all the events.

"But I couldn't have beaten him that day in competition had I raced against him, knowing it was the Duke," Weissmuller now confesses. "I would have been scared to death of him. Later it would have been easier, because the championship and a reputation are valuable assets."

It never pays to have too much confidence, however. In the National Championships in Chicago in 1927 Weissmuller was called by his team because of the illness of Walter Laufer, backstroke champ, to represent the I.A.C. in this peculiar competition. It had been two years since Weissmuller, free-stroke champion, had swum backstroke in competition. But the team needed the points and there didn't seem to be anybody entered who could beat Johnny

TEJERO of Barcelona

MME. DAHLSTRAND of Stockholm

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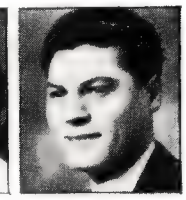
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ALL over the world, lovely women are learning to retain their cherished loveliness . . . learning from authorities in beauty culture. Such men as Niraus, of Madrid; Pierre, of New York. Such women as Jacobson, of London; Dahlstrand, of Stockholm; Rose Laird, of New York.

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"Madame La Princess X—," says a noted Parisian specialist, "was a woman of only 30 or 35, but alas, her skin had the withered look of age.

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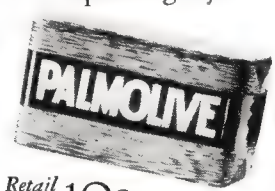

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on his back, especially since he was swimming in this fashion within one second of Laufer's record.

"I looked the starting line over as we waited for the gun," Johnny recalls. "There was only one boy I didn't know. His name was Kojac. He was a big, heavy-muscled lad from New York. 'He'll tie himself up in knots,' I told myself. The race started and Kojac set the pace. When I got ready to sprint he was away ahead and I couldn't even attempt to catch him. No wonder! He broke the world's record by two seconds."

When they met after the race, Kojac chided Johnny. "So you're supposed to be the world's champion," said Kojac. "From now on I'm the champ."

Weissmuller, of course, was swimming out of his stroke. Even Laufer the champion, however, would have been beaten by this new backstroke sensation.

When they got back in the dressing rooms, Kojac continued to taunt Weissmuller. "I'll give you a good trimming in the 220 tomorrow," he said.

"Little boy," Johnny finally told him, "today you were swimming on your back, which is like walking. Tomorrow you'll be on your stomach. That's like riding an airplane. When you win, you want to learn to say you're lucky."

Weissmuller did defeat him and subsequently the two became friends. In fact, Weissmuller believes that Kojac will be his successor in amateur ranks.

Weissmuller, competing in two Olympic games—at Paris in 1924 and at Amsterdam in 1928—won three first-place positions at Paris and two at Amsterdam.

Two years ago he retired and went to work. "The life of an amateur is difficult. It is not the best training for the future," he told his employers in my presence. "Swimming made a healthy man out of a sickly boy in my case. But it cost me an education. I had to eat, breathe and live swimming. I wasn't even allowed to dive off the ten-foot board, which was my only recreation in the water. My coach did make me go to night school, and I managed to get through high school. I gave up college for swimming. I couldn't leave Bachrach, my coach, if I wanted to become champion. He is the best coach in the world, and I knew it. Then I decided I was getting no place, so I quit amateur ranks and went to work."

So the fastest human in water, the man who held the championship twice as long as any two other champions and whose records will be standing for many a year, believes it is all in vain.

Weissmuller is training to be a sales executive, but three months each year his employers permit him to travel over the United States holding huge swimming classes in the larger swimming centers. He hopes to give a million children the rudiments of the strokes which made him champion. He thinks everyone should learn to swim because it develops long, supple muscles, not the knotty muscles of other sports.

Weissmuller got married a few months ago—just as rapidly as he swims. He met Bobbe Arnst, petite Broadway musical-comedy star, at Miami Beach, while they were on a swimming party. Three weeks later they were wed.

"If we have any children, I want them to swim, but I won't force them to; I'll do everything to coax them to swim, but I'll never insist. Boys can be taken to the water at three or four years of age, but girls should begin later, and never should enter competitive swimming. Long training makes them man-muscled. I like to see girls feminine. Swimming is good for girls—but not too much."

With all his success in the water, Weissmuller is disappointed. He didn't want to be a swimmer; he wanted to be a fancy diver. Every time I see him in a pool, he practices his dives. They are terrible. But he certainly can swim.

You're Wrong About That! (*Continued from page 89*)

that popular notions can be believed is itself wrong. Also the notion that if a thing has been believed for ages it has a greater likelihood of being true. The fact is just the opposite.

This is especially true of national beliefs. Take, for example, the notion that Betsy Ross designed the American flag. Bosh! There is no critical evidence that remotely indicates that she had anything to do with it.

Mr. R. C. Ballard Thruston, of Louisville, Kentucky, one of the ablest students of the history of our flag, has assured me there is no evidence that a special committee was appointed by Congress to consult Betsy Ross about the flag. "The Spirit of '76," the picture that shows the Stars and Stripes above the musicians, according to the best authorities, is pure mythology.

In fact, the first Flag Act of the Continental Congress was passed on June 14, 1777. This Act ordained the Stars and Stripes. However, since the British Navy had always carried one flag and the army another, the navy adopted this flag over two years before the American Army adopted it.

It is extremely doubtful that the Stars and Stripes was carried by any regiment during the entire Revolutionary War. The only Stars and Stripes carried by any part of the army was carried by the North Carolina Militia at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse, March 15, 1781. So another beautiful myth is seen to be mostly moonshine.

Another popular belief, which Mr. Arthur Weigall, the historian, has knocked into a cocked hat, is the notion that "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." Poor Nero! He not only *did not know how to fiddle but was head of the fire brigade!* According to Mr. Weigall in his fine and scholarly volume on Nero, this gentleman when the fire broke out was at his country estate.

And that explodes the popular notion that he set the place on fire for the fun of watching it burn. He rushed back to town and spent six days and nights working like a Trojan—or like a Roman, it being another wrong notion that the Trojans worked harder than anybody else—and organizing fire brigades all over Rome trying to put the fire out.

When, however, it got out near his own magnificent home with its great collection of art treasures and he saw it was doomed, he stood on the river bank in front of the house and sang a funeral dirge, for Mr. Weigall states that Nero was one of the greatest singers that ever lived—a tall, robust, red-haired, freckled-faced opera singer, more interested in his music than in fires or in burning Christians. Thus do our notions crumble one by one before the onslaught of truth!

Coming to notions about ourselves, I can think of none more deeply believed than the notion that you can remember faces better than names. You hear the exclamation a dozen times a day, "Oh, I can remember faces but my mind is a perfect sieve when it comes to names." Why, my dear friend, if you looked for five minutes or an hour at the name as you often do at the face, of course you would remember it better.

Another notion that science has exploded is that you can improve your sense of pitch in music by practice. Music teachers vehemently assert that they do this with their pupils, but Dean Carl E. Seashore, of Iowa University, who has founded almost the whole psychology of music, has demonstrated this is not true. He has tested pupils and then put them through prolonged study of music, and after years of effort their sense of pitch has remained the same.

It is the same with a sense of rhythm. You have it or you haven't it. Doctor Hazel M. Stanton, psychologist of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, formerly one of Dean Seashore's pupils, after years of experiment on large numbers of students has given added proof of this fact of nature.

You often hear music teachers say, "Why, when that boy came to me he couldn't sing a note, couldn't strike the pitch at all, and now he sings in perfect tune." Certainly; but what have they done? They have not improved his sense of pitch but *his control over his muscles*, so he can tune them with his sense of pitch. All he has learned is to tune his muscles.

The general trend of psychological experiment is towards the belief that our fundamental capacities cannot be greatly improved. We can improve their *expression* in many ways, and their numerous, indeed infinite combinations, but such fundamental capacities as musical ability, mechanical ability, arithmetical ability, and what is called loosely—because we know so little about it—"general intelligence," probably do not greatly improve with practice.

Why should they? As Dean Seashore has often said to me, in effect: A boy of twelve can see as well, as far and as keenly as he ever will see. No amount of practice will greatly improve his eyesight. But as his knowledge expands he recognizes much better what he sees, fits it in with his other knowledge and thus gains better and clearer *ideas*. Most psychologists believe this is probably true in the main of all our fundamental capacities and skills.

So it goes with all notions not founded on science. Take the notion that women can drive automobiles as well as men. The psychologist Vitelles and his colleagues have shown by prolonged study that *women have twice as many accidents a mile as men and the accidents cost three times as much.*

Personally, I think this suggests that women should be given much stiffer examinations and much more training than they are now given before being granted licenses to drive. But they need not be offended at this opinion of mine, for the psychologists have demonstrated that examinations for men should be about five times as stiff as they are now and a large percentage of men drivers should have far more training. Doctor Bingham, the psychologist, has demonstrated that most accidents are caused not so much by unfit persons as by untrained persons.

But the women should take courage because science has exploded one popular notion that has been held against them and that is that a woman is naturally a poorer mechanic than a man. "Just like

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a woman!" the male of the species exclaims when he sees a woman trying to repair an auto or a door lock or some mechanical contrivance.

Well, the University of Minnesota has had a group of psychologists at work on a four-year research on mechanical aptitude and how to measure it. It has been under the general direction of the psychologist Donald G. Paterson. As they put it, they find "no sex differences in mechanical aptitude." So there, ladies, you may confidently assert that while you may not have the mechanical interest that mere men have, or their mechanical training, you have just as much natural ability.

THERE are also a vast group of popular notions about "the plastic mind of the child," and the ability of children to learn faster than grown people, most of which the psychologists have thrown into the scrap heap. We have always been told that childhood is the "language-learning period." Well, Professor E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia, has demonstrated that you can learn languages much faster when you are twenty-five to forty years old than at any period prior to the age of fifteen. Just another bunch of popular beliefs that have to go to pot!

And if we look into some of the larger assumptions about the social life of human beings and their social psychology, science shoots all our popular notions full of holes. Let us take the notion that the royal families of Europe are mostly feeble-minded or fools. True, they have no outstanding geniuses now, so far as we know, but they have produced more truly great men and women than any other families of which we have any record in all history.

All this is related to another popular notion: namely, that wealth, rank and power cause a family to degenerate in blood, intelligence and character. Not an iota of evidence in all history that this is true! Indeed, quite to the contrary; as people rise in wealth and power they marry their sons and daughters to similar families and intensify the genius of the breed. They pyramid their biological gains and this continues until they make unlucky marriages or some national upheaval sweeps them from both wealth and power.

And that brings us to another popular notion which has no foundation in fact—the notion that nearly all rich men's sons go to the devil. It is true, even in these piping times of Prohibition, that rich men's sons can purchase champagne and publicity and go to the devil more conspicuously than poor men's sons; but that they do so at any higher rate in proportion to their numbers, there is not a scintilla of evidence. Indeed, all the evidence we have points to the contrary conclusion.

"The preacher's bad boy" is another national tradition. Indeed, we have the popular explanation that this unfortunate boy's extraordinary wickedness is due to his being suppressed and reared under such strict supervision.

In order to answer this piece of popular nonsense, instead of walking past the gallows and penitentiaries, let us walk through the Hall of Fame, where busts have been erected to honor America's supreme geniuses. Out of the first fifty-one we find ten—that is, about one-fifth—were the sons or daughters of preachers! Since there is only one preacher to about five hundred people and since his sons furnish one-fifth of our great men, a little calculation shows that the son of a preacher has about fifty times as many chances of becoming a leader as the son of a man picked at random.

In addition, while the ministers' sons constitute probably not more than one-fiftieth of our population, they furnish one-twelfth of the American leaders distinguished enough to have their biographies written up in Who's Who.

In fact, my friend, I don't care what you believe about any matter of fact or natural law, if it is not the result of scientific investigation, you are dead wrong about it. Let us turn from the royal families and the Hall of Fame to such a commonplace phenomenon as bald-headedness. It is almost universally believed that this affliction or blessing, as you may view the matter, is due to wearing tight hatbands.

Bald-headedness has nothing to do with tight hatbands. It is a simple matter of heredity. The heredity is extremely complex, but to be technical for a moment, it is what is called a "recessive" trait in women and a "dominant" trait in men. A dominant trait is one that rarely, if ever, skips a generation because it usually will show if it comes from only one parent. A recessive trait shows little, if at all, unless it comes from both parents. The net result is that there are probably twenty-five bald-headed men to one bald-headed woman.

Another popular notion on which you can win barrels of money by betting that it isn't so, is the notion that child prodigies are nearly always frail, anæmic, washed-out and neurotic, and that they usually peter out and die young. Professor Lewis Terman, and his colleagues of Stanford University, studied one thousand of the child prodigies of California. Some of them ranked in sheer intelligence with the great geniuses of the world.

He also had them measured with most accurate instruments in thirty-seven different physical measurements and in *every* physical measurement their average was superior to the average measurement of a thousand children picked up at random. They had on the average bigger arms, necks, legs, chests and hips than other children. These brilliant children were, on the whole, all-around superior human beings; and this is true of young geniuses everywhere. It is the occasional prodigy who goes to pieces on whom people base this wrong belief.

This bit of popular flapdoodle links right in with that other notion that is universally held—namely, that great geniuses are mostly physical weaklings. In answer, it is safe to say that if you could take the thousand greatest geniuses that ever lived you would find them better men and women physically, far better athletes *at any time of life* than any one thousand men and women that could be picked up at random. I could cite hundreds of individual examples, but I recall the death of Titian the painter at the age of one hundred. He died hard at work and his biographer says, "His death came as a surprise to his friends." A man whose death at the age of one hundred comes as a surprise to his friends is hardly a physical weakling!

This would be drawing a general conclusion from a special case if there were not hundreds of other examples of the physical strength and prowess of geniuses almost as striking. In fact, Doctor J. McKeen Cattell, the psychologist, has shown that there are *five times as many men of genius still living at the age of seventy as is true of ordinary people.* This is sufficient evidence of their superior vitality. In addition, Professor Terman found that the grandparents of his brilliant youngsters lived several years longer than the average.

Geniuses, as a general rule, are merely superior mortals. What notion, for instance, is more universal than the notion that geniuses are lopsided? Professor Terman made exhaustive investigations into this popular fallacy and found his gifted children were as good all-around persons as the average. They knew as much about sports at nine as average children know at twelve.

There is one other popular notion in the same field, and that is the notion that most geniuses are dissipated and immoral. "What else could you expect of a genius?" is the exclamation we nearly always hear when a famous musician or writer runs off with another man's wife and forgets to return her.

This does happen on rare occasions among persons of genius, but people fail to notice it is happening among common folks right along. It happens so often that it hardly makes news. A friend of mine has been searching for years to find three great scientific geniuses who have been dissipated, but has not been able to find them.

In fact, extensive researches have been made by numerous scholars on this point. The universal conclusion is that as you go up in the scale of human intelligence, on the average you go up in moral character. I could cite a volume of evidence but it all shows one thing, and that is that bright people are better morally than stupid people.

So, I am sorry, but you are wrong about that.

Indeed, you are wrong about everything I can think of if you did not get your opinions from the scientists. Here is another one—the notion that nearly all our great men were born in the country. Bosh! The city produces nearly three times as many great men in *proportion to its population* as the country.

Every investigation has supported the conclusion that city people are, on the average, brighter than country people. Professor Stephen S. Visher, of Indiana University, has recently made a study of the twenty thousand or more prominent Americans in Who's Who. He finds about two and a half times as many were born in the city as in the country in proportion to population. Professor Alfred Odin studied the great men of France over a period of five hundred years. He compared those born in Paris with those born on the farms and found that the number of Paris-born geniuses beat all the farm-born geniuses of France by a ratio of thirty-five to one.

Awfully sorry, but you are really terribly wrong about that.

I AM sorry, too, that you are wrong on the notion that most great men were born from "poor but honest parents." As a simple matter of fact, the majority of the great men of history have come from fairly well-to-do and even from rich parents. Professor Odin, just mentioned, found that wealth beat poverty three hundred to one in producing the celebrated men of French history.

Another popular notion that Professor Odin knocked into a cocked hat is the notion that the nobility is effete and degenerate. He found that while the nobility of France has constituted only one percent of the population, its "effete" and "degenerate" members have produced twenty-five percent of the celebrated Frenchmen of the past five centuries—twenty-five times their expected production of persons of genius!

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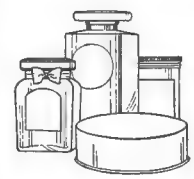

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that are wrong, many of them of enormous significance. A beautiful one is the notion that there is an undertow. I suppose about five thousand people in America are drowned every year by the "undertow." Yet extensive experiments by members of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey have shown there is no such thing as an undertow. I imagine a group of sailors would mob me for making this simple assertion.

Along the same line, a great many people are killed every year by our "equinoctial storms." The Weather Bureau of the United States has examined the records for sixty years and finds there are no such things as equinoctial storms. They cannot discover that the equinox has any effect in causing wind.

An Englishman by the name of A. S. E. Ackerman has collected several thousand of these popular notions of more or less importance and exploded them all.

Partly from his collection and partly from my own I might list a few that have long been held among our most cherished mental souvenirs:

That parents can predetermine the sex of their children.
That there is a "law of compensation" in nature, Emerson to the contrary.
That you can tell what men will make good husbands by the "sign" they were born under.
That you can predict future events by the stars.
That blind persons have an extraordinary sense of touch.
That musicians are more temperamental than other people.
That drinking by the parents sets up a taste for alcohol in the children.
That alcohol affects brilliant men more than ordinary men.
That musicians and artists are lacking in common sense.
That a remarkable memory indicates feeble-mindedness.
That persons of great ability in one direction are weak in others.
That brilliant children overwork their minds.
That fast learners forget more quickly than slow learners.
That fast workers make more mistakes than "slow but sure" workers.
That dogs will draw lightning.
That iron bedsteads are dangerous in a thunderstorm.
That sitting in a draft in an electrical storm is dangerous.
That there are as many potential women geniuses as there are men.
That women are not logical but "intuitive."
That some people have a "sixth sense."
That brilliant persons go insane more frequently than dull persons.
That you can't reason with a woman.

We must remember it has not been so very long since we could have added to this list the notion that the earth was flat. *The notion that the earth is round is not a popular notion but a scientific discovery.* It is hard to realize that it took centuries of blood and persecution to establish what seems now so obvious a truth.

I hope I shall not be persecuted for setting forth these few popular fallacies. However, I must add one more to the list because Mrs. Wiggam and I have worked to explode it. That notion is that beauty and stupidity go together. "Beautiful but dumb" is one of the dearest beliefs that we homely folks cherish in order literally to save our faces.

Mrs. Wiggam and I have made extended studies of this important problem —and I have presented the evidence against it in one of my books. I cannot review it here, but we found that beauty tends strongly to be associated with brains both in men and women. Even when we gave wide latitudes to different ideas as to what is a good-looking or beautiful person, we found no difficulty in showing that men and women of intelligence are, as a general rule, better-looking than the average. You see plenty of exceptions, which is what gives rise to the beautiful-but-dumb theory, but the rule is the other way about.

On this point Doctor David Weschsler, a psychologist, tested the brains of a number of the supposedly "dumb chorus girls" on Broadway. He found the astonishing fact that these chorus girls, who are among America's most beautiful women, averaged higher on the army mental tests than male college students. The average score on these tests of the American soldiers was 61; the average of actors generally is 75; of business men 86; of college women 130 and of college men 127. But these chorus girls, taken at random, averaged 128!

Thus, the "silly chorus girl whose only asset is her beautiful face"—or beautiful legs—evidently has a high asset of intelligence as well. And, speaking of beautiful legs (purely with the cold-blooded attitude of a man of science, you understand), I have found that women with beautiful feet tend to be slightly above the average in intelligence and character.

I cannot l e go into the evidence on this whole i portant question of beauty and brains. But one thing is certain: since men pick their wives out, as a first approximation, on what they think, at least, are good looks, if they are thus picking out the dumb-bells and rearing children from them, it is plain the human race is headed towards beautiful stupidity. We are rapidly producing a race of lovely dumb-bells.

Rather a sorry outlook! Fortunately, however, nature proposes to keep the race going forward; to insure this she clothes her brains, especially in women, with a fair share of good looks.

I am frightfully sorry if I have seemed cocksure or dogmatic, but as a matter of fact I am not so at all. I have simply pointed out what are mostly mere commonplace truths in the field of science. These are always just the opposite of popular opinions.

You can go on with hundreds of these popular fallacies and you will find that every belief about natural law that has grown up from popular impressions is incorrect. There is no safe guide for forming our opinions and beliefs about nature except the guide of science. Sometimes even this is misleading, but science is always reexamining its own opinions and trying to discover better and truer ones. The popular mind does not do this.

Since, then, you find that all popular notions are wrong, my final question is, Why have any beliefs about them at all until science has explored them and found out the truth? Even if you hold such an opinion it cannot be of any use to you, because you can be certain you are dead wrong about it. On the other hand, take it from me, you can easily get rich by wagering your neighbor that he is simply talking through his hat whenever he expresses any popular beliefs about natural law.

I Was Condemned to Hang (*Continued from page 35*)

realization every now and then cut through me with renewed anguish.

They never leave you alone in the murderer's cell. The figure in the dark blue uniform watches you from dawn to dawn, from desolate night to agonizing day. She becomes a symbol of the thing they are going to do to you. Her face assumes the shape and likeness of the judge who sentences; her hands are the hangman's who will fasten on the noose.

Over and over again I used to beg for solitude. It seemed to me, given possession of myself for even a little time, I might find some rag of hope to hold, some word of power that would subdue the lurking terror that as the days wore on came ever nearer.

But the appeal had no effect. "It is against the rules," the wardress answered.

"Am I never to be alone?" How many times have the walls of that cell listened to that cry? How often have they seen the hopeless eyes, the twitching lips of the unhappy captive who waits and waits and waits for the end so illimitably far away, so stealthily near?

It is curious how nature tries, even against one's will, to protect an overcharged brain. There were moments when the inevitable almost faded out of sight; when I remembered with an aching solace the green country meadows, the sound of the wind in the trees. But always, after such respite, the agony of death came on me with a sharper pang; the terror of hanging seemed almost to take an actual shape. It punctuated all my thoughts; it became palpable as a rhythm. An insistent beat seemed to phrase the words, "hanged—hanged—to be hanged."

The thought of suicide came to me again and again. If I could kill myself I should have nothing more to fear, I argued, and I tried to plan some means of ending everything. But always the watching figure stood between me and release. There was no escape. I could not surrender my life; it must be taken from me.

They brought me books to read, suggested I might like a game of cards or draughts, and all the while I knew the days were going and the nights were passing. Soon there would be only minutes. I had not kept count of time and I could not bring myself to ask how many days were left to me. Sometimes it fell upon me in the night—the fear of that morning when I should look my last upon earthly things . . .

I do not think it was the actual thought of death that terrified me. From our birth his shadow walks with us; always he waits in the subconsciousness so that when the moment comes we may feel resigned and take his hand. But to be deflowered of life, the precious breath choked back into the lungs, the beating heart torturously stopped—it was this that stifled me, that stood between me and all hope of reconcilement.

The cell itself was charged with unnamable fears. The stark walls were drenched with agony. Within the tragic smallness of that space there had been doomed creatures, stained with human blood, reserved—as I was reserved—for the hangman's hand. Had they, too,

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"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

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Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

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In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

agonized and faltered, rebelled and cowered?

The sense of their guilt seemed to press down upon my soul. Innocence did not help me. I was caught—as they had been caught—in the law that demands a life for a life.

Curiously enough I found myself sometimes eating with a certain relish. As a rule during those days the thought of food sickened me, but there were moments when in a desperate attempt to feel normal I would order a careful meal. For you may choose your menu in the condemned cell.

In twenty, fourteen, seven days, tomorrow or this morning they will hang you by the neck. Meanwhile, you may eat turbot, chicken, fried bacon, apple tart. A fattening-up for the kill!

So unrelieved in suffering were my days that when I ate I used to play a ghastly game. I would try to pretend that I was not in prison but in a restaurant. I would have my dainty meal and then go to a matinée. I would choose a favorite play and, holding back reality, would recreate the whole performance. And then, when the curtain fell, terror again would swoop back on me, and I would feel that I wanted to dash myself against the walls, to blot out the face of the woman watching me.

And then I would find myself back in the past with those I loved. The tiniest details would rise up between me and that dreadful cell. Memory would reveal her pictures.

But for me there was no comfort in those vivid scenes; they only made the loneliness that followed more cruel.

It was as though my cell was slowly turning into a coffin. The walls seemed literally to be closing in. I used to start up and beg for space. I came to have a personal hatred for each detail of my surroundings. Just as a sick woman will lie in bed and measure with maddening repetition the space between two pictures, so my mind would fasten on a crack in the wall; I would wait for the deepening of a shadow in the corner. If only I could wake one morning to find those hideous trifles changed!

At times it seemed that the wardress and I were the only people left in the whole world. I felt so utterly cut off from humankind that it became a dreadful urge to feel physical contact with another creature. The hunger for my kind grew so keen that I welcomed the dreary exercise in the prison yard.

I think perhaps the most agonizing moments I endured were when, quite suddenly, there came upon me the conviction that had I acted differently during my trial I might have been found innocent. Over and over I went through question and answer, answer and question. The face of the prosecuting counsel bore down upon me, implacable, as it seemed, in his desire for my death.

All the hate, the malignancy, the inhumanity of the whole world seemed to be centered in his eyes. I was bound to the grinding wheel of merciless interrogation. Perhaps if I had protested more vehemently against the twisted truths that enveloped me, I might have beaten my way to liberty.

I fancied myself back in the court. I framed quick, pressing replies; destroyed counsel's arguments. But I knew it was all useless; that whatever proof of innocence I might frame in my thoughts, it would be unavailing. Nothing could push back the walls of the murderer's cell. Condemned I had been, and condemned I remained.

It seemed to me that the world had become a cruelly automatic place in which mere might was right. All my young beliefs in justice, mercy, sheer humanity, broke in my hands. There was nothing left to which I could appeal.

The chaplain spoke to me of God, but His name had lost all meaning. What was God? In the old days I had called on Him in poignant happiness or urgent need, but there could be no happiness for me now, and I was past all help.

I tried to reach out for acceptance of the fact that I must die within the measured time, but always the terror defeated me. I longed for them to take me unexpectedly before I knew death was upon me; and then, in a swift revulsion, I was almost grateful for delay.

I would suddenly feel the hempen noose on my neck and fight in despairing feebleness to keep it from me. Rope! The word took form and substance. At those moments I lost all self-control.

I cannot even now believe that I was only ten days under sentence of death. It might have been a lifetime of agony, for the days and the nights became blurred in a mist of terror. I seemed to live a hundred lives and die a thousand deaths. Hope, courage, love—all seemed destroyed. I was no longer a woman but a quivering mass of tortured nerves and abject flesh.

The doctor used to come to see me. He took my pulse, sounded my heart, muttered something about medicine. Once he said he hoped that I felt better! Those were his very words. They dripped from him quite meaninglessly, like froth, and I found myself laughing hysterically.

With a touch of his hand he murmured sympathy. Sympathy? I remember asking myself why. Because in such a little while I should be dead? And it all came back again. Hanged—hanged—to be hanged.

It became difficult to disentangle suffering from unconsciousness, but certain moments stamped themselves imperishably on my memory. I recall hearing my own voice in a harsh cry. I can still feel the grip of the wardress shaking me to quietness. I can still hear myself scream out: "You can't hang me; you can't hang me! I didn't do it! Oh, say you believe me!" But the reassurance never came.

Steady, quiet, herself in invulnerable safety, the wardress compromised. "There, there," she said in dreadful kindliness, and I realized that I should die guilty in her eyes as in all the world's.

There was little more for me to suffer after that. I had been taken from the cell, pinioned on the scaffold, muffled in the hanging sack; had felt the rope upon my neck sixty times an hour, until my mind and body could sense nothing else . . .

I remember vaguely voices trying to rouse me, trying to prick me into consciousness, but I was sunk in stupor, where I willed to remain.

They kept on breaking in. Dully at first, but later with urgent insistence they said it: "You are free. Listen, you are free!"

The wickedness; the cruelty! It was a trick. I knew it. My time had come! They wanted to get me quietly to the scaffold; to lead me gently on by Judas promises. As through a mist I saw the dread familiar faces—the chaplain, the doctor, the governor. Had they all come to see me die?

With a sudden bodily convulsion I got upon my feet. "Take me. I am ready." I set my will to say the words, but whether I whispered or shouted them I shall never know.

All I can remember is falling . . . falling . . .

Later, in hospital, I understood with my external mind what had happened. I was free.

I had escaped the hangman's noose only by a hair's breadth. The crime was unexpectedly traced to a man arrested for robbery with violence. Investigations fastened suspicion on him and under interrogation he broke down and confessed; life was given back to me.

But, strangely, I felt no comfort. I had been so near to death they might as well have finished. It only meant another creature must go through it all; my flesh shrank from the thought.

Gradually my consciousness took in the truth; my will accepted it. I crawled back to the world and in a maimed fashion took up life again. But though free, I remain a prisoner—a prisoner to the past. And I can see no release.

Time, they say, heals memory, salves hurt. It may be so with natural grief or pain. To most of us suffering, like death, comes quietly and with preparedness. We go to meet them for ourselves and for our loved ones and so find peace. But for me there is no peace.

I was young, strong, pulsing with eagerness, full of joy in the simple, steadfast things of life . . . And then from a clear sky horror descended. The charge of murder; the ghastly nightmare of a distorted trial; prison; the condemned cell.

It is as clear to me now as though it had been yesterday. The awful terror comes upon me in the night. I am swept with rage and pain when I remember. Never can things be sweet or normal to me again. The simplest acts of life are rooted in suspicion: nothing seems just; nothing seems fair.

There are moments when I do forget, but suddenly I am caught back again by some small thing—the sound of a key grating in a lock, and I am once more in the condemned cell; the measured tread of a policeman on his beat, and I see the court. My mind starts on an endless chain of suffering.

People are kind to me now and the actual details of the trial have faded into oblivion. I have changed my name, and the world has forgotten. But *I* can never forget.

Sometimes I wonder if I am hardened, for even affection seems powerless against the ice in my soul. I think something has died within me: I have lost the power to grow.

They did this to me, those who would not listen, who would not believe; those who came day after day to the court to watch me, not in sympathy but with a furtive curiosity, a secret hope that they might hear a woman sentenced to her death.

I suppose I, too, must once have shared some of that curiosity and with my friends discussed the details of a crime, analyzed the motive, criticized the speeches for the prosecution and the defense. And all the while the prisoner's agony, the torture of body and soul—how well I understand it now!—was secondary to the absorbing interest of the chase.

It may be, perhaps, that if I write down what I went through, if I pin to paper something of the struggle between terror and abnegation, helplessness and impotent rage, I may get peace. But even as I write it, starts again—the whole dread routine of hopelessness, injustice, impotence and terror.

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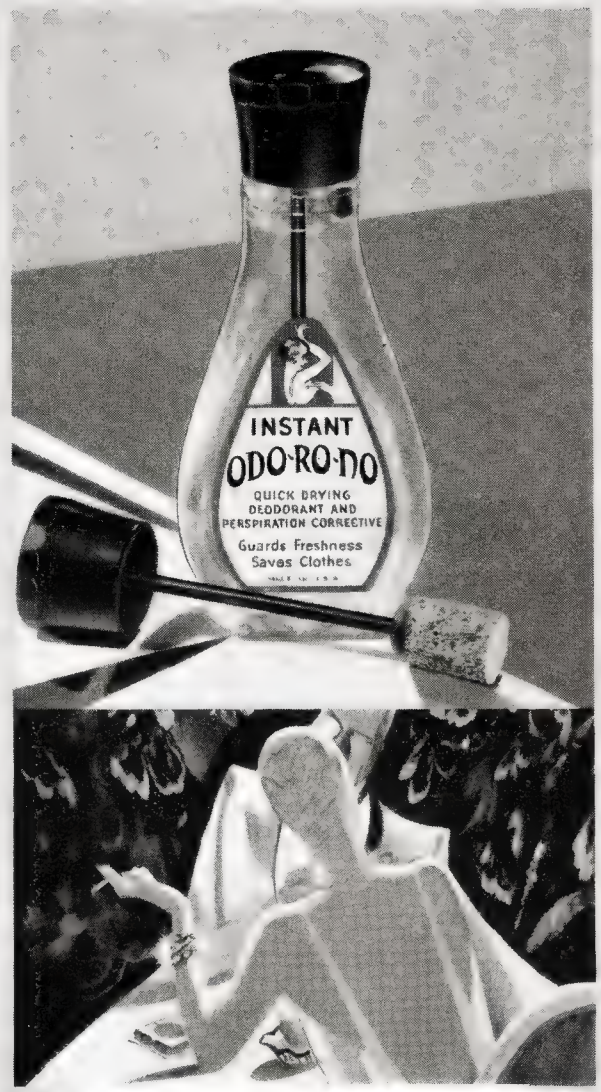

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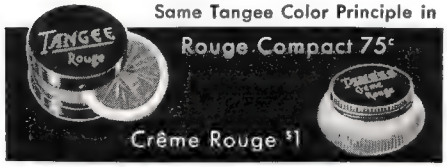

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The Chinese Vase (*Continued from page 49*)

days of serfdom, I guess he deserves first place, all right."

Grandfather Ilya crawled out of the wagon and shuffled to the front porch of the master's house. The noisy crowd poured in after him. Grandfather was almost carried in.

"Lived a hundred and five years and never been in this place! Come on! Now everything is ours."

They brought grandfather into the "galldery," right up to the vase.

"There it is. Look at it!"

Grandfather straightened up and looked at the vase in silence.

"Is this the one?" a red-haired muzhik shouted into his ear.

Ilya, answering nothing, shuffled to the side in order to look at the vase from another angle. He stopped, again stared at it, and kept his peace. Then he creaked out: "The very—same!"

And this answer of his, as if it were something humorous, evoked laughter from the crowd. "That's right. The very same."

Grandfather Ilya mumbled with his toothless mouth: "When the Czar presented it to the count—celebrated three days. Drank wine—in the master's yard. Then when they brought it to the manor—drank three days more—wine."

"And why was it presented? Have you heard?" the red-haired muzhik shouted again.

"Why shouldn't I have heard? Of course I've heard! Our count made peace with some great power—with the Chinese or with the Arabs, I can't remember just which. And so it was given to him. They brought it from Petersburg in sleighs, wrapped up in furs and on a feather bed, as if it were some great lady."

"Just look what used to amuse the gentlefolk!"

"They drank our blood and brought in vases on feather beds!"

"How about the male and the female statues that they placed here also?"

"Show grandfather the female statue. Let him see what used to amuse the gentlefolk!"

Jesting, they brought Grandfather Ilya to the female statue. He regarded it in silence for a minute, and suddenly, *"Tfu!"* he spat.

The crowd thundered forth laughter.

"Boys," the red-haired peasant yelled, "let's contribute the vase to Grandfather Ilya!"

And a multitude of voices responded: "That's right. We'll contribute it."

Stepan Mikhalych waved his hands. "What'll we do with it? No, no! Besides, I could never cart it away. It probably weighs twenty poods."

"But we'll help you."

"We'll help! We'll help!" shouted a hundred throats.

"But he must also take the male and the female statues. One goes with the other."

Such wild joy filled the house and the manor as had not been seen there since time immemorial. In vain did Stepan Mikhalych shake his head, wave his hands. The muzhiks themselves carried out through the front entrance first the Chinese vase, then the statues, laid them on straw in the wagons and transported them to Shikhany, to Grandfather Ilya. Grandfather Ilya rode in front with Stepan Mikhalych. A whole caravan followed, and around it walked the huge crowd, laughing uproariously.

Dunya, as soon as she learned that not only the Chinese vase but also the statues were being brought in, closed the gate, took a stick and came out to meet the crowd.

"What do you mean?" she shouted. "What do you mean trying to disgrace our yard? I have young children. I have a marriageable girl. And here you're bringing naked statues into my house. I won't let you!"

"The commune has resolved to contribute them to you and you can't refuse!" thundered the crowd. "You must take them."

Dunya raised the stick and marched toward the wagon. "I'll break them to smithereens!" she shouted.

Stepan caught her hand and said in a subdued voice: "We'll fix it all tonight. In the meantime, keep still!"

"What's the meaning of this, anyway? Are we worse than other people? Why don't they drag this shame to the Kostarevs? Why bring it to us?"

"Keep still!" Stepan uttered severely, and went to open the gate.

To the tune of Dunya's swearing, and to the tune of the shouts of the joyous crowd, the wagon drove into the yard. The strongest muzhik of the crowd carried the vase to the porch. They wanted to bring it into the hut, but they could not get the vase in through the door; so they left it on the porch.

As for the statues, they were placed in a corner near the barn. The yard was crowded with people. Shouts and laughter filled the entire village. Stepan Mikhalych covered the statues with straw and matting, and only after that did the gay crowd begin to disperse.

Three months passed and the district had begun to forget how the count's estate had been divided. The muzhiks and their women, the old folks and the children—all who lived in the two villages and the seven hamlets—were thinking now of only one thing: how to divide the count's land in the spring. The other property was not essential. The essential thing was the land.

It was not important who received what in the first sharing: somebody a Corsair colt, somebody a Schleyn sheep, and somebody else a Chinese vase. It was important to know who would receive the wedge for winter wheat which was at the Goat Swamps; the land there was like wax—one good crop would make the entire village rich.

The vase had been pushed into a corner of the porch; everyone had become accustomed to it, and into it had been put twigs with which the hut and the hall were swept. Only once in a while, coming near the barn, Stepan Mikhalych would look at the statues from a safe distance. Even in these troublous days a thought that did not seem pertinent to business would gnaw at this just man. Staring at the white marble, he would ask himself: "How is it that the gentlefolk would keep this nasty thing in their house? Even a muzhik is ashamed to bring it into his hut!"

Unable to solve the riddle, he would merely shake his head. He remembered how Dunya had acted in those first days when the statues had been brought in.

"Break them up! Break them up!" That was all she had to say.

"Wait, you foolish woman! We'll have time enough to break them up. We must understand them first," Stepan Mikhalych would soothe her.

"There is nothing to understand here. The gentlefolk were libertines!" Dunya would shout. "And do you also want to be a libertine?"

Embarrassed, Stepan would merely

mutter something vague. He even tried to get advice from Grandfather Ilya.

"Consider all the shame that existed among the gentlefolk!"

Grandfather Ilya would mumble in reply: "Of course, the gentlefolk—what do they care? They have no shame!"

"Not all of them, I guess. The countess herself built us a church; she was pious, and yet, at home, she would look at a naked muzhik. How about that?"

"They're strange people, these gentlefolk. There was a count once. He would eat frogs! Such nastiness!"

"Yes, of course. And yet there are these male and female statues. Pretty bad! It's a sin!"

"Who can tell? And perhaps it isn't even a sin!"

Once Stepan Mikhalych sought the advice of the psalmist Alexei Nikolaevich. "Why did the counts keep naked ones?"

Alexei Nikolaevich thought awhile, and then said, "To pass the time pleasantly."

And Stepan Mikhalych never got any sense out of this.

Just before Shrovetide he rode past the pillaged manor. Everything was covered with snow. The alley of linden trees, which stretched from the front porch to the gate, had not yet been cut down although at the time, during the dividing-up, everybody yelled that it must be cut down immediately, otherwise the lindens would stand too long and be good for nothing. At the side of the alley Stepan Mikhalych noticed a trodden path.

"What are they doing in the manor?" Stepan Mikhalych wondered. He tied the horse at the gate and went into the house. Piles of snow lay on the parquet floor. The stripped walls were covered with dark spots; a thick layer of hoarfrost covered the ceiling.

Stepan Mikhalych passed through the empty rooms to the "galldery." The path led him there. A saw rustled in the "galldery." Stepan Mikhalych peeked cautiously through the door. Someone was sawing a gilded frame. There were no more pictures on the walls. Even the strong hooks on which the pictures had been hung were gone.

"God be with you!" Stepan Mikhalych shouted jestingly.

The man who was sawing the frame trembled and turned around sharply. It was the miller Ivan Dryunin. "The devil take you," he laughed. "How you frightened me! What brought you here?"

"Just wanted to see what was going on in the master's house."

"Look around! I'm sawing the last frame. As you see, there's nothing left now except the walls."

"And where are the pictures?"

"And where should they be? They're just where they belong. The women are making pants and shirts out of them."

"What do you mean? How could they do that?"

"Perhaps somebody else couldn't, but they could!"

In a businesslike way the miller Dryunin told Stepan that everything had been taken out of the house but the pictures were left hanging. Then a certain peasant in sheer rage put his fist through the largest picture, made a hole in it half an arsheen in size, so that it hung in tatters. One of the women went up to it, felt it. "Ay," she said, "little fathers, what good canvas! It might do for pants." And at once, with scissors and scythes, they cut all the pictures out of the frames, divided them in pieces and carried them away.

"And what about the paint?"

"Oh, they managed to get the paint out all right. Women are clever. They put it in a large pot, then into lye, and

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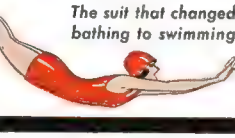

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then into the oven. They boil it three times and the paint is off!"

"And doesn't it show?"

"Sometimes it shows. Sometimes you look around and you'll see a hand, or along a trousers leg you'll notice an eye. But what of it? It'll wear off. Nowadays, any kind of cloth will pass muster."

"In other words, you've used everything."

"And why not? Here I'm sawing the last frame."

"What do you need it for?"

"Oh, I'll nail it up under the cornice of the house. I've already put one up and it looks all right. Beautiful! Everyone who passes by looks at my hut."

"Yes," drawled Stepan Mikhalych. "Beautiful. Smart people can make something out of anything. But as far as I'm concerned, I can't find a place either for the vase or for the statues."

"You can't do everything all at once. When autumn comes you can pickle cucumbers in your vase; as for the statues, you can put them in the garden instead of scarecrows. Very simple."

Well, the miller Dryunin proved to be a prophet. The vase was unutilized throughout the spring, throughout the summer; but in the autumn, when pickling time came around, the family council decided to pickle cucumbers in it.

"Of course we'll pickle," said Dunya. "Why should a thing stand around without being useful?"

The just man, Stepan Mikhalych, shouted into the ear of Grandfather Ilya: "We're going to pickle cucumbers in the master's vase!"

Grandfather Ilya shook his head and snorted: "No, I shan't go. My back hurts me."

"I'm not asking you to go anywhere. I say we're going to pickle cucumbers in that vase of yours. *Ekh,* you deaf bird!"

He couldn't get anything else out of the old man. Ilya had become so decrepit that he couldn't hear, couldn't see any more. Often toward evening, having dragged himself out to the porch, Ilya looked at the vacant corner for a long time. But he didn't ask anything, as if he had forgotten that the vase had stood there. Only the neighbors wagged their tongues:

"Dunyasha, what did you do with the vase?"

"We took it down to the cellar; pickled some cucumbers. And it certainly was a job getting it down there, I tell you. I'll be hanged if that thing doesn't weigh more than twenty poods."

"And didn't you break it?"

"Didn't break a bit! Even the edge remained intact. We were afraid we might break it. The slightest crack would have been disastrous. All the juice would have run out."

"And what did you do with the male and female statues?"

"Oh, we took them out into the hemp field behind the bathhouse. We wanted to break them up, but a fellow from Klyuchy said that some traders were riding around here buying all sorts of things. Maybe they'll come our way, too. I wish we could sell the statues; it's a shame to have them around."

And it seems that the greed of this woman brought misfortune to the entire village and to her own house, for no sooner did they pickle the cucumbers than all of a sudden to Shukhany came three young fellows in caps and with revolvers. And they came straight to the village soviet. And they came up to the chairman to question him.

"What did your peasants do with the Chinese vase?" they asked.

The chairman tried somehow to get out of answering. but he couldn't do it. The young fellows wouldn't give up.

"We are a very severe commission," they said. "We must take away all the art things from you; all the things you took away from the count's estate."

And they showed the chairman a paper which stated that if he didn't give the things up, he could be shot.

Then the chairman told them. "The vase is in the cellar of Stepan Mikhalych."

When the commission—in caps and with revolvers—saw the vase with the pickles in Stepan's cellar, two of them laughed thunderously, it seemed so funny to them. But the third one turned green with anger and shouted:

"Is this the way to treat historical things? Shame! Pour these cucumbers out at once!"

At this point Stepan Mikhalych stepped in.

"No, citizen comrade, the time has passed when anybody can pour the property of the muzhik right out on the floor. I will not give up the vase until we've eaten all the pickles."

But the fellow kept insisting: "Throw the cucumbers out!" And right under Stepan's nose he shoved the paper with one hand and with the other he shoved the revolver.

"You might transfer the pickles to a vat," said a humorous member of the commission.

"But you can't transfer them," said Stepan Mikhalych stubbornly. "The cucumbers will spoil if you transfer them before they are pickled."

But the commissioner would not listen to anything, kept on shoving the paper and the revolver—and that was that!

Dunya attempted to persuade one of the new arrivals: "You had better take that male statue and that female statue along, but leave us the vase."

Nothing helped. They had to transfer the cucumbers to a vat, and the commission took not only the vase, but also the statues. What's more, they went through the village from house to house and whatever there was they swept clean: divans, chairs, clocks, dishes.

The glazier Edreykin tried to hide a gilded alarm clock in manure, but they found it. They gathered fifteen wagonloads in the village and took it all to the city. And in the first wagon, wrapped up in carpets and straw, they took the Chinese vase.

The just man, Stepan Mikhalych, was out of sorts during the next three days. He was very angry. "I suppose they have a new set of gentlefolk in the city nowadays. They have to have naked women and vases, I suppose."

Six years passed. Grandfather Ilya died. His great-grandson Mikolka was already in his last year of school. In the spring the school children went with their teacher Peter Petrovich to the district town to see the wonders of the city. Mikolka came home very much surprised.

"Daddy," he said, "you know that vase of the gentlefolk? It's in the museum. And the statues are also there."

The just man, Stepan Mikhalych, was also surprised. "The statues? You don't say! I hope they covered them with something."

"They're not covered at all. Standing there stark naked!"

Father and mother looked at each other. They wanted to ask more; but how could they quiz the boy when—when the statues were naked? After Mikolka had gone out into the street to tell his friends about the wonders of

the city, Stepan Mikhalych said thoughtfully to his wife:

"What do you think of that, Dunya? I can't make head or tail of it. We were ashamed of those statues, but other people have put them into the museum. What do you make of it?"

"They're corrupting the people. They've become libertines," said Dunya.

"No, there must be something else to it. We ought to find out about it. And besides, the gentlefolk—after all, they were educated people, yet they weren't afraid of naked statues. Why?"

On the very next Sunday—with a load of butter, eggs and milk—Stepan Mikhalych and Dunya went to town. Milk Row ends opposite the round house on the corner where formerly had been the city duma. Now on that building hung a wide blue sign with golden letters: "Municipal Museum."

While selling the milk and the butter from the wagon, Stepan Mikhalych looked at the gates to see who went into the museum. A flock of children went in—boys and girls—with a woman wearing a hat; probably students with a teacher. Then a woman who wore eyeglasses and with her a man with a pointed gray beard. Then seven men—evidently workmen from a factory—and more and more people.

Stepan Mikhalych crawled down from the wagon, whisked the straw off his trousers, and said: "I'll tell you what, Dunyasha. You take care of things here, and I—I'll go into the museum—to look around. Maybe Mikolka's been lying."

Indecisively, expecting a watchman would come up to him and shout: "Where are you shoving yourself, muzhik?" Stepan Mikhalych entered the museum; but there was no watchman. A girl was sitting at the door taking ten-kopeck pieces, giving tickets.

She said without severity: "Pass through the door."

Carefully, as if afraid he might break the carved brass handle, Stepan Mikhalych opened the door—and nearly fainted! Right opposite the door, on a redwood pedestal, stood the white female statue! Around it walked the woman who wore eyeglasses and the man with the pointed beard, quietly examining it from all sides. And right in the middle of the hall, in the place of honor, also on a redwood pedestal, stood the Chinese vase. Stepan Mikhalych laughed to himself: he remembered about the pickles.

The vase was now clean, washed; it looked so spick and span that you wouldn't dare to touch it! On a white piece of cardboard, in printed letters, was written precisely what Grandfather Ilya had told about it.

And in another corner stood the male statue—stark naked.

People walked about—the workmen, the school children with their teacher, men, women—and none of them seemed ashamed. Stepan Mikhalych looked through all the rooms: furniture, pictures, rugs—and there were other naked statues in marble, and many other things. He sensed something—these clean rooms, these pictures, and everywhere so much light . . .

Gingerly stepping along the shining, slippery floor, Stepan Mikhalych returned to the first room, in which stood the Chinese vase and the statues. And it seemed to him that a kind of tender life came from the white statues. Inside him something joyful seemed to stir. What was it? It seemed to him like an early morning in spring when he had come into the field, and the day was very lovely. And who doesn't feel happy on a lovely day in spring?

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I Saw a Woman Turn into a Wolf (*Continued from page 65*)

that the old books said was used in the Middle Ages when a werewolf was caught, still howling and in the grip of the hallucination. I knew too that supposed magical cures were sometimes effective because they involved natural forces simple to the last degree. Desperate cases sometimes require desperate simple remedies.

Bannister must have thought I had gone silly mad when I said, "Look here, quick. There was a bag of onions in your kitchenette. Is it still there? Get it."

Whatever he thought, he edged away and returned with a paper bag in which were two or three Bermuda onions. I dragged from the couch a large blanket. These movements, I suppose, frightened the creature in Mara. Seeking to escape, she streaked toward the open window.

I swooped with the blanket and caught her fairly over the head and shoulders. It was not too difficult. We rolled her tightly in the blanket so that she couldn't hurt herself or us.

In the whole time since she had first leaped at Bannister, less than five long minutes had elapsed. When I cut the largest onion into chunks it reeked so that our eyes stung and dripped. I jabbed the knife into the chunks so that they would reek more. Then I held them close to Mara's face, with the blanket partly covering it so that none of the fumes would escape her.

Her body went rigid as if galvanized, as she spit and choked, whining. There was an instant when I thought it was no good. Then suddenly the whining ceased and Mara was struggling differently, crying, "Oh, oh, oh! What? What is it? Please! Stop it, please!"

We helped her to the couch. We brought a towel and a basin. We didn't talk much. We brought her brandy. In a few minutes she made us find her hand bag with powder and make-up, and went into the bathroom.

When she came out and sank into an armchair and lighted a cigaret and said, "What time is it?" it was almost as if the whole amazing thing had never happened. Except that when presently she yawned and said, "I'm hungry," I had a shuddering flash-back.

It was about two o'clock. She lighted another cigaret. She bore us no resentment. We were all tired. We found a taxi and went over to an all-night place for sandwiches and coffee.

Skyscraper *by Faith Baldwin* (*Continued from page 47*)

to him of her own accord and kissed him, very sweetly. He bounded into the apartment a moment later, singing "My Baby Just Cares for Me" at the top of his lungs. He was extravagantly happy again.

He had forgotten the fantastic fears, the smothering sensation of despair which had seized him a moment before. He had forgotten David Dwight. He was very much in love, and twenty-three years old.

Going home he tried to console his gloomy companion, out of his own superabundance of confidence. For himself, things would come right; he'd get a raise; he'd make some money somehow. Lynn would give up the job, in which she was in danger of meeting undesirable people—which read, translated, "attractive men with money"—and they would be happy forever after.

As far as David Dwight was concerned—well, Sarah had been with them, and probably Lynn was right, she'd been included only because of Sarah, and anyway, she might never see him again. Not that it would matter much if she did, for what could Lynn find worth her while in a "middle-aged" man?

Forty-eight plus to twenty-three is middle-aged, depending upon your viewpoint and your sex.

But Lynn, next day, pulled a blue card from the files marked "D" and read what was inscribed thereon. Not that it told her more than she already knew.

She'd probably never see Dwight again.

She saw him the following week. He wandered into the room where she was working, a flower in his buttonhole, a faint smile on his lips. He apologized.

"I suppose this is out of order. I've been talking to Sarah. I've got Scarletti—of the opera, you know—coming to dinner, Friday. I thought you and Sarah might like to come, too." He added quickly, marking her hesitation, "Sarah says it's all right with her."

"I'd love to," Lynn told him, her heart beating a little faster. She did like him so much; he was so stimulating a personality.

He took out a notebook and a gold pencil. "I'll send a car," he offered, "about seven-thirty. We'll dine at eight. What's your address?"

She gave him the address.

He asked, lingering a moment: "You're in the telephone book?"

"Yes, but under 'Le Grande.' I live with another girl," she said. "The phone is listed in her name."

He raised an eyebrow. "Le Grande—is it possible?"

Lynn laughed. "Smith, really. She's a model here in the building."

He nodded, smiled again, said, "Friday, then," and departed.

"Holy cat!" breathed Miss Marple at Lynn's elbow. "Who's the grand duke?"

"You're sure stepping out," was Jennie's only comment as Lynn told her at luncheon. "What'll you wear?"

"There's the black net——"

"Too sophisticated."

"There's the cherry satin, but that's pretty well worn out."

"Look here," suggested Jennie, "there's a little dress—it's dusky pink lace, stiffened, with wide half sleeves and a dofunny of French blue at the high waist. It's been taken off the line. It's a fourteen. I can get it for you. It will set you back sixty-nine-fifty, but it's worth it. It sells for a hundred and ten, retail."

"Jennie, it sounds marvelous!" Lynn looked at her friend, gray eyes shining. "But—I shouldn't."

"Sure you should. You've got to dress for the occasion. This Scarletina, or whatever his name is, may be as contagious as he sounds; he may offer you a castle in Florence and a gondola in Venice. He gets about a thousand a yip, I guess. Hop to it; you're only young once. I'll ask Madame if I can bring the dress home tonight."

"All right," agreed Lynn. After all, she needed another evening dress, she excused her extravagance—and she had not spent her father's Christmas check.

Jennie went upstairs after luncheon and attacked Madame on the subject of the dusky pink. Madame was agreeable; she liked Jennie.

Madame was tiny, dark, with a startlingly intelligent face. She designed her own frocks, all of them, bought the materials, oversaw workrooms and showrooms. She was the first of the wholesalers to move into the Times Square district.

Jennie found the frock, boxed it and put it away. Business was slow that day, but, standing at the dressing-room door behind the drapes, she heard Sam Pearl, the salesman, expostulating with a lone buyer who had wandered in and demanded to see models at thirty-nine-fifty.

"Thirty-nine-fifty! Impossible!" cried Mr. Pearl. "Madame *never* expresses herself under sixty-nine-fifty!"

Crushed, the buyer oozed through the doors and Mr. Pearl, with a shrug, flitted to the nearest mirror and ran a comb through his permanent. Jennie, in the doorway, giggled. He turned at the sound but she had vanished.

"I must tell that one to Lynn," thought Jennie.

She did. And Lynn told it to Sarah and Dwight on Friday night. Scarletti was late. The car had called first for Lynn and then for Sarah. There were two square boxes in the car, marked with Lynn's and Sarah's names.

"Look, flowers!" Lynn cried, as Sarah entered the car.

Sarah unwrapped hers. She wore black, severe, well cut; crystals at her throat and well-shaped ears. She said, "He does everything well."

"I never dreamed you knew him. Long?"

"Twenty years."

"How exciting!" said Lynn. "What's he like, really?"

The car purred down Fifth Avenue. "He's a brilliant man," Sarah said. "Erratic, people call him, but he's a very good friend."

That was what Lynn had thought; she said so. She was silent, thinking it would be pleasant to have a friend, a man friend, an older man upon whose cool, impersonal strength she might lean when things become too difficult for her.

Dwight's apartment was a duplex—the penthouse on top of a lower Fifth Avenue structure. The elevator shot them to the twentieth floor; they climbed a winding staircase, stood before the apartment door and were admitted by a manservant who, following the unexpectedness of most things connected with Dwight, did not look like a manservant. He looked like a prize fighter. He had been one.

That was the last formality, if Wilkins could be called formal. Dwight was standing in front of an Adam fireplace. Driftwood was burning in it, for looks, he explained, not because of necessity. It was a lovely spring night, with just the proper amount of chill in the air. After the exchange of greetings, Dwight took them to a bedroom up a winding stair—a bedroom opening upon a gallery of iron grille work hung with two beautiful old Spanish shawls.

"Hairpins for the growing bob!" cried Lynn, delighted. "And rouge. And powder. And Sarah, look at this atomizer of perfume."

She pressed the plunger, like a child, and was immediately enveloped in a frail, faint, bewitching scent.

"Now I've done it!" she said, abashed.

Sarah, regarding herself briefly in the

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mirror, said, "That's what it's there for." She added, "You look lovely, Lynn."

She did. Dusky pink lace stiffened in little tiers. She looked like a rose-quartz pagoda, or so Dwight told her when he saw her. Black hair, close-waved, a satin cap, the widow's peak a dark arrow on her forehead. Gray eyes, black-lashed, clear color, olive skin, red lips, smooth shoulders rising from the tight bodice, the 1860 neck line of the bertha. And at her slim waist the waxen ivory of the gardenias thrust through the twist of French-blue ribbon.

They had cocktails in the long, many-windowed room. Scarletti arrived, breathless, before the second round. He was a dark, fat man with an enormous appetite and a gift of Homeric laughter.

They dined in a room which was glass on three sides. A perfect dinner, mellow wines and good talk. Then they had coffee in the living room and Dwight took Lynn into a lovely library and showed her his collection of Japanese prints, of etchings, of old books in fine bindings.

"You like things of this sort?" he asked.

"Yes. I don't know much about them," she confessed.

"Neither do I, but I like lovely things about me." He smiled at her and added, "You, for instance. You don't mind my saying that? You've a charming frock, but I'm repeating myself."

She said, "That's the advantage of having a friend who is a model."

Sarah spoke in the doorway. "Can't you persuade Scarletti to sing for us, David?"

"I'll try. I am still complimenting our little friend on her gown."

"Jennie bought it for me," Lynn told Sarah.

Sarah's eyebrows drew down, black and heavy, a smudge across her forehead.

"You don't approve of Jennie?" asked Dwight, laughing at her.

"Not for Lynn. A model," said Sarah.

"Jennie's a dear," said Lynn, flashing into indignation. It wasn't kind of Sarah, she thought, before strangers.

Spirit, thought Dwight, and loyalty. His interest quickened. He passionately admired loyalty; perhaps because he had encountered so little of it along the road, possessed so little of it himself. Once it had been given him, full measure. He had forgotten that gift. He had it still, from the same donor. He could remember that and forget the original bestowal.

"Models are all right, Sarah. Don't be provincial," he mocked her. "Nice girls; I've known dozens."

"I don't doubt it." Her voice was sharp.

"Sarah, don't give me away. What will Miss Harding think?" he murmured reproachfully. "You make me sound like an ogre, a Casanova seeking to devour the lithe ladies of the wholesale garment trade. But really, my dear, your idea of models is outdated. They are no longer forced to entertain the avid buyers from out of town, lest they lose their jobs. As a matter of fact, a good model is so rare nowadays that the wholesaler is content with working hours only. Let's go back and see what we can do with Scarletti." And as they went into the living room together he said to Lynn, low, "I like the way you champion your friend. Sometime, perhaps, you'll bring her to one of my parties?"

He took it for granted that this was the beginning of a friendship. Lynn's heart had warmed to his defense of Jennie. She smiled at him. He nodded, as if a bond had been sealed between them.

"Giuseppe, old boy, could you sing for us?"

"Later," rumbled the big Italian; "not now. I am too concerned with the digestion of your excellent meal."

He turned to Sarah and asked a question. They sat down in the low chairs by the fireplace and Dwight gestured to Lynn. "I'll send Wilkins upstairs for your wrap," he said, "and we'll go out and look at the view, even though we both enjoy the scenic facilities of the Seacoast Building every day."

"I spend most of my time on the third floor," she reminded him.

Wilkins brought the wrap. Dwight put it about her bare shoulders. They went out on the terrace together, and together leaned on the parapet and looked out over the lower city. The terrace was gay with the hardiest of spring flowers, with small squat trees in green pottery jars, with chairs of decorative metal, swinging couches, tables.

Lynn drew a deep breath of pleasure. "How very lovely!" she said, entranced.

"I like it. Later, we have gay awnings and parasols. All it lacks then is sand and sea," he told her, laughing. "But I stay in town—when I'm here at all—until courts close, you know. I've a place on the Island," he went on. "I'd like you to see it; you'd enjoy it, I think."

The mail plane passed overhead; they heard the strong singing of the engine, the beat of the great wings; they saw the steady, shining lights.

"It is a wonderful city," he said, so softly, so easily, that he did not disturb her dream of lights and buildings, of archway and park, of far waters and strange lands beyond—a city whose symbol is the skyscraper. "Have you ever thought much about skyscrapers?" he asked.

"Why, no," she answered, startled.

"Of course not. Every day you go to one, are swallowed up by it; every day you work there, never thinking of the life teeming in the building; unaware of the thousands of people who spend most of their waking hours under that high roof. A skyscraper is a little city; it is a little world; it is a strange planet; it is," he went on smoothly, "a phallic symbol. Yet it is also a new pattern against the sky; it is all of ordered beauty and upward growth that many of the workers within it will ever know. And it must influence them, whether they are aware of it or not."

She listened as he went on talking, weaving a web of significant words; then, abruptly, he was silent. What had he said? Lynn wondered. Not much, perhaps. Perhaps, after all, his words had no significance, or perhaps they were more important than she knew. But his voice had a dark necromancy; his trained, eloquent voice.

In the room they had left, Scarletti struck a chord, sitting fatly at the piano, a grotesque god of song.

"I've bored you," said David Dwight contritely. "Come, let us go in and listen to our imported song bird."

He stood aside to let her pass before him. But she stopped a moment on the threshold and turned toward the dreaming spires, with the golden squares that were their windows, of downtown New York. She forgot that the golden squares meant people working: scrub women earning their musty daily bread; clerks doing overtime; harried people housed together in the spring night for the purpose of wage earning.

Little cities; little worlds; strange planets; phallic symbol.

What was that?

She remembered, from her indiscriminate reading; flushed a little, and turning, went into the living room. Now Scarletti was singing. Lynn sat down in a deep chair. The music throbbed about her, lifted her, high, higher, past the pointed soaring of city buildings.

But presently Scarletti ceased to sing and there was general talk and a rubber or two of bridge. And Lynn did not again go out upon the terrace. She felt dimly that there was danger in terraces above a city; in the anachronistic blooming of spring flowers from soil scattered in cement and set upon steel; danger in dreaming lights, in distant streets, the ugliness veiled and softened; danger in voices speaking precisely patterned words.

"Happy evening?" asked Sarah, as they were riding toward home.

"Awfully," said Lynn.

"A charming man."

"Yes."

"The greatest tenor since Caruso."

"I never heard Caruso," Lynn told her. But she had not been thinking of the childlike and entertaining Scarletti.

It was not very late when Lynn reached home. Jennie was out and she had the apartment to herself. She felt wide-awake, stimulated, almost overstimulated.

She observed herself in Jennie's mirror. She leaned her hands on the dressing-table top and surveyed her flushed face and shining eyes. Her wrap dropped from her bare shoulders and she regarded her reflection—"rose-quartz pagoda"; satin cap of black hair; curved, half-smiling lips. She said aloud, solemnly, "Society becomes you, darling."

The gardenias held their deep fragrance but were drooping, turning slightly brown and curling at the waxen edges. Lynn went into the living room to hunt for a small vase. She found one and put the flowers in water. Finally she undressed lingeringly.

Such a happy evening. Such a gorgeous apartment. Such a delightful company of four. Such a charming host. Well, why shouldn't he be? she argued with herself as if against some unspoken disloyalty. He has everything: position, money, brilliance and the most enormous acquaintance and experience.

She slipped her striped flannel robe over her nightgown, tied the cord about her slim waist and thrust her feet into slippers. She couldn't be hungry after that dinner! But she was. She was rummaging in the ice box when Jennie came in.

"Home, Lynn?"

"Yes. I'm out here. Be right in."

Lynn arrived in the living room with a glass of milk in one hand and a chicken bone in the other. She and Jennie had had a frying chicken the night before—an unwonted extravagance.

"Didn't they feed you tonight?" said Jennie.

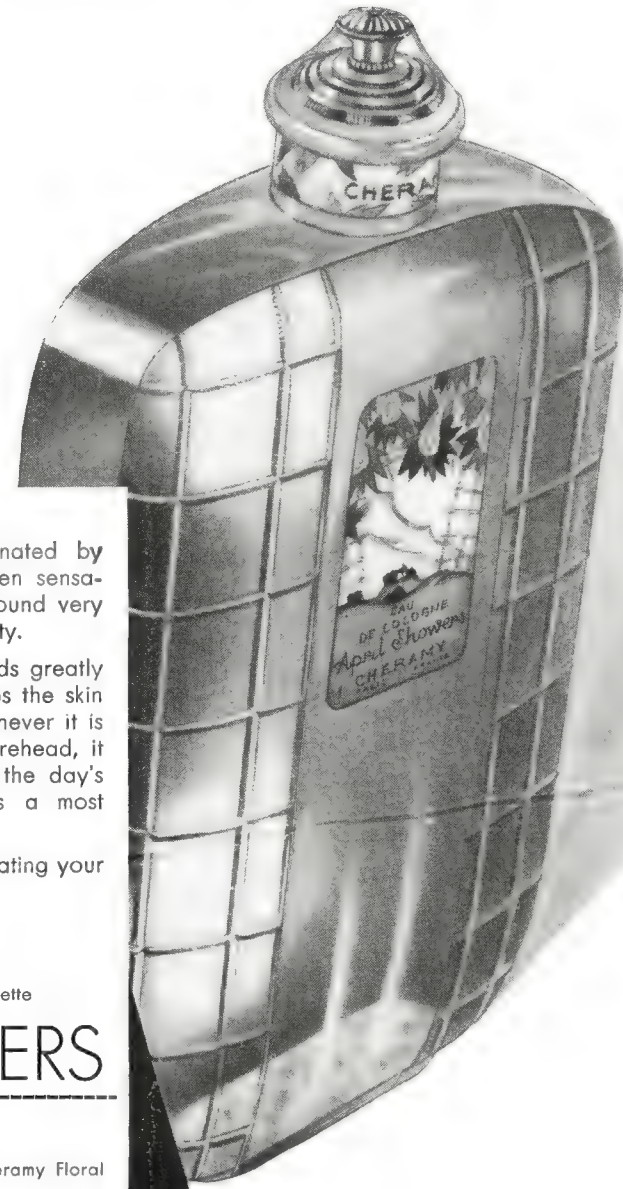
"And how! Darling, such food! Cocktails, caviar, super-soup, sole *Marguery*, partridge, wine, hearts of lettuce, individual Alaskas——"

"Stop, you're driving me crazy!" Jennie fled to the ice box, returned bearing a ravaged-looking bone, fixed Lynn with a reproachful eye. "And I had spaghetti and red ink," she said.

"Good time?"

"No. Yes. I've got to stop seeing Slim. He's serious and poor. I'm getting to like him, sort of. Darned if I know why. First thing you know I'll go soft on the situation and he'll have me living in a hencoop in Jersey yet. Not for this baby."

Lynn, not listening, said excitedly, "Jennie, it was a most marvelous party, really. Look, gardenias"—she gestured



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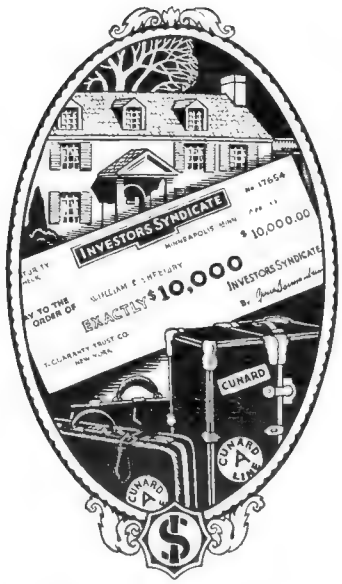

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toward the little vase—"and bridge. And Scarletti sang."

"How's the new boy friend?"

"Boy friend?" Lynn's eyes were wide.

"Drop the lashes over the baby stare. Dwight, the lad who gets 'em out of the hoosegow, for a price."

"Oh, he's a dear," said Lynn.

"Huh," said Jennie, gnawing the bone. "Exit Tom."

"Jennie, don't be absurd. As if Mr. Dwight—oh, you're crazy!"

"Yeah? Crazy like a fox, that's me."

"But Jennie, he's married; he's 'way over forty; he isn't the least bit interested in me. Besides, I love Tom," Lynn reminded her, flaming.

"I know you love Tom," said Jennie soothingly, "but the rest of it doesn't make sense. Married? What does that mean? 'Way over forty—that's a good laugh, too. And of course he isn't interested in you; he sends you gardenias out of charity. Only I'm telling you that Mr. David Dwight is just about as harmless as a serpent!"

"He asked me to bring you to one of his parties," remarked Lynn, subsiding.

"He did? Well," said Jennie, slinging the bone with accuracy into the scrap basket, "that's the best news I've heard since the stock market crashed and show girls lost their sables. How about catching a little sleep?" But it was a long time before Lynn slept. Jennie's idiocies were barbed. Absurd, impossible to think that Dwight was personally interested in her, Lynn Harding. Why should he be, with all the world from which to choose? She liked him, frankly enough. But she hadn't a significant thought for anyone but Tom.

Perhaps she'd been foolish to think this evening so important. It had gone to her head a little. It had been so different from anything she had ever experienced. If Dwight had made pretty speeches to her it was because his profession was partly speech-making, and because he said just such things to every woman he met. Tomorrow night she would see Tom again and tell him about the party, and for a little while she would remember it with pleasure, and then she'd forget it; and that was that.

She smiled, and suddenly fell fathoms deep into sleep.

Blocks away, David Dwight was walking about his library. He had never felt less like sleep in his life.

A pretty girl.

But he had known girls, and women, far prettier.

An intelligent girl.

That didn't mean much, either; he had known women of signal brilliance. And after a while they, too, had bored him.

But little Lynn—there was something tremendously appealing about her; something fresh and radiant and untouched; something quaintly serious. But she laughed with spontaneity, and her eyelids crinkled and there was an unexpected dimple in her left cheek.

He hadn't been so interested in a girl in—months. Or was it years?

What about this sex business, anyway? he thought vaguely. Stupid or ugly or beautiful or mysterious, depending upon how you viewed it and when you viewed it. Before and after, like the advertisements. Indefinable, no matter how much print was wasted on it. You met someone—and that was that. Unreasonable, unreasoning.

He must see her again.

He would see her again.

He must walk as delicately as Agag. There was no immediacy about it. When a man had left the careless twenties and the casual thirties behind him he knew the value of making haste slowly, of savoring the moments. This girl, in her dusky pink frock, was like spring. And a man learned to value spring, to cherish it, to extract from it the last drop of heartbreaking fragrance, the last atom of star dust.

He thought briefly of Sarah. Frowned. Sarah might make trouble. But perhaps not. Still, he thought easily, he could handle Sarah.

He made no plans, uttered no definitions. He was not a seducer of innocence. Seduction was abhorrent to him. He called it by other names. Every love affair into which he entered had its special glamour, its exceptional romance; he loved, like a boy, like a mature man, and for the first time; and loved the more ardently because it would not last, because, in the nature of things, it could not endure. Knowing this, he said each time: This is the last time; this will not perish.

Therefore, he did not say to himself in words, "This girl attracts me. I shall possess her."

Any love affair was, with him, upon the knees of the gods. No one, he least of all, knew what tomorrow might bring. Sometimes, the quarry run down, the capture effected, he would wake to find a woman in his arms; would wake, grateful, astonished and superbly moved. Later, when it was over, he would ask himself how it had happened. "I did not will it. It was not my fault."

The anchoret is not more mentally chaste than the true Casanova. For to the true Casanova every woman is the first, every woman is the last, love is as sentimental as an old-fashioned valentine; every love is the goal and the end of the road; each victory brings amazement. These are the men who are forever seeking the impossible, forever demanding the static and the stable of something as variable as the seasons and the winds.

Of such men was Dwight, one of that charming, tragic and misinterpreted company whose opprobrium is so much more than they deserve because they mean no harm; and so much less, also because they mean no harm. And whose day of reckoning is blacker than any rumor, because the other days have dawned so bright with promise. This is the company who, having grasped the shadow for the substance, cry out upon life as a cheater, and believe themselves cheated, never knowing that it was, always, the other way about.

And so David Dwight drew no mental pencil marks through Lynn Harding's name and his own, murmuring, "Friendship, hate, indifference, love, kiss, court, marry." Merely he went to bed thinking that he had spent a delightful evening; thinking that if his extravagances had been notable during the past year or so he was bound to win the Carson case when it came up on the calendar in the fall and thus retrieve his slightly dejected fortunes; thinking, too, that he had never felt better in his life and that tomorrow was another day.

Girls should always have gray eyes, inquiring, mischievous, tremendously trusting and eager and shining; they should always wear a sleek blackbird's cap of hair, with a dark arrow pointing the way upon a smooth white forehead. They should have a fugitive, elusive dimple, always in the left cheek, and a black beauty mark to tempt the beholder at the corner of a young, red mouth. They should be small and slenderly rounded, and they should always wear dusky pink, the color of afterglow in summer.

Such girls were always kind, of course; gentle but not docile; spirited but not

shrewish. Such girls should be protected and befriended.

He believed it.

So much so that a few days later he left his office early, shot downward in an express elevator and waited, impatient as a boy, at noontide just outside the doors of her office. And when she came out, brave in a spring suit as gray as her eyes, but with a small scarlet hat for gayety, as bright as her lips, he said, feeling young and high-hearted:

"Well, how about lunch?"

She was glad to see him; said so. Said, also, with a small scowl of indecision, "I haven't much time. I have to be out of the office this afternoon. I've made an appointment in just an hour."

"We'll go downstairs to the Gavarin, then," he suggested.

She hesitated; nodded. Tom came by, seeing no one but herself, taking her arm in his firm grasp.

"Lunch, honey?"

She said, a little embarrassed, "I'm sorry, Tom. I didn't know you were going to be free."

Then he recognized David Dwight standing there beside her, so sure of himself, so infernally well dressed.

"That's all right." He spoke to Dwight. He said, "Good morning, sir," in accents which endowed Mr. Dwight with a long gray beard, a limp, and a rheumy eye. Then he was off, saying over his shoulder, "See you tonight, Lynn."

Dwight looked after him. "Good-looking boy. I've seen him before, haven't I? I don't exactly place him."

Lynn explained as they moved toward the elevators: "Tom Shepard. He's Mr. Norton's private secretary."

"Oh, yes," recalled Dwight in a tone of complete dismissal.

She was annoyed. She was annoyed with herself for being annoyed. What right had David Dwight to take that tone toward Tom—her Tom? On the other hand, why shouldn't he? Tom was, of course, nothing to him. She was somewhat bewildered by her sparkling flare of anger, like a rocket; and by the bleak, blank, commonsensical stick it immediately displayed, burned out, falling to the ground.

They lunched well if not elaborately; and talked a great deal about nothing in particular.

They had reached the salad course and Dwight was lighting a cigaret when Lynn looked up to see a girl whom she knew slightly, through Jennie, slipping between the tables followed by a tall, thin, stooped young man.

"Why, it's Mara Burt," said Lynn to herself, and called out, "Oh, Mara!" and the other girl stopped to smile and wave. With a gesture she indicated to her escort that she preferred a table farther back in the room. They moved on and sat down.

"That's an attractive girl," Dwight commented. "The baby-faced type, but what lovely red hair. Bank employee?"

"No; but she works in the building, in a branch insurance office on the thirtieth floor," Lynn replied. "I haven't seen her for some time."

"I wish I could persuade a pretty girl to look at me as she is looking at her companion," Dwight sighed. "She is certainly making a play for that young man—lucky devil."

Lynn said abstractedly, "I don't think so. She's married, you know." And Dwight shouted with laughter.

"That's classic. Speaking of young men—and pretty girls—what about this Shepard boy?"

Lynn's eyes fell to the modest diamond on her right hand. He probably knew about her and Tom, now; possibly Sarah

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had told him. She answered honestly: "We—we can't get married. Not now, that is."

A bald statement. He understood it in all its implications. His eyes did not change; his face was impassive but a little rat of anger sharpened its teeth in his brain. Of course! It would happen. He looked at Lynn with coldness veiled by an impersonal friendly interest. She was not nearly so pretty as he had thought her. An ordinary girl like millions of others. And an ordinary boy who had an average job. Two commonplace people planning a wedding day and a walk-up apartment, dishes and babies, slippers, radio, the movies . . .

He said gently, "You're very young."

"I know it." She looked at him, gray eyes black, the pupils dilated. "And so is he. We—we've left each other free. It's better that way. I want to keep on with my job. I like it awfully." She made a hopeless little gesture with the hand which wore the ring. "Tom won't hear of my marrying him until—until he gets ahead. He doesn't want me to work. So there we are!"

Her face was grave. Then she laughed up at Dwight. "Sarah doesn't approve at all," she admitted. "Sarah doesn't believe in marriage; she's all for careers. I don't believe Sarah's ever been in love in all her life!"

Ah, had she not? Dwight knew. His heart tightened. "How old is Tom?"

Lynn told him.

"And you? You told me once. Tell me again." She obeyed. He laughed suddenly, relieved. "Infants!" he mocked.

Twenty-two and twenty-three; not planning to marry yet; tomorrow was another day. How had he ever thought her ordinary, even for a moment; how had he ever fancied her like anyone else in the world? She was unique.

Competition is the life of several trades.

He said happily, "Never mind Sarah. Suppose you bring Tom and that model girl with whom you live—Joan? Betty?"

"Jennie," Lynn corrected, laughing.

"Jennie, then. Bring her and Tom to the house. We'll throw a party—for you. A young party—not, perhaps, altogether in years. Whom would you like to meet? Stage or motion-picture folk, artists, writers? Or just people?"

Her eyes danced. She said, "Anyone you say. It will be fun."

"We'll make it so. We'll dispense with Sarah, I think. She's not as young as we are," he added cruelly. "Yes, we'll dispense with her. That is, if you don't mind. We're old enough friends by now, are we not, to get along without the *tertium quid?*"

"The what?"

"Sarah," he said, smiling, "and besides, that was a cockeyed allusion."

He set the date; and later, paying the check, murmured: "You'll telephone me if the evening's all right?"

"Of course it will be," she told him happily.

Leaving, she looked back at Mara Burt and her companion, so engrossed in each other. She had met Mara in the rest room, with Jennie. Jennie had given her Mara's history with characteristic brevity: "Married, see, and Bill's out of a job. So she has to hold hers. She generally holds it by her knees."

"Do you mean on her knees?"

"No, *by* 'em. As far as I can make out she's only a fair typist and won't get much further. But the men like her. See?"

Lynn had been to Mara's apartment once or twice and had met Bill, a sulky young man, terribly aware that it was Mara's earnings and not his own which were paying rent and grocery bills. Lynn had come away feeling sorry for them both.

That evening while they were dressing to go out, she spoke to Jennie of her encounter with Mara. Jennie nodded.

"Sure. Was it a tall guy, sort of tubercular-looking?" And at Lynn's nod, she went on, "That's her boss' nephew, Frank Houghton. She told me about him. He's been out in Arizona with his wife and kids, and now he's back working for his uncle. Mara says his wife doesn't understand him." Jennie laughed. "That's what they all say. He's been giving her a rush. His wife writes or something, and sticks around home—they live in Flushing—and looks after the kids."

"She must be crazy!" said Lynn.

"Who, the wife? Oh, you mean Mara. Crazy like a trained seal. She knows darned well she wouldn't get anywhere in business without the old S. A. and she doesn't give a whoop how she holds her job as long as she holds it. I don't mean she'd go very far. She hasn't the courage," Jennie explained scornfully. "Bill's a sorehead, of course, but I don't blame him. It isn't so keen for him hanging around the apartment waiting for her to come home with the weekly wage."

But all men who marry girls who keep on working don't take that attitude, Lynn thought. Yet she wondered, and after a moment, fluffing powder on her nose, inquired: "But suppose she really likes this Houghton?"

"Not she. She likes his pull, that's all. Besides, what's it to us if she falls by the wayside?" inquired Jennie inelegantly.

Nothing, Lynn supposed. But she liked Mara Burt, and wished that she could be warned. For it was a losing game she was playing. Jennie would laugh at that. Sarah, if consulted, would remark merely, "Apparently the girl has no ambition, no intelligence; she is just ten mechanical fingers and for the rest—conscious sex appeal." Tom, who had met Mara and her husband, would shrug.

She thought, I wonder what David Dwight would say. Some day she'd ask him what he thought, as a purely hypothetical case.

Jennie was talking about Dwight's party. She was enchanted. She planned to put some money in a little number. "You know, Lynn, the one I told you about—alternate white and black ruffles, simple, swell, stunning. Hope he's asked a lot of old men with stacks of money, who have reached the stage where they're satisfied to hold your hand!"

"What a terrible prospect!"

"You're young yet," said Jennie.

The party that evening, with Tom, was a Dutch-treat affair at an unfashionable speak-easy. Slim was there, and some of the U. B. C. men. Slim took Jennie; there were other girls. A nice, happy-go-lucky crowd, talking shop between drinks, eats and dances.

Tom was happy. "Gee, you look sweet," he told Lynn. "Like strawberry ice cream. I could eat you up!"

She wore the dusky pink dress. Strawberry ice cream—and a rose-quartz pagoda! She thought wistfully that it was a pity a person as young and dear, as thrilling and beloved as Tom could not shape his voice into quaint conceits and phrases—as could, say, a man like David Dwight.

Guileful girl, she waited to tell Tom of Dwight's proposed party until this party was halfway through, and Tom, his hair ruffled and his eyes bright, had just sung with several others the bulldog song.

Lynn had thought he would rebel at the idea. But now, when his humor was expansive, now was the time to tell him.

She did so. He replied casually, "Swell;

soup and fish, I suppose? Well, with a sponge and press, I can get by."

So, after all, he wouldn't mind going. Lynn was amazed to find herself slightly disappointed. Or was it that in this humor he didn't mind?

But next day he didn't mind, either. Stopping at her desk: "Nice of the old boy to ask me," he said carelessly. "Think how it will impress Gunboat."

He didn't mind because he'd be there with her.

Resplendent, he arrived at the girls' apartment in time to escort Jennie and Lynn—in Dwight's car—to the party. He leaned back against the upholstery. "This is the life," he said, and added glumly, "Only when you get it you're too old to enjoy it."

Lynn said, laughing: "David Dwight isn't too old; he isn't old at all. You have such comic ideas about age, Tom. Anybody over thirty looks like Methuselah to you."

Tom digested this in an unhappy silence. She didn't think Dwight old, then. Well, he wasn't, of course. But he was too old for Lynn.

Jennie shook out her black and white flounces. She looked very handsome, hair like daffodils, eyes like bluebells, Lynn's old onyx-and-gold earrings. She said, "We're in for a large evening, I think."

Lynn wore white. Jennie had grunted, observing her, as, dressed and ready, she swung away from the mirror, "You need something startling. If you tied a blue sash around you now, you'd look like first prize at a baby party. Give me your jewel box."

"I haven't any jewels. Just the old stuff grandmother left me."

"That's just what I want. How about the garnets? Knock 'em dead. That's what you need; you'll look virginal, quaint and sophisticated all at once. Here they are. Try 'em on."

A garnet necklace set in intricate gold. Earrings, heavily encrusted, and two wide bracelets. "There," said Jennie, standing back, "that's what you needed. You looked like orange juice, straight, before. Granny's garnets put the kick into it." She handed Lynn a bright lipstick. "Tone up the little old mouth to match the antiques in color and you'll lay 'em in the aisles like a row of prewar stingers!"

"Gee," said Tom, staring, upon his entrance, "you look swell, Lynn." He added courteously, "And you, too, Jennie."

"Never mind me," said Jennie complacently. "I know how I look."

"Haven't you got a lot of lipstick on?" was Tom's next, and natural, remark, his eyes on Lynn's brilliant mouth.

Lynn said, worried, "Perhaps. More than usual, anyway, but with this white dress——" She started for the bedroom, but Jennie caught her arm.

"Leave the face as is," she ordered. "Remember, Tom isn't married to you yet. You're just right as you are."

So, lipstick and all, Lynn went to the party.

Wilkins opened the door, with a special smile for Lynn. The big room was filled with people. The loveliest frocks; the prettiest girls. "I feel like a poor relation," Lynn whispered to Jennie as they mounted the steps to the dressing room, Tom having disappeared in Wilkins' wake.

The room contained more women. Smoke, laughter, powder clouds, heavy perfume, the smell of cosmetics.

When they had descended the stairs Dwight detached himself from a group around the fireplace and came forward to meet them. He took Jennie's hand in his and measured her with a cool,

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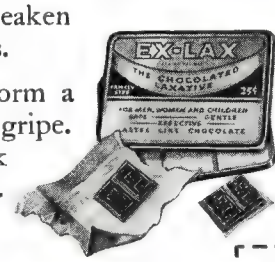

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smiling glance, while Lynn murmured the introductions.

"Delightful of you to come, Miss Le Grande," he said formally, but his eyes danced.

"Jennie to you," was Jennie's generous response.

"Of course Jennie to me." He turned to Lynn, and now his eyes were not smiling nor were they cool. "Where's the lucky young man?" he wanted to know.

"There he is. Tom, oh, Tom!" called Lynn, turning to see Tom standing by the door, very tall, very broad, very young, ill at ease, with the sulky expression of the small boy who finds the party not quite up to his expectation.

Tom came over quickly. Women turned to watch him walk across the floor, not with his host's feline tread, but with the light step of perfect balance and vitality. He and Dwight shook hands and murmured conventionalities.

Tom said, with an engaging grin and the courtesy of the junior which so infuriated the other man, "Looks like a grand party, sir."

"It will be, now," said Dwight, smiling, his hand lightly on Lynn's arm. "Let's circulate, shall we?"

Lynn couldn't remember half the names. Later, the theatrical crowd arrived, straight from their dressing rooms. And there was also Lillie James, the motion-picture ingénue who had shot into stardom and was now making a new picture on Long Island. There was Mark Manners, the illustrator. There was George Fane, juvenile lead in "Let's Be Silly," and Marise Marr, Ziegfeld's loveliest, and Babe Leonard, who wrote stark tales of the submerged ten millions and lived on Park Avenue from the proceeds. There were dozens of others, all gay, all friendly.

There was dancing; singing, with obliging artists doing impromptu turns. There was Gwen Hammond singing her latest, most melancholy song, and "Brownie" Bird, star of "Mulatto Madness," singing her famous version of "St. Louis Blues." There was, very late, Sonny Carter and his gold-plated saxophone and one turn of hired talent, the three adagio dancers who had held all Manhattan breathless recently. And of course an orchestra.

Things to eat, things to drink, things to smoke; couples out on the terrace, whispering, swinging idly in the great swings, leaning on the parapet in the sweet spring night; laughter and the ceaseless murmur of voices.

It was two o'clock and the party was well under way when Dwight gently but firmly detached Lynn from George Fane, with whom she was dancing; and after taking her twice about the room, stopped by the terrace doors and led her outside.

"Sure you're warm enough? Shall I send for a wrap?" he asked.

"No, it's heavenly out here," she said, looking over the terrace wall, drawing in deep breaths of the night wind, the subtle fragrance of green growing things.

"Did I annoy you taking you away from Fane? I annoyed him; that was obvious."

"I hardly think so. He'll find another audience," she laughed. "He was telling me he couldn't get a break, the women stars were always so jealous!"

"He's a conceited ass but a good youngster," Dwight told her indifferently, "even if he does break all the feminine hearts across the footlights."

"He's not nearly so good-looking as Tom," Lynn said absently, and wondered where Tom was and if he were having a good time. She'd danced with him a little earlier. The orchestra was playing some old hits, by request. "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby," Tom had sung, holding her close. "And that's no idle jest," he had added abruptly; "there won't be any penthouses for a long time, Lynn."

"As if I cared!"

"You do care—for me?"

"Idiot!" And she had looked up at him, gray eyes shining between the dusky lashes, lips curved in reproach.

"I want like the devil to kiss you," Tom had told her savagely and a sharp tremor of emotion troubled her pulses and sang in her veins and weakened her knees, very sweet, very disturbing. And she had swayed closer and murmured, her breath catching. "Don't look at me that way, Tom. I can't bear it."

"Don't scoff, Gilbert, when I tell you there's a subtle romance in Cairo."

A moment of pure desire, pure and perfect anguish, pure and ecstatic happiness . . . Then Fane had cut in.

But something of that pleasant trouble, something of that burden of languor and painful, frustrated delight remained with her now, as she stood on the terrace with Dwight beside her.

Inside, they were now playing one of Gwen's songs and she was singing to it, husky, sweet voice drifting over the brassy yearning of the saxophones:

"When my man's away, there ain't no peace,
I dunno what to do—
Can't sleep, can't walk, can't smile, can't talk,
Feelin' so dog-goned blue.
When my man's away, I just sit and pray,
God, bring him back to me,
When my man's away, for a night, for a day,
There ain't no peace for me."

Trivial words and an important truth. The husky voice made magic of the dragging music; invested with the eternal glamour of human longing the tinsel, tawdry lyric. Only the truth remained, heartbreaking.

"Hokum," commented Dwight, at Lynn's side, "but like most hokum so infernally veracious."

She said, in a dreaming voice, "It's—lovely. So real."

"Women feel that way, I suppose, and, believe it or not, some men."

"Yes." Lynn clasped her hands on the wall in front of her and stared out into the darkness..

"It's a pity things have to be so complicated," Dwight said. "A pity that love's so willful. Other women's men, other men's girls—we don't stop to think of that, do we?"

"I suppose not." She remembered Mara, and spoke of her. "A girl I know," she said, confident that he would understand.

When she had told the little there was to tell he said slowly, looking out to the velvet arch of the heavens:

"You can't do anything. Isn't she like most of us, caught in a trap of her own contrivance, struggling, hurting herself, trying to manufacture happiness, escape? She calls it 'having a good time.' I spoke to you the other night of the skyscrapers, didn't I?

"Sometimes I see them from another angle. Tremendous traps, opening and closing on time signals. I watch the girls and women come out of the doors, evenings, hurrying to their homes, happy or unhappy, but always preoccupied with the fear of losing their economic independence—if it is independence; leading such disseminated lives—the life of the skyscraper, ordered, patterned; the life of the home—whether it is an apartment or a furnished room; whether it contains the family unit of parents, fraternal relations, or husbands and children.

"Possibly your friend is disregarding the red light in order to make her life more bearable; possibly she is simply trying to bend one of the oldest forces in the world to her own small ends—in short, she accepts invitations from a man who may be able to guarantee her job to her. Yet perhaps she is only escaping. As for her husband, she probably loves him. But love, the strongest thing in the world, the poets say, is a delicate thing. It bruises with ease; it shatters at a touch.

"Love in a walk-up," he laughed, "with lovers trying to budget love the way they budget finances, with little wives working, and coming home disheartened and tired with bills to think about and a run in the last pair of stockings; with grouchy husbands; with the smell of cabbage and laundry soap; with babies crying. Love nourished upon occasional routine embraces and stereotyped kisses. Love has to be stronger than I believe it is to rise above all that."

Lynn drew a deep breath. "I suppose you're right. I hate to think you're right. I won't believe it. Tom—Tom and I are different. We must be different. Waiting's hard," she said with unconscious cruelty, "when you're young and love

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each other. Sometimes I don't know what to think. We'd be crazy to marry—now. Perhaps we'd be crazy to marry even if I kept on working. Yet I can't give up my work. And Tom doesn't want me, married and working."

Dwight said, with deliberate lightness, "If I were Tom, I'd want you at any price and at any risk. But possibly he's right." He touched her hand. He said, on a deepened note, "Lynn, you're such a dear person." He felt her hand move under his, a startled gesture. In the darkness his mouth was ironic.

He went on smoothly, "If I had a daughter——" That was funny, too. He repeated it, savoring its comedy. He had a daughter. Two of them. Large, raw-boned girls who disapproved of him. "A daughter like you."

There he stopped, his voice effectively breaking. And why not? For a moment he visualized himself indulging only in anxious, benevolent, paternal emotions.

Now he laughed, withdrawing his hand. He said simply, "I wish you belonged to me."

She said the perfect thing, turning to look at him, her face pale, red-lipped, glamorous in the dim lighting of the terrace: "But you're far too young to have a daughter like me."

She thought of her own father, gray, stooped. Suddenly she was homesick.

"I'd like you to feel that I am your friend, your very good friend; that there is nothing I would not do for you. If you won't permit me a vicarious paternity—how about an avuncular interest?"

She said sweetly, "I'd like a friend best of all."

"You can always count on me," he told her, not asking himself upon what she could count; not really knowing.

She put her hand in his. This was what she had wanted all along. He said, the control breaking a little, the veneer cracking, knowing himself on dangerous ground but risking the consequence:

"A bargain, then? And to seal it?" He bent toward her. "You will not misunderstand, dear Lynn."

Still, he dared not risk too much. He kissed her lightly upon the white forehead she presented to him, his lips glancing over the dark and subtle arrow of the widow's peak. "I point the way," said the arrow, "to sweeter contacts."

She was not afraid; not even warned. She smiled faintly, and stood apart from him; not that his arms had been about her, simply that she had moved close to him with the instinct of the animal seeking—what? Warmth, comfort, human affection?

Tom, in the doorway looking for her, saw them. He had not seen the kiss, so absurdly, so delicately chaste. He saw Lynn move away. She was white in the glow of the lanterns, white face, white dress, the banked fire of garnets flickering at her ears and throat and wrists, he knew, though he could not see them clearly.

But she had been too close to Dwight.

Tom went back into the room; and poured himself a drink; two drinks; three. Jennie, conducting a small but entertaining affair with Manners the illustrator, cocked a knowing blue eye at him. Sore about something, probably Lynn; going to try to drink the cellar dry. She then thought, I must tip Lynn off.

She did so later. She said confidentially, "I'm tight, but I can still walk. Why not? It isn't often I have a chance to get lit expensively. But Tom's had enough. He's peeved about something. Watch your step."

Dwight had gone over to a group of his guests. Lynn watched him a moment with grateful, friendly eyes. He was a dear. He did understand. She went in search of Tom, troubled. She found him at a punch bowl.

"It's late, Tom," she said.

"I didn't think you'd realize it."

"Oh, but I do. I'm tired! Let's go home now," she coaxed.

"It's all the same to me," he agreed, without looking at her, more than a little drunk, but his voice still unthickened, his eyes clear, his step steady, marked, perhaps, by a more pronounced swagger. Yet so different a Tom from the one who had held her close and sung, "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby."

He couldn't. That was what ate at him now.

Gloomily he watched Lynn slip back across the room to draw Dwight aside. Her lips moved. She was saying, "We must go now, really." And Dwight was reminding her, "Tomorrow's Sunday. Little girls can sleep. Must you go?"

She must, she said; and he smiled at her without, it seemed, a regret.

Tom made his way to the room set apart for the male guests. Jennie and Lynn, arm in arm, went upstairs.

"Good time, Jennie?"

"Swell. I'm going to pose for Mark Manners. I'll pick up some loose change that way. How about you?"

"Me? Oh, the party? I loved it."

"Watch out for Tom. Warpath, fire water, feathers and all," Jennie warned as they went downstairs.

"Taxi," said Tom, on the pavement.

"Mr. Dwight's car was to——" began Lynn.

"Taxi!" said Tom firmly.

On the way home Jennie and Lynn talked. Conversation, at first spontaneous, became harder going after a while in the face of Tom's glumness.

They reached the doors of the apartment house. Jennie whispered to Lynn as they waited for Tom to pay the driver, "I'll do a nose dive into the bedroom and shut the door. You make up with him. I don't know what's the matter. Maybe he's coming down with something. But never let the sun rise on anger, for it's pretty gosh-darned near sunrise now."

Facing Tom in the living room after he had plodded heavily up the stairs with them and Jennie had vanished ostentatiously, closing the bedroom door, Lynn asked, "Oh, Tom, what's the matter?"

"What do you mean, what's the matter? Nothing's the matter; nothing at all. What should be the matter?"

She moved her hands in a gesture of despair. "Please, Tom, don't take that attitude. You're angry about something."

"I'm not. I'm not angry at all. Why should I be? What's on your mind? Got a guilty conscience?"

"Tom!"

"Look here, Lynn, you make me sick!" he shouted. "The whole party made me sick. You, most of all, cavorting around. I suppose you think you were the guest of honor. Honor! You make me laugh. And then necking out on the terrace with Dwight. Dwight, he's a fine guy, isn't he? What's the big idea, anyway? Rich lawyer throws party for bank employee. That sounds swell, doesn't it? I suppose he did it out of a fatherly interest!"

That went home. She accused him furiously, "You're drunk!"

"What if I am? I had to get something out of it, didn't I? I tell you I saw you out there cuddling up to the big shot after—after our dance together. Love! Women make me sick," said Tom.

She was unhappy with the swift, crushing unhappiness of youth; she was also murderously angry. She cried, "You—you're being disgusting and unfair and vulgar. I—go away!" she commanded, and dragged the little ring from her finger and threw it on the floor.

Yet ten minutes ago she would have sworn that if asked to explain her recent proximity to David Dwight, if asked to explain even the so-innocent kiss, she could have done so sincerely, with all her heart; although, she would have said, it needed no explanation.

She turned on her heel; staggered with fatigue, emotion, disappointment; yes, disappointment. She swung around, said sorrowfully:

"It was such a nice party. Now you've spoiled it; yes, you've *spoiled* it!"

Tears poured suddenly down her face, a crystal, miniature flood. Her face was childishly distorted with crying; she stood there, desolate, forlorn, crying bitterly, sobbing in small gulps.

This was no competent young woman capable of earning nineteen hundred dollars a year. This was not Dwight's "guest of honor," nor yet his friend who had stood with him upon the roof tops and talked of love and skyscrapers and friendship. This was a child whose builded blocks had toppled about her; who was crying about them.

The spirit had gone from her, the anger and the flame. Incalculable girl, garnets swinging at her ears, white frock billowing about her, standing quite still, crying. Devastating effect . . .

Tom took two steps. White frock disappeared; girl disappeared. "I love you—too much," he said, "I'm a fool. Forgive me."

At their feet the ring lay, a simple circle, a complicated circle, starred with a tiny diamond, and symbolizing eternity.

"Tom, I do love you. You didn't mean what you said." She wept into his crumpled shirt front.

"Of course not. Look here, this can't go on." He stopped, appalled at the sacrifice of pride, of principles, that he was about to make. Nonsense! Here she was, close in his arms, warmer than pride, more desirable than principles. "We'll get married, Lynn, as soon as possible. You—you can go on working, darling, and we'll be so happy."

"Tom!" She drew away from him a little, searched his face for truth. Truth was there, written on grave features. The liquor still sang in his blood but his mind was clear enough. He swept her back into his embrace, kissed her.

Jennie appeared in negligee. "Lord, I'm sorry; thought you'd gone."

Lynn was radiant. After all, weeping had left no scar; nothing had left scars. "Jennie, we've decided to get married."

"Is that news?"

"No, but soon. I mean, I'll keep on working."

Jennie was glum. "Nice for you, maybe. What about me? Back to the furnished room or driven to the streets. Tom, for Pete's sake, go home and let us go to bed. Can't you set the date tomorrow; I mean, later today?"

But they had no eyes for her, clasping hands, laughing with a gentle madness, happy, secure, the future irradiated and clear before them.

In Faith Baldwin's August Installment the rosy dreams of Lynn and Tom grow gray when Lynn discovers that marriage will jeopardize her position in the Seacoast Bank

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with Romance

Glorious Flames *by Elinor Glyn* (*Continued from page 61*)

in full swing and a few couples were dancing. New arrivals seated themselves every minute.

Hugo and Natasha were already there on the divan in the alcove beyond which the entertainers entered. Opposite them was an unoccupied table at which waiters were changing the ordinary vase of carnations to something rarer.

"That table is for them," Natasha whispered to Hugo. "The waiters are preparing for an important guest."

"So you still think the bride will dine here?" For once, Hugo felt masterful. Natasha had been gracious, and he knew he had now a power on his side—he could sting her about the duke's desertion.

Natasha gave him an impatient, contemptuous shrug, and kept watching the entrance. John and Anthea entered and were surrounded by attentive waiters as they took their seats at the small table reserved for them. At first nobody recognized them, but presently one, then another, saw the duke.

"Do you see, there is Courtenay!" A bunch of chorus girls were whispering. They were with their best swains.

"My Lord! Trixie, he looks as if he were in love with her, and she's a peach."

"I'd never let him loose like this downstairs if it were my wedding evening," a lovely creature remarked. Her eyes were as softly gray as Anthea's—and she had held Courtenay for one week.

"Well, he's married and done for. Let's drink to his health!" screamed Martha Brad. "It's not our funeral."

They all drank, and John's annoyed eye caught them covertly raising their glasses to him.

The head waiter now demanded to know their Graces' fancies—and here John's wits returned. Anthea left the menu to him. She had not often been in restaurants, and the whole scene was enchanting her.

Meanwhile, Hugo and Natasha were staring at them from the sofa opposite.

"The duchess is lovely," Hugo said, and the sincerity in his voice infuriated Natasha. She gave him a venomous look.

"She has no chic, though. Bah, a dowdy!"

"Well, anyway, the duke seems to be devoted to her. I'm sure he took her hand under the table," Hugo was delighted to answer.

NATASHA grew more and more astonished at the duke's appearance. Surely the drug must have lost all its power while in Hunya's drawer; and it was as well that she had given him enough to make him sleep while she stole the paper, so he would not be aware that anything had happened. It was all just as well, perhaps, because she had had time to realize what Hunya's vengeance upon her would have been if suspicions had been aroused.

Courtenay could not be angry with her; he would think he had been drunk, and somehow she would resume her old position with him. What were brides and their happiness to her? But he looked so well and handsome that she could not help saying to Hugo:

"He seems well, *hein?*"

What could she mean? Hugo wondered. Why shouldn't he look well?

Meanwhile, the dinner ordered, John turned to Anthea and asked her if she liked his choice.

"Perfect."

"Somehow, I felt you'd like it—I like it." His eyes were full of love.

What a divine situation! Everyone around, and they two alone—alone in love and life, without anything beyond them mattering. Anthea's heart beat excitedly.

John determined he would drift while they were in the restaurant. But underneath he knew that he was wrong.

The starlit terrace at Ardayre saw another pair of lovers—Dick Hammond and his Daphne. They were talking of the wedding festivities and of their own nuptials which would take place next month.

Dick clasped the lovely girl in his arms. "I shall hate leaving you, sweetheart," he whispered. "But I must catch the midnight express to London."

Daphne drew away from him. "Oh, Dick, you've only just returned from that horrid old Geneva business. *Must* you go, darling?"

Dick clasped her to him again. The situation was partly his fault. Why had he taken so much interest in his friends' affairs? Perhaps without his encouragement John would never have gone through with the disastrous plan.

"I must. I've had a telephone message that I'm obliged to attend to."

Daphne's beautiful eyes were raised to his with petulant pleading. "I want you to be with me always."

A whimsical, half-tender, half-cynical smile came over Dick Hammond's face, while he shook his head wisely. "If a woman wants a man to do that, she must never ask him any questions."

Daphne pouted. "Mayn't I ask you just this one?"

"Well, perhaps." Dick knew he had snubbed her, and was sorry. Then came the eternal request which all women make because they want the assurance, in words, that they are not being cheated or giving gold for dross.

"Do you love me?"

Dick smiled indulgently. "That's a dangerous question to ask at any time, sweetheart. I'd better prove it." So he kissed her fondly again.

But even in the bliss of that kiss, in Daphne's heart there was a little wound. Why did men hate answering things that every girl wants to know? However, kisses were kisses and gave her that longed-for thrill, so she gasped:

"I'm sure Courtenay and Anthea can't be as happy as we are now."

"Perhaps not." Dick's voice was gloomy.

A juggler was just finishing his turn in the New Ambassadors' restaurant.

Natasha was very pale as she stared at the bride and bridegroom. Courtenay could see her, she argued to herself. She had been prepared for his not recognizing her openly, but that not one covert glance had come her way—only the blank looks of a complete stranger—was more than she could account for. A cold rage filled her. She longed for revenge.

Hugo had done his best to distract her. She had heard only half he had said. The evening was nearly over, and she must make some plan. If the duke had not plainly showed that he was in love with his bride, she could have borne it better.

"You might as well attend to me," Hugo complained at last. "Your duke has never once looked at you."

"Bah, he is merely pretending to her that he has never seen me before; it is to cover things." Natasha laughed bitterly as Hugo paid the bill.

Across the floor at the little table John was undergoing emotions which he never had experienced before. Every moment he was more in love with Anthea, and therefore more apprehensive as to how the evening would end.

Every now and then his bride noticed a look of strain on his face. She, too, was feeling deeply. How had it been possible that all through her engagement she had never loved Courtenay? Had he been wearing a mask? Insinuations about his wild life had reached her, of course; but because she cared nothing for him herself, they had not annoyed her.

Now, however, when she knew that she was growing to care for him with all her heart and soul, they came back again.

Oh, well, people always exaggerated things, and her cynical old father had always said men were never true for long; but, he had added, it was in the hands of the woman not to be disillusionizing! Well, she would take care not to disillusionize Courtenay!

AT THAT moment, John was gazing at her with rapture. A delicious shyness filled her; she said softly:

"Then you will take me to Italy after Paris?"

The picture thus conjured up in his imagination was too exquisite! His voice grew deep as he answered:

"I should love to!"

Indeed, this was true.

Natasha saw his look of devotion and tenderness. She had never observed it in the duke's eyes when he looked at her. She had seen sensual passion, but that something which she dimly knew that she had missed all her life had never been there. What was it? And how, how had this other woman been able to arouse it since last night?

An uncontrollable rage seized her; she could bear it no longer. She rose and put her hands to her head.

"I'm tired of all this. I go to my room. My head aches. Come!"

Hugo followed her as she left the table and crossed the floor. Then she literally flounced past the ducal couple, giving Anthea an insolent stare and the supposed duke a sardonic smile.

Hugo felt ashamed, but was too accustomed to her moods and caprices to do anything but follow her meekly up the stairs and into the hotel, where she rushed to the hall writing table and began writing a note hurriedly.

"Who is that woman, Courtenay?" Anthea had asked, as indifferently as she could. She had found comfort in the creature's evident fury, but to think that he, whom she now loved, could ever have known such a person hurt her.

John answered with perfect truth: "I have never seen her before in my life."

Anthea looked in his face and against her suspicions was convinced that he was not lying. But how extraordinary!

At that moment the wonderful tenor whose love songs were one of the features in this new restaurant now approached them and began a sentimental ditty.

There was a something in his voice which went straight to the heart. After the first few bars John's hand sought Anthea's under the table, and her little fingers stayed in his clasp for a moment.

Then he took a rose from the table decoration, and touched her wrist with it and lifted it to his lips. Waves of emotion were flowing over Anthea. What divine ways he had—her husband!

But immediately John pulled himself up with a jerk. He *must* restrain himself, for soon, very soon, he must say good night to her.

The singer finished the song close to

them, and they thanked him. John rose; he tipped an attentive waiter, and Anthea understood that now they would be going up to their sitting room—alone.

Natasha had finished her note, sent Hugo off with a curt farewell and was hurrying to her room. Near her doorway she encountered a chambermaid. She spoke quickly.

"Take this note and give it to the gentleman in Number Four"—she pointed to the door across the passage. "The minute he comes up. Understand?"

As this was accompanied with a two-shilling bit, the chambermaid's wits were alert. "Be sure I will, madam."

Natasha retired into her room, leaving her door slightly open. She heard footsteps. Yes, it was the duke and duchess. She closed the door, afraid of being seen.

John was saying in an overcasual tone: "Good voice that fellow had."

"Yes; and isn't it amusing to be a duchess? People sing to you—and——"

Anthea, too, felt she must be very casual until they were in their own rooms. To her surprise, John stopped at her bedroom door; he had become rather pale.

To say good night here in the passage, he felt, was his only safety. If they went on into the sitting room and she came close to him, the temptation to respond would be too great.

"Oh, our sitting room is next door!" Anthea exclaimed in surprise.

He took out her key and opened her bedroom door, then handed it to her—and his voice became frozen as he said awkwardly: "Yes; but I am sure you must be awfully tired, Anthea; it's been such a long day. Won't you go to bed now?"

What did he mean? Was he going to follow her?

But no; he appeared more strained than ever. Her pride was hurt, so she went into the room and closed the door softly, without a word.

If John had been the rarest artificer, accustomed to playing upon the emotions of women and deliberately making them love him, he could not have succeeded more completely than he had with Anthea. She could not understand him: at one moment he was unquestionably a lover; at another, he was stiff and aloof.

What did it mean? It was very exciting, and as the days went on it would be thrilling to see if she could fathom the mystery. Did he love her? Did he not? If she were only sure! And that woman—who was she?

Suddenly she heard voices. She stood undecided, holding onto the door. She felt numb, as though she could not move. It was the chambermaid giving John the note.

"From the lady in Number Seven."

John read it quickly. When Anthea went into her room, he had paused a moment to collect himself, and the chambermaid had come up to him; she had, indeed, been waiting in the passage for her chance. It did not do to give notes to husbands when they were with their wives!

The note ran:

> Absurd for you to pretend not to know me, Courtenay. Come to my room, Number Seven, or I will come to yours and make a scene.
>
> Natasha

John understood now. This was the Boleska woman who had drugged his brother, and of course, believed him to be Courtenay! No suspicion must ever be aroused in her that this was not true; she could make endless mischief. He burned with anger. He went speedily to her door; he would settle this once for all.

She had been waiting and came out at

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his approach. She was indignant. "So you pretend not to know me, Courtenay?"

"Of course I know you." John's voice was fierce. "I have good reason to, you traitress! But how dare you molest me, after everything you have done!"

Natasha was frightened. He was angry, then! He suspected his sleep had not been natural, though obviously he had not yet discovered the loss of the formula. She pleaded at once: "I did what I did out of love for you, Courtenay." She pronounced it "Cour-te-nay."

"Whatever motive you may have had, if you don't leave me alone from now on, I shall hand you over to the police."

Terror came into Natasha's eyes. The police—her living fear—the police!

At that instant Anthea opened her door and looked out. She could bear it no longer; she thought she distinguished her husband's voice.

She stood petrified, and Natasha, catching sight of her, darted back through her own door, shutting it noiselessly, while John turned and followed Anthea as she retreated into her room. When she reached the dressing table she turned upon John.

"Courtenay, how could you lie to me and say you did not know that woman?"

In the dreadful position he was in, John could only reiterate what he had said in the restaurant: "I did not lie; it is true I have never seen her before."

Anthea was staggered. All her beliefs seemed tottering—and yet, looking at her bridegroom's face, she knew instinctively that he was speaking the truth. What was the mystery?

"But she seemed to know you so well," she blurted out.

John could not bear it any longer. He held out his arms to her, and she came close to him. "I can only ask you to trust me, Anthea," he said brokenly.

Anthea buried her head in his coat; sobs came. "Oh, what is it? What is it, Courtenay? I can't understand."

John was distraught. He was indeed expecting a great deal, he knew, in asking her to trust him against the evidence of her eyes. He smoothed her hair tenderly.

"Darling, I can't explain. I can't explain—anything. You must trust me, or we must part now."

The poor child could not bear the thought of that. No; at all costs, she loved him and would not let him go. "I will trust you," she whispered.

John drew away from her, after reverently kissing her hair. Then he went to the door into his room, but there turned, because she gave a little cry.

"Remember that your *husband* loves you," he said, and passed into his room and shut the door. There he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

While Anthea, left alone, threw herself on her bed and sobbed. What was she facing? What must she understand?

Hargreaves was asleep in a chair with Cæsar beside him, when, early next morning, the duke awakened more or less himself again. He felt weak and tottery, but his head was clearing. He got out of bed and slipped into his dressing gown without wakening his old valet.

For what purpose had Natasha drugged him? That was his first thought. Gradually, the possibility that the papers in his safe were her object dawned upon him, and he sank into a chair, calling:

"Hargreaves!"

The old servant woke instantly and came to him.

"Hargreaves! Bring me my keys!"

The duke went into the library beyond—and to the safe. He had already removed the dummy line of books when the valet returned with the keys, and with haste he opened the safe and searched it thoroughly.

The secret cipher had disappeared!

Courtenay fell into a chair, stunned and dismayed; then he gasped: "She not only has half killed me, Hargreaves, but she has stolen a government paper of the greatest importance! Get on to Mr. Hammond at once; you know the number. Tell him all about it; he'll know what to do—about the police. And tell him to meet me at the New Ambassadors as soon as possible. I'll dress at once and go to Lord John."

Courtenay arose and returned to his room, and Hargreaves went to the telephone, but as his master reached the door the faithful old fellow said:

"Your Grace won't forget—that you are Lord John still?"

The duke laughed with bitter anguish. "I won't forget."

What terrible thing had he done? Must John bear the blame for this, too? He vaguely remembered that Hargreaves had told him John had taken his place as bridegroom.

Taken his place?

And it was now morning.

An hour later Anthea, the bride, was just waking. Daylight was creeping through the open window.

She looked across at the other bed; no one had slept in it. She took up the orchids which the airmen had dropped from the sky for her, and which she had laid on the table beside her. They were limp and withered, just as she felt herself. There was some terrible mystery about her marriage. Were there some dreadful complications about that other woman?

Was Courtenay a liar? Was he that woman's husband, and had she come last night to claim him? Was she, Anthea, not truly married at all? Was that why Courtenay had left her alone? She must, she *would* have an explanation!

There were voices in her husband's room. She got out of bed and slipped on her lovely dressing gown and mules and went towards the door.

John had passed a miserable night also, awaiting Dick Hammond, who had telephoned about five in the morning, when his train arrived, that he would immediately set the machinery of the law in motion in regard to Natasha Boleska. She would be watched, and the headquarters of the gang surrounded, and he would be at the New Ambassadors as soon as possible. So John had dressed to be ready for him or for Courtenay.

John's bed showed the restlessness of his night: the bedclothes were flung about, and he was just throwing his crumpled pajamas on the disordered heap when the door was opened by a page.

"Lord John Dayre" had come to see his brother, "the duke."

The page remembered afterwards that his lordship looked worried. It must have been something important for him to visit a bridal pair at such an hour!

The duke shut the door quietly before John spoke.

"Courtenay! Thank heaven! How are you, old boy?" He grasped his brother's hand.

"Oh, I'm better; but John, something frightful has happened! Not only was I drugged, but my safe was opened while I slept, and the cipher formula of that new explosive was stolen."

John held on to the bedpost for a minute, staggered, while Courtenay fell upon the bed. John had never thought of this possibility, but only that the woman had drugged his brother so that he could not marry her rival. He had, indeed, not known that there was a cipher in the safe.

"Courtenay!"

"Yes, I discovered it just now."

John walked up and down, thinking rapidly. "Something must be done immediately."

"Hargreaves has telephoned everything to Dick," Courtenay said.

John remembered. "Natasha Boleska is here—across the hall in Number Seven. She tried to speak to me last night, believing I was you. I'll go at once and catch her. I am sure she does not think the theft has been discovered yet."

Courtenay, sitting on the bed, his hands hanging dejectedly in front of him, now stiffened.

"No; don't come with me, old man," his brother said. "She must go on thinking I'm you."

John strode to the door and across the passage, where he met the chambermaid just coming out of Number Seven.

"I must speak to the lady in there, please."

"She left last night just after I gave you the note, sir—your Grace." The chambermaid wondered what the whole thing meant. Evidently some titbit of scandal. Everyone knew the duke was a bit of a gay bird!

John thanked her and rushed back to his brother. "She's gone!" he gasped.

There was a timid knock at the door into the next room. Both brothers started forward, but neither spoke.

The knock was repeated, and then the door opened, and Anthea came in.

She stood there, white as a lily, in petrified astonishment. Both men put out their hands to her, but neither spoke.

She gave a nervous laugh. "Oh, it is your brother returned. Oh!" Then, as she saw their strained faces: "Which is my husband?" she cried in bewilderment.

John endeavored to speak; Courtenay mumbled: "I—we——"

But Anthea rushed over to them, searching their faces. "Speak! How can you be so cruel to me? What is this mystery? Tell me the truth!"

Then she pointed an accusing finger at the duke and rushed into John's arms.

"This is Courtenay," she gasped wildly, "but it is you I married—and I will never give you up! I don't care which it ought to be; this is the one I love." John clasped her fondly. "And I know he loves me!"

"I do; I do." John's voice was hoarse with emotion, and Courtenay, now with a clear understanding of the tragedy he had created by his weakness, slipped down upon the bed again and covered his face with his hands.

Anthea sobbed in John's arms.

"Darling, darling"—he tried to soothe her—"something terrible has happened. We daren't delay a moment. Go back with my brother to the town house. I will come as soon as possible."

Anthea clung to him. "I—I can't understand!" she cried.

John clasped her passionately. "You must trust your husband still."

At that moment Dick Hammond burst through the door which John had left unlocked. He looked perturbed and tense. He was taken aback at seeing Anthea, but could not delay.

"I have had their headquarters surrounded and all the ports are being watched. John, come with me now. Courtenay, old boy, you are not all right yet."

The duke, utterly crushed with the

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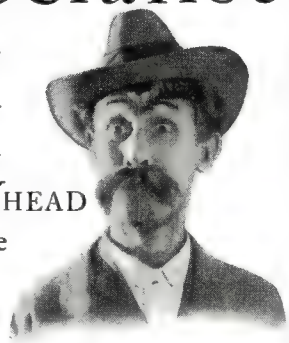

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knowledge that his brother loved Anthea and she loved him, looked straight in front of him, his blue eyes full of real anguish for the first time in his self-indulgent life.

His much-loved brother! What had he done to him? And dear little Anthea, too. They loved—and he and his folly stood between them. All was a ghastly nightmare. John's voice startled him.

"Courtenay, take care of Anthea; take her to St. James' Square and explain it all. Dick, I'm ready."

Then he clasped Anthea to him and kissed her hair.

"Darling, I must go."

With the shutting of the door, the poor child swayed a little, and the duke rose and faced her.

"Anthea, what can I say to you? It was all my fault."

She waved him aside, and went towards her room. "I will come to you presently in the sitting room," she said, in a frozen voice; and she left him, shutting the door firmly after her.

Hugo and Natasha were burning papers in the room at the tourist agency off the Strand. Ten minutes before, they had been warned that the building was watched and the police might enter at any moment. Hunya had told them to destroy everything, while he attended to the safe in the other room.

Natasha was thinking deeply. They had been betrayed. The duke, of course, had learned about the stolen paper at last and had warned the police, but he would never give her up to them. No; but what could she do; how could she get out of England?

As he threw bundle after bundle on the fire, Hugo exclaimed: "We have done much since the warning came! The chief, of course, will burn the cipher you brought, but you know the numbers, don't you?"

Natasha was trembling with fear. "Of course I do; but we shall all be put in prison, Hugo!"

"Darling, don't be afraid. I shall be with you, and we may get off yet." He had put his arm around her.

Suddenly a cunning look came into the girl's white face. She could save herself until the storm had passed; she could hide in the duke's library. She still had the key. She would not delay a moment. She would escape through the secret panel into a disused lumber room which gave onto a staircase with an opening into a back street.

"I can save myself, Hugo. But not you, *chéri.*" Since she herself was suffering, it gave her pleasure, in this supreme moment of her fate, to hurt him.

The boy let her slip from him. It was as if life died out of him. She was willing to leave him, while she went into safety. She did not love him at all, then. He was, at last, sure of that.

He stretched out his arms in anguish as she seized her hat and coat from the table and rapidly went to a huge poster on the wall, representing the Alps.

She touched a spring and up the panel flew, and she disappeared into the darkness within, the panel dropping again.

"How can you be so cruel!" Hugo had cried as she went from him, but now he was numb. The police might take him and his hated chief; he would burn no more papers. Life was over. He stood still with folded arms.

At that moment, Hunya came in by the door. He held the cipher in his hand. He was furiously angry.

"So you idiots have bungled somehow. That white wolf has betrayed us, as I said she would. Make haste, fool!"

Hugo remained inert.

A noise of voices was heard outside. The police were approaching and already must have seized the three experts, by the snarling sounds which came through.

"You can stay to meet your English friends, then; I shall go to safety." Hunya crumpled the cipher into a ball, threw it at the fire, rushed to the panel through which Natasha had disappeared, and was gone in a flash.

His hand had not been steady, perhaps, as the ball of paper had hit one of the bars of the grate and bounced back against the fender.

The door opened now and a posse of police, led by Dick Hammond and John, came in, the police holding the three miscreants they had taken.

It seemed the work of an instant when Hugo was arrested, a scornful smile on his face. He had not defended himself. Then, while John searched around for another exit, Dick found the cipher in the grate. Hunya had not quite shut the panel in his haste, and John pushed it up and disappeared into the darkness beyond before Dick perceived him.

John found himself in a deserted room. A ray of daylight coming through the shuttered windows allowed him to distinguish a man rising from behind a large safe. John intercepted the figure as it tried to gain a door, and the two men grappled with each other in a life-and-death struggle.

Meanwhile, as soon as Anthea was dressed, she had gone to meet Courtenay in the sitting room and there had heard the whole wretched series of events.

Anthea had felt passionate anger at first. How shameful of them to deceive her so! But then, she reasoned, having begun the thing, how could John have acted differently? And supposing she had loved Courtenay, no great harm would have been done.

But the ghastly tragedy of it all was that there was something in John which never could be in Courtenay, and she knew that she loved John with all her heart. It seemed to her that she must have loved him always in all her dreams, and that the real Courtenay was a myth.

She shivered and stayed quite still when the duke finished. A feeling of horror held her. Perhaps it was because at that moment John's life hung in the balance, for if Dick Hammond and the police had not instantly followed him through the panel, Hunya, in the struggle, would have put a knife through his heart; but Dick caught the upraised hand just in time, and the police seized the desperate man.

Thus the dramatic raid was soon over.

Natasha, meanwhile, had escaped and taken a taxi to the entrance of the lane behind the duke's house. Cautiously she let herself in by the private entrance. No one was in the room. She gave a sigh of relief. She did not expect to meet her whilom lover, who would have left for Paris with his bride; but she could hide here until the evening, and then get away, leaving no trace.

She noted a hiding place behind the screen, but she could not resist the temptation to look at the writing table. There might be papers there which would be of use in the future.

There was nothing of interest on the table, however, and she passed a fretful hour undisturbed. Then she heard voices outside the door—and rushed behind the screen.

Fortunately, she never knew it was Anthea and the duke conversing. Courtenay had brought her, as John wished, to the town house, there to await events. They had paused in the hall.

"At last you know how it all came about, Anthea, and you must not be

angry with John; it was all my fault," Courtenay was saying.

"Yes, I know; there is nothing more to be said."

"Anthea, I'm terribly sorry. I can't ask you to forgive me."

"My forgiveness, unfortunately, cannot put right this terrible tangle." Her voice was so hopeless it made him wince.

"Please believe, dear child, that whatever I can do to help the situation, I will do—no matter how drastic it may be. You shall not be sacrificed."

"Thank you, but you can do nothing. May I go to the rooms which you had prepared for me? I will come down to luncheon, or when your brother arrives."

The duke bowed resignedly and led her up the staircase to the suite which was to have been hers. Then he returned to the library. He was utterly overcome.

He had ruined this young girl's life and his brother's life, as well. He walked slowly to the writing table, and then Natasha sprang from behind the screen.

He recoiled from her in his astonishment, and folded his arms. "You! I suppose it means murder this time?"

Natasha rushed to him and clung to his arm. What a piece of good fortune, his having come back to St. James' Square! But why? Well, what matter? He was here and she could appeal to him again.

"No, no, Courtenay. I love you. I came because I have nowhere else to go. They will imprison me. It is you who warned the police last night about me, *hein?* And they take all at our headquarters; all papers are burnt."

That part of Courtenay which Dick Hammond had called "duke" asserted itself. He repulsed the pleading creature with dignity. "You are a traitor. I can do nothing for you. You drugged me to steal the paper from my safe."

"Oh, *mon chéri,* my love, I had to do that. Hunya made me, or he would have killed me. Oh, Courtenay, save me, save me! Don't let them take me to prison. I love you! I was jealous!" She went down upon her knees and held his arm.

"You have a strange way of showing love. You have ruined my life." He still stood firm.

Natasha was now sobbing wildly. "Take me to safety. Get me out of the country. Save me, save me, Courtenay!"

Her tragic accents touched his heart. She seemed so pathetic kneeling there—and perhaps it was true that she had been driven to rob him through fear of her life. He looked down at her and put out his hand and touched her hair.

"I have loved you so!" he cried in misery. "I cannot let them take you. I will get you away. You must disguise yourself and meet me outside Hendon Aerodrome in an hour. I will arrange to get a government airplane and take you away in it."

She rose now, joyfully, and flung herself into his arms. She had won. He loved her. She would win him from his hateful bride. They would go away together to Paris.

He started to kiss her, but the look in her mocking, triumphant face arrested him. "Natasha," he demanded, "is it true that the cipher you stole is burned?"

"Of course," she swore innocently, but she could not disguise the cunning in her eyes. A terrible possibility now came to Courtenay.

"It may be true that the paper exists no more," he said sternly, "but you—you know the numbers."

She laughed delightedly; this would be a weapon to hold over him! "And if I do, darling, I can forget them again when I want to. I know you love only me. You would do anything I wanted;

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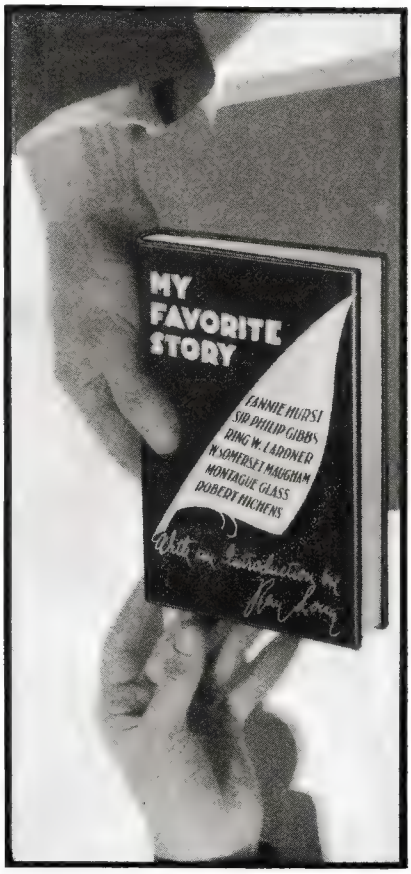

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you love me enough for that." She laughed triumphantly.

Courtenay held her from him, his face fierce; some strange menace had come into his expression. He kissed her brutally, then flung her from him.

"Yes, I love you enough—for that! Go to the aerodrome."

Natasha was frightened. What did he mean? *"Mon amour,* what are you going to do? You frighten me!"

"Do I?" His voice was still strange. "Go! I will meet you in an hour."

She kissed her hand to him lightly, and went noiselessly through the door to the passage of the private entrance. Fear had left her. What matter how he felt? He was going to take her into safety. She had won all round!

When Natasha had gone, the duke stood still for a moment, staring in front of him. She knew the numbers of the cipher and could repeat them at any moment to the rest of her gang in Europe. While she lived, nothing was safe. There was only one way out of all the difficulties . . .

He stiffened and made his decision. He called up Hendon on the telephone, and a blithe young officer friend of John's answered it.

"Hello! Who is that? . . . Oh, John Dayre speaking."

"Cheerio! Finished marrying your brother, eh?"

Courtenay explained, using John's phrasing, that he wanted to go for a spin.

"I expect you'd like to try that new side-by-side you saw on your way to the wedding, old man?"

Courtenay gave a sigh of relief at this suggestion. "Of course. That's what I was aiming at."

"It'll be a job, but I'll wangle it."

"In an hour, then. Cheerio."

Nearly everything was arranged now, and the duke sat for a moment at his writing table. Cæsar came to him and put up a great paw. His master bent down and stroked the dog's huge head.

Then his eyes wandered round the room, as if saying farewell to all the familiar objects. They rested, at last, upon the portrait and the sword of that great soldier, Lord John, who had saved the situation in Flanders with the Guards at a critical moment a hundred and fifty years ago.

Well, he, Courtenay, would be saving the situation now. Lord John Dayre, the airman, would cease to be, and the Duke of Ardayre would reign gloriously with his bride at Ardayre, beloved and respected by everyone.

There was no bitterness in his thoughts about his brother, the one being he loved. John would do it all so much better than he. But he would have to write to him and make some explanation.

He took up a pen to write to John; and then he pressed the bell on the writing table which called Hargreaves. As he straightened the writing paper to begin his letter, his eye caught the title of a book: "The Price of Things."

This would explain better than any letter to his twin. Courtenay wrote rapidly: "And I will pay." Then he slipped the sheet into the book and put both into a large envelope. He was fastening it when Hargreaves entered.

"Your Grace rang?"

"Yes; put out one of Lord John's service uniforms. You'll find it in his room."

What did this mean? Hargreaves wondered. What was his master going to do now? . . . "Oh, your Grace, what is it?"

The duke stiffened into sternness. "Never mind. Give this packet to his lordship when he comes in."

All the Ardayre pride was in Courtenay's face. Hargreaves dared not protest further, so he said, "Very good, your Grace," and slowly left the room.

Courtenay glanced at Anthea's photograph. What might it all have been if his character had been like John's?

"Castor and Pollux"—their nicknames when they had both joined the Guards in 1918, before John became an airman. Well, there was no doubt which had been the god and which the mortal!

Courtenay was not sentimental. He was now going to do what he considered a gentleman ought to do in a really serious situation—and there was no use in thinking about it. He was merely paying the Price of Things!

About luncheon time, Anthea came down to the library. The room was empty. She sat down, a forlorn figure. Then the door opened and there entered —one of the twins. But which one?

For an instant Anthea hesitated. Both brothers had been wearing dark blue suits. Then she rose excitedly. "You are John, my husband?"

John clasped her in his arms. "I am indeed, darling. Courtenay has told you everything?"

He kissed her fondly. No matter what trouble and scandal they would have to face, she was really his forever.

Anthea clung to him. "Oh, yes. But how can we get out of this frightful tangle? I will never be Courtenay's wife. I belong to you."

"Darling—mine!"

Hargreaves came in at that moment. He carried the packet his master had given him. His voice trembled as he said:

"His Grace said I was to give this to your lordship as soon as you came in." He coughed, and then, unable to contain his anxiety, "Oh, your lordship, his Grace went off two hours ago in your Air Force uniform!"

John looked startled and anxious, and quickly undid the envelope, only to find a green book: "The Price of Things."

A sheet of paper dropped out, and Anthea picked it up and they both read, in Courtenay's writing: "And I will pay."

The certainty of some tragedy came to John. His dear old Courtenay, what had he done? "Oh, how can I help him now?" he cried in anguish.

High among the clouds, the two were seated in the airplane. The duke's face was stern and intent; Natasha's was gay and careless.

"Ah, *chéri,* once we have left these hateful shores we shall be so happy!" she shouted in his ear.

"Eternally happy!" he shouted back, as he looked over the side to see that there was open country beneath them; then he seized a spanner and smashed the machinery in front of him.

Natasha shrieked in terror as he seized her in his arms and kissed her, murmuring words she could not hear.

"I cannot trust you—only love you—so we must both pay the price."

Then the birdlike sky thing gyrated and plunged nose down into a field with an awful explosion—and burst into flames. Glorious Flames!

Before the altar in the chapel where they had made their vows John and Anthea knelt alone, and the memory of those flames which had ended the tangle seemed to turn into the Golden Cross above them—symbol of Sacrifice for the salvation of Humanity.

And they prayed that they might understand its message, and live out their lives nobly until the end.

THE END

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Curses on the Letter Carrier

(*Continued from page 52*)

thing jumped across the footlights and hit you between the eyes—*biff! bango!*

It wasn't just smart stage business; it was art, sucker, art. It was what you call genius. It's what you're born with or you ain't. And if you are born with it usually it takes you a lifetime to learn what to do with it. But not this female.

That ought to give you a rough notion of what I thought about Honey Ginsburg.

I knew her about as well as the next one, I'd say. Why wouldn't I? She quit topping the two-a-day bills and signed up with Rudolph Welt the same season that I went on his pay roll, doing scripts and songs for his revues. So that's how it was that for the next four or five years I was fitting gags to her measurements and she was making 'em sizz like skyrockets.

And never a hard word or a cross look between us. And my royalties continuing to be very nutritious, thanks mostly to her and thanks also to Rudy Welt, because when it came to this revue thing, Rudy was the showman of 'em all. Others might bob up but he stayed up.

He had the right producing dope; had it by instinct. The paying guests out front might have the idea that here was just one large, noisy, costly goulash of girls and vaudeville skits and imported ballets and burlesque specialties and more girls and lavish scenery and light effects and costuming effects and some more girls, all stirred in together any old way. But a guy like you, who's been close to the inside, realizes that behind the whole thing is a sort of invisible scheme, a sort of hidden harmony or rhythm or timing or motive—whatever you want to call it. It has to be there or the show's not there, either.

Well, it was along toward the beginning of the third summer together for Honey and me with Rudy that the mess about that long-legged, plush-haired lizard of a Chet Burkamp exploded. Everybody that was wise along this street knew Chet Burkamp for a journeyman chiseler, but until they jugged him in the Tombs on that California warrant, probably not six people knew he was Honey Ginsburg's husband.

The blow-off, when it came, certainly did make all the front pages and stay there for quite a spell. Here was this Chet Burkamp, charged with being up to his armpits in the sourest kind of a blackmail racket out on the Coast—him and three others, and each one of those other three as crooked as a churnful of coon chitterlings. And here was this hard-working, square-shooting, big-hearted Honey Ginsburg gal coming to the front as his lawful wedded wife, and putting up the fight of her life for him.

Yes, she told the reporters, he was her man and she was his woman and she was for him world without end. So they went and stuck it in the papers. She was on the level, too. She'd had her sweeties before she ever saw Chet, that being common rumor but nobody's business but her own, and since she turned reckless, she's had her a different husband from time to time; but I'm prepared to testify, from the best of my knowledge and belief, that he was the only one she ever sure-enough fell for—that is, fell for away down deep in her soul. Why? Don't ask me. This love business is like that, that's all. It's like a butterfly. It may hover over a flower

garden, and then again it may light on the city dump.

I'm only telling you what you already know, if your memory's any good, when I tell you she stuck to Chet all the way through. Her ready cash went first because she bought that big bum one swell defense and no questions asked. She'd never been much of a saver.

She sold her new car to raise a fee for the local mouthpiece that was hired to spring Chet after the extradition papers came through. And when that failed, she hocked her jewelry—she loved jewelry—her bracelets and all, in the hope of some way keeping the other kind of bracelets off of Chet's wrists. And that likewise failed. So when they took him back, hitched to a San Francisco bull, what did Honey do but travel on the same train clear across the continent and stay over for the trial, which didn't take long, because once they had him safe out there they put him through like a once-over shave in a Bowery barber shop.

He drew a four-year jolt and she rode with him and the cops up the bay and told him good-by at the gates of San Quentin. She left him there, and still trying to grin through the grief, she came hurrying home to jump into Rudy's newest edition that I'd just finished tinkering into shape for the tryouts.

It didn't damage her any, all that notoriety. It helped her—she'd been such a game little guy through the whole smear. And the public like game guys wherever found. She went over better that season than she ever did before, I'd say.

The women especially seemed terrible strong for her. Standing at the back, many's the performance when I'd see 'em reaching for their handkerchiefs while Honey was singing that blues song I'd written for her called "I'm That Lonesome Till It Hurts."

In fact, she went over so big that early in the spring when we were getting ready to begin dishing up our next fall's stunt, Rudy says to me, "Clem," he says, "I move you that we hang this one on the kid's shoulders. We might as well, because if she keeps on going the way she's going now, she'll steal it, anyhow.

"I've never out and out starred anybody before," he says, "but this coming season I'll certainly be starring a certain party, and the name is Ginsburg. So just hop to it and drape the best of your new material over her."

I followed orders. Not that we didn't back Honey up and fill in around her with strong support. Because we did. I don't believe, all the time I was with Rudy Welt, that we ever had us a sweller cast than that cast was. F'rinstance, we had Ritz and Ritzy, an unknown team that I'd caught one night in a cheap variety house doing an eccentric knockabout turn—and you know what a riot they've been on the Big Time ever since. And we had Boliveria, the half-portion South American dancer, that was a novelty then and still is just as crazy as she was when she first landed. "Nutchita," we called her, the same being Spanish for a "little nut." And we had Eddie Carney, that's always been as sure-fire a low comedian as you'd find anywhere; and Roscoe Conkling Wade, and that big dinge was the best Negro character actor, to my way of thinking, that ever lived—oh, quite a mob and not a weak spot in it anywhere unless it was the tenor. Tenors always are the frail sisters.

And then, of course, we had a string of these beautiful, tall, rangy clothes-horses that Rudy always played up for his ensembles; and for the ponies we got us a fresh crate of Tiller Girls boxed up and shipped over from the other side. That's one crop that never fails—Tiller's gals.

And yet, mind you, that was the show that died dead on our hands before Thanksgiving Day. That, though, was after Honey quit us and was out at Reno getting her papers and fixing to beat it abroad and stay there, and after we'd stuck Gertie Stack into the gap she'd left; and Gertie was good, but she wasn't Honey. And that was where I lost my hundred thou', because what with the New York run and the returns from the road show afterwards, and my cut-in on the gross profits—I had a little piece of the production on the side—I estimate they'd have gone that high if not higher, as I was telling you a while ago when we first glimmed that postman.

And that was Rudy Welt's first failure and his last one. Because one flop like that flop was plenty for his blood pressure, and he retired; and that's where I had to change stables—just one large shipwreck for all concerned.

But that's running ahead of my story. I thought I shuffled up a pretty good book and I still think so in spite of everything. Rudy thought so too, and he was a judge. The first rough rehearsals seemed to be bringing out the values the way we counted on. So we spent about six weeks drilling the chorus lads and the long dames—the short ones didn't need any high-schooling, having been broken in before we ever saw 'em—and tucking up the loose ends and chopping out the deadwood and so on. There may not be any more plot to a topical revue than there is to an Oklahoma cyclone, but there is a kind of continuity to it, if you get what I mean. It's got to click, and this one was starting in to click. We could tell that much.

But all of a sudden one day she went

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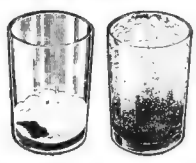

3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

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flat on us. We could just feel the life going out of the show. We not only could feel it but we could see it. It was like watching a tire flattening down and getting flabby when it's been punctured. So that same afternoon, Rudy called it a day and told all the boys and girls, including the principals, to run along until next morning, and after they were gone he and I went into a huddle for the conference thing.

"What's wrong now?" says Rudy but I could tell he already had his own view about where the real trouble was, and was just sounding me out to see whether I'd located it, too. "Well," I says, "we've been working 'em like dogs all through this hot weather—they're tired, I guess." "They're tired, all right," says Rudy, "but that ain't it. It's something that sinks in deeper than that."

"Well, what is it, then?" I says. "It's Honey," he says. "What's wrong with Honey?" I says. "Don't ask me," he says. "I don't know what's wrong with her—wish I did. I'm just telling you something is wrong though." "Pulling a touch of temperament, maybe?" I says, to draw him out. "Temperament!" he says. "That's one trouper learned her trade at the bench. Except on the stage where it's needed, she's never had any more temperament than the Statue of Liberty's got, and you know it."

"Well, then," I says, still guessing, "perhaps she's just stalling along through rehearsals. Honey's too much of a wise old hand to waste her strength in these exercise gallops. Knowing by experience that her stuff will be sure-fire, anyhow, she throttles down and saves up for the big race when the grand stand's full. I've noticed that before." "You're not so noticing now," he says. "I tell you, she's gone cold on this entire proposition. She's sparking on about two cylinders, if that many. Her mind ain't on her business any more. Now don't you let on you're spying," he says, "but tomorrow you study her, and then tell me if I ain't right. Because something terrible serious sure ails Honey Ginsburg."

So next day I did study her and he was right. I thought about it awhile, and then I went and led her to an anteroom. And I says to her: "Little sister," I says, "we've been good friends quite a spell now, haven't we?" "We sure have," she says. "What of it?" "Why, this," I says. "I've got a kind of sneakin' suspicion—correct me if I'm wrong—that something's got you worried. Come on now, spill the low-down to Uncle Clem!"

"There's nothing to spill," she says. "I'm O. K." "On the level?" I says. "Say," she says, "what's got into you stiffs? First thing today Rudy comes snooping round, glooming round, yes, hinting round. And then you start trying to pump. Don't I look all right to you? Has anybody reported it on me that I was sobbing in corners? You bet not. Then give me a look in the map and see if I'm holding out on you."

I gave her a look, but her face wasn't her regular face; and her eyes weren't her regular eyes. It was all just a mask. "Let it go," I says. "I was just asking," I says; "so if I'm wrong, let's forget it."

But, believe me, I wasn't wrong. I knew that after we'd packed up and gone on a special down to Highland Beaches for two weeks before coming into town.

We went down of a Saturday, and Honey was mighty quiet and fagged-out-looking on the train. Well, you wouldn't blame her or anybody for being quiet—it was about ninety-eight in the shade in that car until we hit the shore line and the ocean breeze began to blow in through the windows. We'd open on a Monday night, so Sunday night we had the dress rehearsal, working for the first time with the props and the sets and the costumes and all. That fazes some green hands, some old hands too, sometimes; but it oughtn't to fazed Honey; it never had before. But she was as nervous as a cat.

There was one scene that we'd been counting on all along for the biggest laugh-getter in the whole riddle—a skit where Honey played a tenement-house hooch-maker and Eddie Carney played a Prohibition agent and Wade played a smoke that gets blown up by the home-made still going off in the back room while she's trying to con Carney into thinking there's nothing in there but a boarder down with a case of measles. A week before, even doing it in a bare hall with faked-up props, it'd been a panic and a wow. And now it was a funeral.

Lord knows, Carney was working himself into a lather trying to feed the stuff out right. It wasn't his fault. And it wasn't the big darky's fault. It was Honey; that's where the fault was. She had the mechanics, trust her for that. If she'd been walking and talking in her sleep she'd still had them. But the serio-comic emotionalism, the real essence of her clowning—they weren't there. She was just making motions and, without the proper spirit of her to shine through, that's all they were—motions.

Rudy kept at the three of 'em—at her, rather—and so did I. We stopped the routine and made 'em do the thing over twice more, trying to whip breath into it, but it didn't get us anywhere. When we got through, the corpse was still a corpse, and from then on everything else dragged and sagged. It was like as if somebody had a disease and had given it to all the others. A two-hundred-thousand-dollar investment and a half-million-dollar prospect was already beginning to smell like a total loss.

Honey must have realized how Rudy and I felt—both of us scared limp; both of us near crazy—because at the finish she spoke up and said: "Listen, everybody, I know I've been rotten tonight. But I feel rotten—I couldn't sleep last night. Even with a fan on, the apartment was like a bakeshop. It's got me—this heat. But tonight I'm going to get a good night's rest and maybe tomorrow night will be a different story."

It was a cinch she was lying, but after that what could anybody say to her? And the opening next night wasn't any different story. It was the same story, only worse. For once, a Rudolph Welt revue was taking the count. And took it!

When we rang down, quarter to twelve, I was fair desperate. As for Rudy, that party was fit to be tied. He was all for busting into Honey's dressing room and tearing the plaster off the walls with his bare hands. But I nailed him. I says to him: "You lam back to the hotel and do something soothing till I come. I'll wait for this Jane that's dished us. I'll handle this for the both of us. I'll get the truth out of her if I have to choke it out."

"I've been thinking along a new line," he says. "D'ye suppose she could 'a' turned hophead on us?" "Oh, she's hopped, all right," I says; "hopped to the eyebrows but not on any drug-store stuff, if that's what you mean. Her dope is something else—and something worse on the system, because inside these last three or four days it's eaten into her until she's nothing but a shell—just a lamp with the light out. When I know what the cause is, then maybe we'll know the remedy, if the thing ain't hopeless. It looks hopeless now, I admit, but when I see you again, either I'll have

the low-down on this case and the cure for it, if there is any cure for it, or the patient'll be wearing a nice blue necklace of finger marks. Now beat it," I says, "and let me be the doctor."

So when she comes out of the stage entrance I'm waiting there alone in the side alley. "You come with me," I says. "Clem," she says, and her voice sounds a mile away, "I'm tired. Lemme go on to bed now, and in the morning——" "Nix," I says, "I'm tired, too—tired of this stalling and side-stepping."

I took hold of her arm and I led her across the street and under the boardwalk and out on the front. I could feel her trembling—poor kid! There was a nice bright moon shining, so the sand looked white as snow almost, and the tide was coming in and there was one swell little breeze blowing in off the sea. I found a bench off by itself.

"Here's a good place," I says. "Sit down. Now take it easy," I says, "but come clean. This is the last call. Then, if there's anything I can do——"

Right there she wilted. She sagged up against me and I put my arm around her and gave her a friendly hug.

"There's nothing anybody can do," she says, and begins to cry. "Clem," she says, "I'm through. I'm licked—and Clem, I'm scared of my life. I'm scared stiff—that's the answer to everything." Then, before I can put in a word, she goes on, just busting out with it like as if a dam had broke and the flood was pouring through fast: "I've let you two boys and the whole company in for this, and if it ain't too late I'll try to get you out. I'm handing in my notice—never mind that two-weeks' clause; that's out. But I'll stick on the job down here where it don't matter so much, until Rudy can line up somebody for my part.

"Rudy can shoot out an alibi to the papers saying I'm sick or something. The worst that can happen is you might have to postpone the opening in town. This show ain't dead yet; it's crippled. I'm the one that crippled it by thinking, like a fool, I could keep going. But maybe it ain't killed dead. But I'm cooked, done. The jam I'm in is past squaring.

"Quick as ever I can get a divorce—and I can get it easy, Chet being a con and all—I'm going to get out of this country and stay out of it. I've thought of London. I like London, what I've seen of it, a couple of vacations and playing the halls over there once. But, the way I feel now, I won't ever play London or any other town. I've walked out of the baby-spots for good and all."

"Don't say that," I says; "maybe," I says, "you're just run down and maybe all you need is a good rest. If you've gone kind of sour on your present husband, that's one thing, but that ain't such a fatal complaint. It's happened before."

"I am saying it," she says, "saying it and meaning it. I ain't gone sour on my husband. Chet Burkamp is the only one I ever fell for hard and the only one I ever will fall for—fall for on the level, I mean. It's him that's gone sour on me.

"I've got a letter from him now, inside of these street clothes. He must've smuggled it out. No warden nor no p. k. would ever let a letter like that go through, a letter that said the things this letter did, and made the threats this letter made—saying if ever he lays eyes on me again he'll croak me. And meaning it! I know him, and you don't. There's a devil in him. Get him set, and he's set for good. And dangerous as a tiger. And deadly as one! That's why I'm scared and that's why my heart's broke.

"Wait," she says, "don't cut in on me any more or I'll go all to pieces. Let me reel the whole spiel off to you while I

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SHE is one of the most particular people in the world—so fastidious, in fact, that on her outing to the beach she wouldn't go in the water. Because too much debris bubbled in the surf, she wet her feet only on the tile floor of a shower bath.

Strange to say, she would have been safer in the ocean than prancing on the spotless floor of that shower. Like almost every moist surface, it was infested with germs of "Athlete's Foot"—invisible to her eyes, but highly contagious to her dainty toes.

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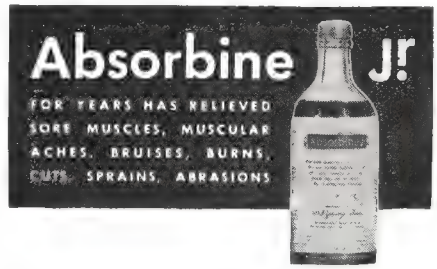
Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



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"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes the danger signal is redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and wherever it penetrates, it *kills* this germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

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It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.* If the case does not readily yield see your doctor.

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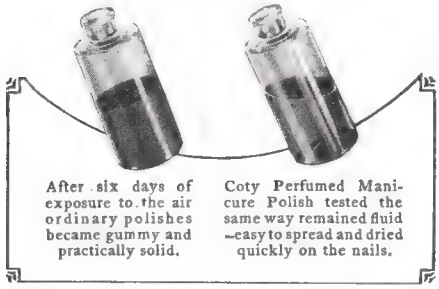

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Enclosed find 25c for Coty Trial Size Perfumed Manicure Polish and Solvent Combination. (Check polish shade desired.)

Clear....., Medium....., Deep.....

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

can: With his time off for good behavior—he's been a good boy in stir no matter how he may've acted on the outside—with his time off, he's due to be free sometime next year. And all this time since he was put away, that's what I've been banking on and counting on and saving up for—the day when he'd be let out. And here's the dream I've had about him and me that's kept me going until now. Maybe it was a fool dream but it sounded good to me.

"I said to myself I'd have enough laid by when he came out to buy us a place somewhere in the country not too far from New York and yet just far enough—Westchester or Long Island or Jersey or somewhere—and we'd go to it and settle down there all decent and quiet—us two battered-up battle-axes—where he'd have something to think about besides the gang he used to trail with and the bright lights that got him warped. Where I could fuss over him and wife him and mother him. Where, maybe, if things went right, I'd maybe have a baby by him. Don't laugh. If you laugh, Clem Reilly, I'll kill you!"

I wasn't fixing to laugh. I don't know when I've felt sorrier for anybody than I feel right then. I just keep on listening. And she's going on:

"Only," she says, "only I knew it would take a lot of jack to put this dream-thing of mine over the way I wanted it. This love-in-a-cottage stuff wouldn't never do for him and it wouldn't hit me so strong, neither. I figured on a swell dump—get me?—with plenty of servants and some horses to ride and maybe a speed boat and plenty of guest rooms for friends dropping in and us making a big flash before the neighbors—if you make flash enough folks don't care about your past life. So I've been laying by every cent I could get my two hands on. But the time for Chet to walk out was getting nearer every day and still my pile wasn't anywhere near the size I wanted it to be, even with the salary I draw down from you boys.

"So, Clem, I did what I'd never done before, good times or bad times. I went to it cold-blooded and started conning a rich old pappy-guy that's been trying to make me for ever so long. I'd stood him off at first but now I pretended I was getting ready to fall for him, which, between I and you, I never would've, not if Chet was dead and I was starving.

"You never saw him, I guess, and I don't know if you'd even know his name if you heard it, so I won't mention it. I never showed myself at a night club or anywhere with him, account of the danger of loose talk getting started. I've been keeping him under cover—that's easy to do in a town as big as New York.

"He's a cad. He made my flesh crawl every time he started pawing at me. He's the kind that would blow in any amount of money so's he could brag to his club mates that he'd copped off a popular and successful actress. He's the kind that positively and absolutely won't do.

"I've been stringing him along though, making him think that any minute, almost, I'd be ready to start up housekeeping with him, half promising him I would today, half refusing him tomorrow, and all for the sake of the negotiable junk I could take him for. He's given me about a peck of jewelry, and trust me to see it was the kind that'd sell easy after I'd give him the air, which was what I've been meaning to do at the proper minute. He's given me a big car, and if I ain't ridden in it much, that's because I wanted to keep it slick and shiny against my selling it.

"Lately I'd worked him up to the point where he talked about handing over a chunk of money to me—you know, real important money with no strings on it, either; I'd see to that. And that chunk of money was what I was after. I could see six percent on it paying for the keep of that country place of mine.

"Well, the other week I got to thinking what would happen if Chet, and him cooped up helpless out in that hole of a San Quentin, got word that I was vamping old Ready Money. There wasn't any telling. Even that far away and inside of that jailhouse, gossip travels.

"And Chet's naturally the suspicious kind—why wouldn't he be, with the breaks he's been getting most of his life since he was a kid in a reformatory? And he's the jealous kind. It eats into him like some kind of an acid—jealousy does.

"So, not to take no chances on him getting the wrong kind of a steer, I sat down one night about two weeks ago and I wrote him the whole plot just like it was and just like I've been sitting here telling it to you. I knew he'd get the letter. There's a deputy screw out there who's been getting pay from me regular for showing Chet any little favors, and I sent the letter on to this guy to be slipped in, unopened. I told Chet how I was giving the needle to this new heavy sugar-papa and why I was doing it. I didn't hold out anything on him.

"And then I says to myself that I better write some hooey to old Ready Money, him being out in Vancouver on a shipping deal he was framing. I didn't want to take any chances on him forgetting things and going cold on the idea of that big cash transfer while he was away. So I wrote to him, too—the sort of boloney I wanted him to believe. Told him I was nuts about him. Told him how I missed him and how I wanted him to hurry back. Oh, just told him every sugar-coated lie that I wanted him to swallow.

"Then I took the two letters and I went down to mail 'em, and just as I got to the corner the postman was emptying the box, so I handed 'em to him and he stuck 'em in his bag and I slipped him half a dollar for luck and went back upstairs, feeling like a million dollars.

"I heard from Vancouver first. I didn't know before you could send stuff like that over Western Union and get away with it. But I didn't get the message until three days after it came, because that thick-headed Swede maid of mine signed for it and then stuck it away and forgot about it until last Wednesday morning. So I opened it then and gave it a look and was still standing there sort of numb and stunned when—would you believe it could all happen all together like that?—the bell rang and the elevator man had brought up a special delivery from Chet, and I tore it open and took a quick flash and from that minute I've been in the hellish shape I'm in now."

For just a flash I must have looked puzzled, because she throws up both hands and she fairly screeches it at me:

"Don't you see? You poor simp, don't you see how it was? I got the envelopes mixed and Chet's letter went to Vancouver and the other letter went to San Quentin!"

"So that," said Reilly, as he got up from his chair, "is why frequently I'm morbid on the subject of letter carriers passing by this office. Suppose we stroll out and see if we can't find some ozone that hasn't already been breathed by two or three thousand other saps."

Coming Soon—Irvin S. Cobb's story of Judge Priest's collaboration with Uncle Sam in ridding the country of a cold-blooded murderer

The Right Thing Is the Kind Thing

(*Continued from page 57*)

had called out: "I say, do you see this? Knobby's dead."

"Knobby Who? Not Knobby Clarke?"

There was a paragraph in a column of general intelligence.

> Messrs. Star, Moseley & Co. have received a cable informing them that Mr. Harold Clarke, of Timbang Belud, died suddenly on his way home and was buried at sea.

A man came up and took the paper from the speaker's hand and incredulously read the note for himself. Another peered over his shoulder.

A shiver of dismay pierced those hearty, jovial, careless men and each one for a moment remembered that he, too, was mortal. Other members came in and as they entered they were met by the grim tidings.

"I say, have you heard? Poor Knobby Clarke's dead."

"No? I say, how awful!"

"Rotten luck, isn't it?"

"Rotten."

"It gave me quite a turn when I saw it in the paper just by chance."

"I don't wonder."

One man with the paper in his hand went into the billiard room to break the news. They were playing off the handicap for the Prince of Wales' Cup. That august personage had presented it to the club on the occasion of his visit to Timbang. Tom Saffary was playing against a man named Douglas, and the resident, who had been beaten in the previous round, was seated with about a dozen others watching the game. The marker was monotonously calling out the score. The newcomer waited for Saffary to finish his break, and then called out to him.

"I say, Tom, Knobby's dead."

"Knobby? It's not true."

The other handed him the paper. Three or four gathered round to read with him.

"Good Lord!"

There was a moment's awed silence. The paper was passed from hand to hand. It was odd that no one seemed willing to believe till he saw it for himself in black and white.

"Oh, I am sorry."

"I say, it's awful for his wife," said Tom Saffary. "She was going to have a baby. My poor missus'll be upset."

"Why, it's only a fortnight since he left here."

"He was all right then."

"In the pink."

Saffary went over to a table and, seizing his glass, drank deeply.

"Look here, Tom," said his opponent, "would you like to call the game off?"

"Can't very well do that." Saffary's eye sought the score board and he saw that he was ahead. "No; let's finish. Then I'll go home and break it to Violet."

Douglas had his shot and made fourteen. Tom Saffary missed an easy in-off, but left nothing. Douglas played again, but did not score, and again Saffary missed a shot that ordinarily he would have been sure of. He frowned. He knew his friends had bet on him heavily and he did not like the idea of failing them.

Douglas made twenty-two. Saffary emptied his glass and by an effort of will that was patent to the sympathetic onlookers settled down to concentrate on

"What a *terrible* sunburn you have!

You'd better use Hinds right away!"

IT'S FUN to frolic in the surf, and bask on the sands, but it's no fun at all to be badly sunburned. But Hinds Cream brings you *instant relief* from even the most painful sunscorch. It cools your skin immediately, and makes it feel more comfortable. . . . Use a generous amount of Hinds Cream, rubbing it in gently but thoroughly . . . then a trifle more. And before going to bed at night, smooth on another application of this soothing lotion. By morning the "sting" and discomfort of your sunburn are sure to be gone. Your druggist has Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Get a bottle today, and keep it readily available all summer. Or, for a sample, write A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. K-1, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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the game. He made a break of eighteen and when he just failed to do a long Jenny they gave him a round of applause. He was sure of himself now and began to score quickly.

Douglas was playing well, too, and the match grew exciting to watch. The few minutes during which Saffary's attention wandered had allowed his opponent to catch up with him and now it was anybody's game.

"Spot two hundred and thirty-five," called the Malay in his queer, clipped English. "Plain two hundred and twenty-eight. Spot to play."

Douglas made eight, and then Saffary, who was plain, drew up to two hundred and forty. He left his opponent a double balk. Douglas hit neither ball, and so gave Saffary another point.

"Spot two hundred and forty-three," called the marker. "Plain two hundred and forty-one. Plain to play."

Saffary played three beautiful shots off the red and finished the game.

"A popular victory!" the bystanders cried.

"Congratulations, old man," said Douglas.

"Boy," called Saffary, "ask these gentlemen what they'll have. Poor old Knobby."

He sighed heavily. The drinks were brought and Saffary signed the chit. Then he said he'd be getting along.

"Sporting of him to go on like that," said someone when the door was closed on Saffary.

"Yes; it shows grit."

"For a while I thought his game had gone all to pieces."

"He pulled himself together wonderfully. He knew there were a good many bets on him. He didn't want to let his backers down."

"Of course it's a shock, a thing like that."

"They were great pals. I wonder what he died of."

George Moon, remembering this scene, thought it strange that Tom Saffary, who on hearing of his friend's death had shown such self-control, should now apparently take it so hard. It might be that, just as in the war a man who was hit often did not know it till some time afterwards, Saffary had not realized how great a blow to him Harold Clarke's death was till he had had time to think it over. It seemed more probable, however, that Saffary, left to himself, would have carried on as usual, seeking sympathy for his loss in the company of his fellows, and that it was his wife's conventional sense of propriety which had insisted that it would be bad form to go to a party when their grief made it more decent for them to eschew for a little anything that suggested gayety.

Violet Saffary was a nice little woman, three or four years younger than her husband; not pretty, but pleasant to look at and always becomingly dressed; amiable, ladylike and unassuming. In the days when he had been on friendly terms with the Saffarys, the resident had dined with them from time to time. He had found her agreeable, but not very amusing; of late he had seen little of her.

"Just picture yourself on a horse, Madame, and you have the effect."

Saffary had presumably said what he had come to say and the resident wondered why he did not go. He sat heaped up in his chair oddly and looked dully at the desk that separated him from the resident. He sighed deeply.

"You must try not to take it too hard, Saffary," said George Moon. "You know how uncertain life is in the East. One has to resign oneself to losing people one's fond of."

Saffary's eyes slowly moved from the desk and he fixed them on George Moon's. They stared, unwinking. Presently two tears formed in Saffary's blue eyes and slowly ran down his cheeks. He had a strangely puzzled look.

Something had frightened him. Was it death? No. Something that he thought worse. He looked cowed.

"It's not that," he faltered. "I could have borne that."

George Moon did not answer. He waited.

Saffary gave a harassed glance at the papers on the desk. "I'm afraid I'm taking up too much of your time."

"No; I have nothing to do at the moment."

Saffary looked out of the window. A shudder passed between his shoulders. He seemed to hesitate. "I wonder if I might ask your advice," he said at last.

"Of course," said the resident; "that's one of the things I'm here for."

"It's a purely private matter."

"You may be quite sure that I shan't betray any confidence you place in me."

"No, I know you wouldn't do that, but it's an awkward thing to speak about, and I shouldn't feel comfortable meeting you afterwards. But you're going away tomorrow and that makes it easier, if you understand what I mean."

"Quite."

Saffary began to speak in a low voice, sulkily, as if he were ashamed, and he spoke with the awkwardness of a man unused to words. George Moon listened in silence, his face a mask, smoking, and while he listened he saw, as if it were a background, the monotonous round of the planter's life. It was like an accompaniment of muted strings that threw into sharper relief the calculated dissonances of an unexpected melody.

With rubber at so low a price every economy had to be exercised and Tom Saffary, notwithstanding the size of the estate, had to do work which in better times he had had an assistant for. He rose before dawn and went down to the lines where the coolies were assembled. He read out the names and assigned the various squads to their work. Some tapped, some weeded, and others tended the ditches.

Saffary went back to his solid breakfast, lighted his pipe and sallied forth again to inspect the coolies' quarters. Children were playing and babies sprawling here and there. On the sidewalks Tamil women cooked their rice.

After this Saffary set out on his rounds. On his well-grown estate the trees planted in rows gave a charming feeling of the prim forest of a German fairy tale. The ground was thick with dead leaves. He was accompanied by a Tamil overseer.

Saffary walked hard, jumping the ditches when he came to them, and soon he dripped with perspiration. He examined the trees to see that they were properly tapped, and when he came across a coolie at work, examined the shavings and if they were too thick swore at him and docked him half a day's pay. When a tree was not to be tapped any more he told the overseer to take away the cup and the wire that held it to the trunk. The weeders worked in gangs.

At noon Saffary returned to the bungalow and had a drink of beer which was lukewarm because there was no ice. He stripped the khaki shorts, the flannel shirt, the heavy boots and stockings in which he had been walking, and shaved and bathed. He lunched, lay off for half an hour, and then went down to his office and worked till five; he had tea and went to the club. About eight he started back to the bungalow, dined and half an hour later went to bed.

But last night he went home immediately he had finished his match. Violet had not accompanied him that day. When the Clarkes were there they had met at the club every afternoon, but now they had gone home she came less often. She said there was no one there who much amused her. She told Tom he need not mind leaving her alone. She had plenty of things to occupy her in the house.

As soon as she saw him back so early she guessed that he had come to tell her that he had won his match. He was like a child in his satisfaction over these small triumphs. He was a kindly, simple creature and she knew that his pleasure at winning was not only on his own account, but because he thought it must give her pleasure, too. It was sweet of him to hurry back in order to tell her all about it without delay.

"Well, how did your match go?" she said as soon as he came lumbering into the sitting room.

"I won."

"Easily?"

"Well, not as easily as I should have. I was a bit ahead, and then I stuck. I couldn't do a thing, and you know what Douglas is, not at all showy, but steady, and he pulled up with me. Then I said to myself, 'Well, if I don't buck up I

shall get a licking.' I had a bit of luck here and there, and I beat him by seven."

"Isn't that splendid? You ought to win the Cup now, oughtn't you?"

"Well, I've got three more matches. If I can get into the semifinals I ought to have a chance."

Violet smiled. She was anxious to show him that she was as interested as he expected her to be.

"What made you go to pieces when you did?"

His face sagged. "That's why I came back at once. I'd have scratched, only I thought it wasn't fair to the fellows who'd backed me. I don't know how to tell you, Violet."

She gave him a questioning look. Rubber had been doing so badly her first thought was that he had had a letter from the directors announcing a change in their plans. Her heart began to beat violently. But it wasn't mail day. Of course they might have cabled, and the post office, knowing he was at the club, might have sent the cable there. She could hardly bear the suspense.

"Why, what's the matter? Not bad news?"

"Rotten. Knobby's dead."

For a full minute she stared at him, and her face grew haggard with horror. At first it seemed as though she could not understand.

"What *do* you mean?" she cried.

"It was in the paper. He died on board ship. They buried him at sea."

Suddenly she gave a piercing cry and fell headlong to the floor. She had fainted dead away.

"Violet!" he cried, and threw himself down on his knees and took her head in his arms. "Boy, boy!"

A boy rushed in and Saffary shouted to him to bring brandy. He forced a little between Violet's lips. She opened her eyes, and as she remembered they grew dark with anguish. He lifted her up in his arms and laid her on the sofa. She turned her head away.

"Oh, Tom, it isn't true. It can't be true."

"I'm afraid it is."

"No, no, no."

She burst into tears. She wept convulsively. It was dreadful to hear her. Saffary did not know what to do. He knelt beside her and tried to soothe her. He sought to take her in his arms, but with a sudden gesture she repelled him.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, and she said it so sharply that he was startled.

He rose to his feet. "Try not to take it too hard, sweetie," he said. "I know it's been an awful shock. He was one of the best."

She buried her face in the cushions and wept despairingly. It tortured him to see her body shaken by those uncontrollable sobs. She was beside herself. He put his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Darling, don't give way like that. It's so bad for you."

She shook herself free from his hand. "For Lord's sake, let me alone!" she cried. "Oh, Hal, Hal!" He had never heard her call the dead man that before. Of course his name was Harold, but everyone called him "Knobby." "What shall I do?" she wailed. "I can't bear it. I can't bear it."

Saffary began to grow impatient. So much grief did seem to him exaggerated. Violet was not normally so emotional. He supposed it was the climate. It made women nervous and high-strung. Violet hadn't been home for four years. She was not hiding her face now, and the tears streamed from her staring eyes. She was distraught.

"Have a little more brandy," he said. "Try to pull yourself together, darling;

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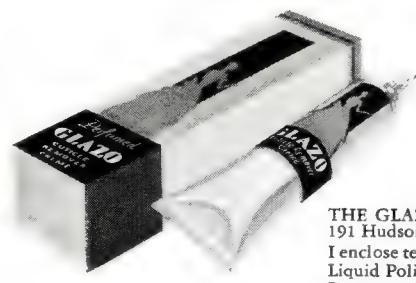

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you can't do Knobby any good by getting in such a state."

She sprang to her feet and pushed him aside. She gave him a look of hatred. "Go away, Tom. I don't want your sympathy. I want to be alone."

She walked swiftly over to an armchair and threw herself down in it. She flung back her head and her poor white face was wrenched into a grimace of agony.

"Oh, it's not fair!" she moaned. "What's to become of me now? Oh, I wish I were dead!"

"Violet." His voice quavered with pain.

She stamped her foot impatiently. "Go away, I tell you. Go away."

He started. He stared at her and suddenly gasped. A shudder passed through his great bulk. He took a step towards her and stopped, but his eyes never left her white, tortured face; he stared as though he saw in it something that appalled him. Then without a word he walked out of the room. He went into a little sitting room and sank heavily into a chair. He thought.

Presently the gong sounded for dinner. He walked slowly into the dining room. He told the boy to tell Violet that dinner was ready. The boy came back and said she did not want any.

"All right. Let me have mine, then," said Saffary.

He sent Violet in a plate of soup and a piece of toast, and when the fish was served, put some on a plate for her and gave it to the boy. But the boy came back with it at once.

"Mem, she say no wantchee," he said.

Saffary ate his dinner alone. He ate from habit, solidly, through the familiar courses. He drank a bottle of beer. When he had finished the boy brought him a cup of coffee and he lighted a cheroot.

Saffary sat still till he had finished it. He thought. At last he went back to the large veranda where they always sat. Violet was still huddled in the chair in which he had left her. Her eyes were closed, but she opened them when she heard him. He took a light chair and sat down in front of her.

"What *was* Knobby to you, Violet?" he said.

She gave a start. She turned away her eyes, but did not speak.

"I can't make out why you should have been so frightfully upset by the news of his death."

"It was an awful shock."

"Of course. But it seems strange that anyone should go all to pieces over the death of a friend."

"I don't understand what you mean," she said.

She could hardly speak and he saw that her lips were trembling.

"I've never heard you call him Hal. Even his wife called him Knobby."

She did not say anything. Her eyes, heavy with grief, were fixed on vacancy.

"Look at me, Violet."

She turned her head slightly and listlessly gazed at him.

"Was he your lover?"

She closed her eyes and tears flowed from them. Her mouth was strangely twisted by her woe.

"Haven't you anything at all to say?"

She shook her head.

"You must answer me, Violet."

"I'm not fit to talk to you now," she moaned. "How can you be so heartless?"

"I'm afraid I don't feel very sympathetic at the moment. We must get this straight now. Would you like a drink of water?"

"I don't want anything."

"Then answer my question."

"You have no right to ask it. It's insulting."

"Do you ask me to believe that a woman like you who hears of the death of someone she knew is going to faint dead away and then, when she comes to, is going to cry like that? Why, one wouldn't be so upset over the death of one's only child. When we heard of your mother's death you cried, of course, and I know you were miserable, but you came to me for comfort and you said you didn't know what you'd have done without me."

"This was so frightfully sudden."

"Your mother's death was sudden, too."

"Naturally, I was very fond of Knobby."

"How fond? So fond that when you heard he was dead you didn't know and you didn't care what you said? Why did you say it wasn't fair? Why did you say: 'What's to become of me now?'"

She sighed deeply. She turned her head this way and that, like a sheep trying to avoid the hands of the butcher.

"You mustn't take me for an utter fool, Violet. I tell you it's impossible that you should be so shattered by the blow if there hadn't been something between you."

"Well, if you think that why do you torture me with questions?"

"My dear, it's no good shilly-shallying. We can't go on like this. What d'you think I'm feeling?"

She looked at him when he said this. She hadn't thought of him at all. She had been too much absorbed in her own misery to be concerned with his.

"I'm so tired," she sighed.

He leaned forward and roughly seized her wrist. "Speak!" he cried.

"You're hurting me."

"And what about me? D'you think you're not hurting me? How can you have the heart to let me suffer like this?"

He let go of her arm and sprang to his feet. He walked to the end of the room and back again. It looked as though the movement had suddenly roused him to fury. He caught her by the shoulders and dragged her to her feet. He shook her.

"If you don't tell me the truth I'll kill you!" he cried.

"I wish you would," she said.

"He was your lover?"

"Yes."

"You swine!"

With one hand still on her shoulder so that she could not move he swung back his other arm and with the flat palm struck her repeatedly, with all his strength, on the side of her face. She quivered under the blows, but did not flinch or cry out. He struck her again and again. All at once he felt that she was strangely inert; he let go of her and she sank unconscious to the floor.

Fear seized him suddenly. He bent down and touched her, calling her name. She did not move. He lifted her up and put her back into the chair from which he had pulled her. The brandy that had been brought when first she fainted was still in the room and he tried to force it down her throat.

She choked and it spilled over her chin and neck. One side of her pale face was livid from the blows of his heavy hand. She sighed and opened her eyes. He held the glass again to her lips, supporting her head, and she sipped the neat spirit. He looked at her with penitent, anxious eyes.

"I'm sorry, Violet. I didn't mean to do that. I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself. I never thought I could sink so low as to hit a woman."

Though she was feeling weak and her face was hurting, the flicker of a smile crossed her lips. Poor Tom. That was the way he felt. How scandalized he would be if anyone should ask him why a man shouldn't hit a woman!

Saffary, seeing the wan smile, put it

down to her indomitable courage. She's a plucky little woman, he thought.

"Give me a cigaret," she said.

He took one out of his case and put it in her mouth. He held a lighted match to the cigaret. She inhaled the first puff with a sense of infinite relief.

"I can't tell you how ashamed I am, Violet," he said. "I'm disgusted with myself. I don't know what came over me."

"Oh, that's all right. It was natural. Why don't you have a drink? It'll do you good."

Without a word, he helped himself to a brandy and soda. Then, still silent, he sat down. She watched the blue smoke curl into the air.

"What are you going to do?" she said at last.

He gave a weary gesture of despair. "We'll talk about that tomorrow. You're not in a fit state tonight. As soon as you've finished your cigaret you'd better go to bed."

"You know so much, you'd better know everything."

"Not now, Violet."

"Yes, now."

She began to speak. He heard her words, but could hardly make sense of them. He felt like a man who has built himself a house with loving care and thought to live in it all his life, and then, he does not understand why, sees the housebreakers come and with their picks and heavy hammers destroy it room by room till what was a fair dwelling place is only a heap of rubble.

What made it so awful was that it was Knobby Clarke who had done this thing. They had come out to the F. M. S. on the same ship and worked at first on the same estate. They were inseparable. Tom, a big, powerful fellow, simple, honest, hard-working; and Knobby, ungainly but curiously attractive, with his deep-set eyes, hollow cheeks and large, humorous mouth. It was Knobby who made the jokes and Tom who laughed at them.

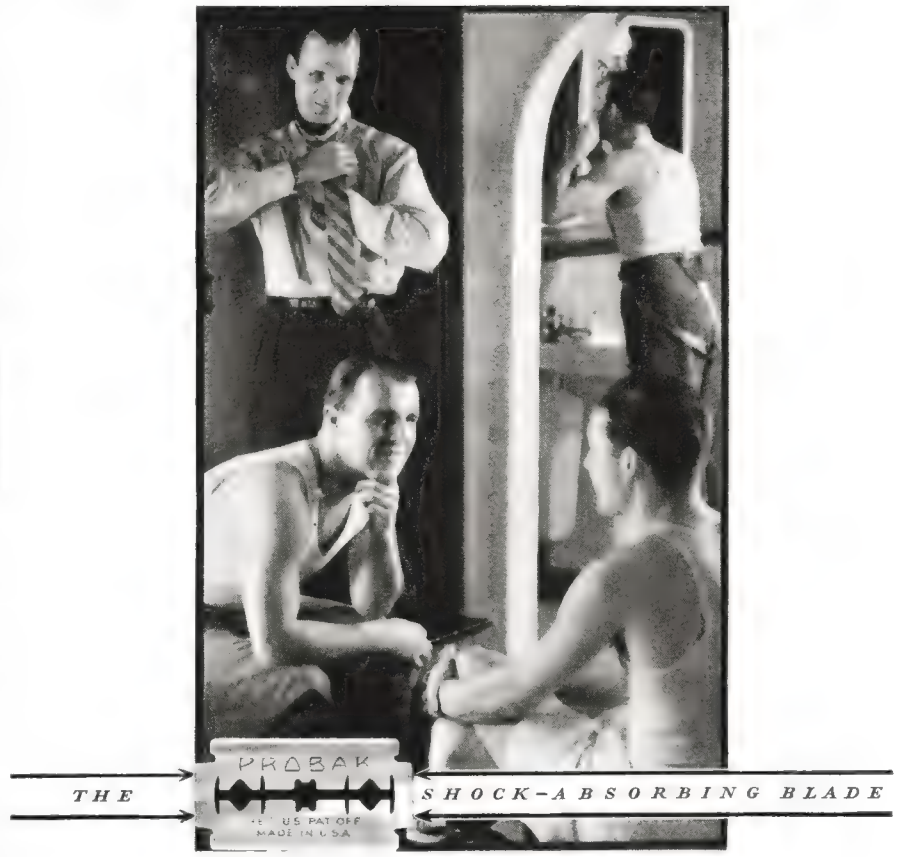
Tom married first. He met Violet when he went on leave. The daughter of a doctor killed in the war, she was governess in the house of some people who lived in the same place as his father. He fell in love with her because she was alone in the world and his tender heart was touched by the thought of the drab life that lay before her.

But Knobby married—because Tom had and he felt lost without him—a girl who had come East to spend the winter with relations. Enid Clarke had been pretty, then, in her blond way, and she was pretty still, though her skin, once so clear and fresh, was already faded. She had pretty flaxen hair and China-blue eyes. Though but twenty-six, she had already a tired look.

A year after their marriage she had a baby, but it died when only two years old. It was after this that Tom Saffary managed to get Knobby the post of manager of the estate next his own. The two men pleasantly resumed their old familiarity, and their wives soon were great friends. The four of them met every day. They went everywhere together. Tom Saffary thought it grand.

The strange thing was that Violet and Knobby Clarke lived on these terms of close intimacy for three years before they fell in love with each other. Neither saw love approaching. Neither suspected that in the pleasure each took in the other's company there was anything more than the casual friendship of two persons thrown together by the circumstances of life.

The revelation came to them by what seemed pure accident. They had all been to a dance at the club and were driving



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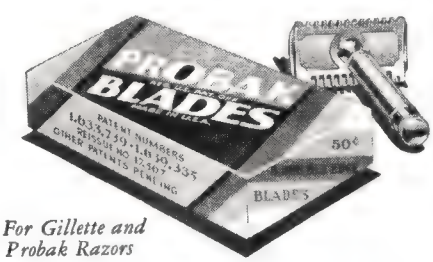

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home in Saffary's car. The Clarkes' estate was on the way and he was dropping them at their bungalow. Violet and Knobby sat in the back. He had had a good deal to drink at the club, but was not drunk; their hands touched by chance, and he took hers and held it. They knew in a flash that they were madly in love with each other, and at the same moment they realized that they had never been in love before.

When they met next day neither referred to what had happened, but each knew that something inevitable had passed. They behaved to each other as they had always done; they continued to behave so for weeks, but they felt that everything was different. The physical tie seemed to them the least important element in their relation.

They took a pride in the fact that this proved that their love was independent of the flesh. It filled them with exaltation to consider that they dwelt on a plane that was so spiritual. It was enough that they saw each other, though in the company of others, every day; a glance, a touch of the hand, assured them of their love and that was all that mattered.

They seldom talked of Tom or Enid. Their relations with them fell into the routine of life which nobody notices, like dressing and eating three meals a day. They felt tenderly towards them. They even took pains to please them, because their own happiness was so great that in charity they must do what they could for persons less fortunate.

They had no scruples. They were too much absorbed in each other to be touched even for a moment by remorse. Beauty now excitingly kindled the pleasant, humdrum life they had led so long.

But then an event took place that filled them with consternation. The company for which Tom worked entered into negotiations to buy extensive rubber plantations in British North Borneo and invited Tom to manage them. It was a better job than his present one, with a higher salary, and since he would have assistants under him he would not have to work so hard.

Saffary welcomed the chance. There was no reason why he should not accept it. Both Clarke and Saffary were due for leave, and the two couples had arranged to travel home together. They had already booked their passages. This changed everything. Tom would not be able to get away for at least a year. By the time the Clarkes came back, the Saffarys would be settled in Borneo.

It did not take Violet and Knobby long to decide that there was only one thing to do. They had been willing enough to go on as they were, notwithstanding the hindrances to the enjoyment of their love, when they were certain of seeing each other continually; but neither could suffer for an instant the thought of separation.

They made up their minds to run away together, and then it seemed to them on a sudden that every day that passed before they could be together all the time was a day lost. Their love took another guise. It flamed into a devouring passion that left them no emotion to waste on others. They cared little for the pain they must cause Tom and Enid. It was unfortunate, but inevitable.

They made their plans deliberately. Knobby would go to Singapore on the pretense of business, and Violet, telling Tom that she was going to spend a week with friends on an estate down the line, would join him there.

When Violet told Tom that the So-and-sos had asked her to spend a few days with them, he was pleased.

"That's grand. I think you want a change, darling," he said. "I've fancied you've been looking a bit peaked lately."

He stroked her cheek affectionately. The gesture stabbed her heart.

"You've always been awfully good to me, Tom," she said, her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Well, that's the least I could be. You're the best little woman in the world."

"Have you been happy with me these eight years?"

"Frightfully."

"Well, that's something, isn't it? No one can ever take that away from you."

She had told herself that he was the kind of man who would soon console himself. He liked women for themselves and it would not be long after he had regained his freedom before he found someone whom he would wish to marry. And he would be just as happy with his new wife as he had been with her.

Perhaps he would marry Enid. Enid was one of those dependent little things that exasperated Violet; she did not think her capable of deep feeling. Enid's vanity would be hurt. Her heart would not be broken. But now that the die was cast, everything settled and the day fixed, Violet had a qualm. Remorse beset her. She wished that it had been possible not to cause these two people such fearful distress. She faltered.

"We've had a good time here, Tom," she said. "I wonder if it's wise to leave it all. We're giving up a certainty for we don't know what."

"My dear child, it's a chance in a million and much better money."

"Money isn't everything. There's happiness."

"I know that, but there's no reason why we shouldn't be just as happy in B. N. B. And besides, there's no alternative. I'm not my own master. The directors want me to go and go I must, and that's all there is to it."

She sighed. There was no alternative for her, either.

The Clarkes were due to sail for England in a fortnight and this determined the date of the elopement. The days passed. Violet was restless and excited. She looked forward with a joy that was almost painful to the peace that she anticipated when they were once on board the ship and could begin the life which she was sure would give her at last perfect happiness.

She began to pack. The friends she was supposed to be going to stay with entertained a good deal and this gave her an excuse for taking a considerable amount of luggage. She was starting next day. It was eleven o'clock in the morning and Tom was making his round of the estate. One of the boys came to her room and told her that Enid Clarke had called and at the same moment she heard Enid's voice calling her name.

Quickly closing the lid of the trunk, Violet went out on the veranda. To her astonishment Enid came up to her, flung her arms round her neck and kissed her eagerly. Enid's cheeks, usually pale, were flushed and her eyes were shining. She burst into tears.

"What on earth's the matter, darling?" Violet cried.

For one moment she was afraid that Enid knew everything, and then, seeing her excitement, she felt it was not that. Enid was flushed with delight and not with jealousy or anger.

"I've just seen Doctor Harrow," she said. "I didn't want to say anything about it—I've had two or three false alarms—but this time he says it's all right."

A sudden coldness pierced Violet's heart. "What do you mean? You're not

going to—?" She looked at Enid and Enid nodded.

"Yes; he says there's no doubt about it at all. Oh, my dear, I'm so wildly happy." She flung herself again into Violet's arms and clung to her, weeping.

"Oh, darling, don't." Violet felt herself grow pale as death and knew that if she didn't keep a tight hold of herself she would faint. "Does Knobby know?"

"No; I didn't say a word. He was so disappointed before. He was so frightfully cut up when baby died. He's wanted me to have another so badly."

Violet forced herself to say the things that were expected of her. "When are you going to tell Knobby?" she asked at last. "Now, when he gets in?"

"Oh, no; he's tired and hungry when he gets back from his round. I shall wait till tonight after dinner."

Violet repressed a movement of exasperation. Enid was going to make a scene of it and was choosing her moment; but after all, it was only natural. It was lucky, for it would give her the chance to see Knobby first. As soon as she was rid of Enid she rang him up. She knew that he always looked in at his office on his way home and she left a message asking him to call her. She was afraid he would not do so till Tom was back, but she had to take a chance of that. The bell rang and Tom had not yet come in.

"Hal?"

"Yes."

"Will you be at the hut at three?"

"Yes. Has anything happened?"

"I'll tell you when I see you. Don't worry."

She rang off. The hut was a little shelter on Knobby's estate which she could get to without difficulty and where they occasionally met. The coolies passed it while they worked and it had no privacy; but it was a convenient place for them to exchange a few minutes' conversation without exciting comment. When Violet walked up Knobby was already there. He gave a gasp.

"Violet, how white you are!"

She gave him her hand. They did not know what eyes might be watching them.

"Enid came to see me this morning. She's going to tell you tonight. I thought you ought to be warned. She's going to have a baby."

"Violet!"

He looked at her aghast. She began to cry. Knobby felt now how bitterly what she had learned wounded her. He tried to excuse himself.

"Darling, I couldn't help myself."

She cried silently and he watched her with miserable eyes.

"I know it seems beastly," he said, "but what could I do——"

She interrupted him. "I don't blame you. It was inevitable. It's only because I'm stupid that it gives me such a frightful pain in my heart."

"Darling!"

"We ought to have gone away together two years ago. It was madness to think we could go on like this."

"Are you sure Enid's right?"

"Oh, yes; she's right. She's frightfully happy. She says you wanted a child so badly."

"It's come as such an awful surprise. I don't seem able to realize it yet."

She looked at him. He was staring at the leaf-strewn earth with harassed eyes.

"Poor Hal." She sighed deeply. "There's nothing to be done about it. It's the end of us."

"What do you mean?" he cried.

"Oh, my dear, you can't leave her now, can you? It was all right before. She would have been unhappy, but she would have got over it. But now it's different. It would be frightful to leave her to bear

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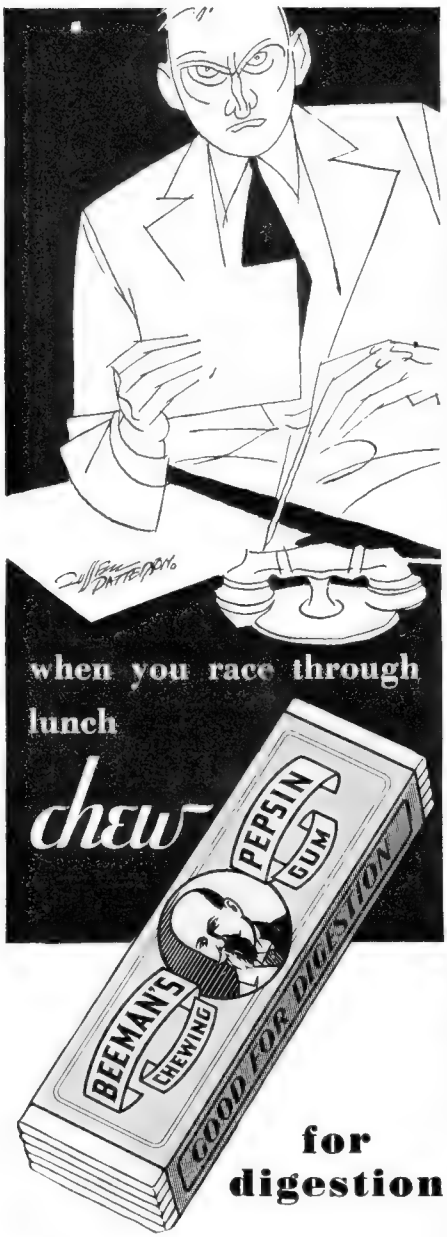

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"Do you mean to say you want me to go back to England with her?"

She nodded gravely. "It's lucky you're going. It'll be easier when you get away and we don't see each other every day."

"But I can't live without you now."

"Oh, yes, you can. You must. I can. And it'll be worse for me, because I stay behind and I shall have nothing."

"Oh, Violet, it's impossible."

"My dear, it's no good arguing. The moment she told me I saw it meant that. That's why I wanted to see you first. I thought the shock might lead you to blurt out the whole truth. You know I love you more than anything in the world. But she's never done me any harm. I couldn't take you away from her now. It's bad luck for both of us, but there it is. I simply wouldn't dare to do a filthy thing like that."

"I wish I were dead!" he moaned.

"That wouldn't do her any good, or me, either," she smiled.

"What about the future? Do we have to sacrifice our whole lives?"

"I'm afraid so. It sounds rather grim, darling, but I suppose sooner or later we shall get over it. One gets over everything." She looked at her wrist watch. "I ought to be getting back. Tom will be in soon. We're all meeting at the club at five."

"Tom and I are supposed to be playing tennis." He gave her a pitiful look. "Oh, Violet, I'm so frightfully unhappy."

"I know. So am I. But we shan't do any good talking about it."

She gave him her hand, but he took her in his arms and kissed her, and when she released herself her cheeks were wet with his tears. But she was so desperate she could not cry.

Ten days later the Clarkes sailed.

While George Moon was listening to as much of this story as Tom Saffary was able to tell him, he reflected in his cool, detached way how odd it was that these commonplace people, leading lives so monotonous, should have been convulsed by such a tragedy. Who would have thought that Violet Saffary, so neat and demure, should have been eating her heart out for love of that so-ordinary man?

George Moon remembered seeing Knobby at the club the evening before he sailed. He seemed in great spirits. Fellows envied him because he was going home. Drink flowed freely.

The resident had not been asked to the farewell party the Saffarys gave for the Clarkes, but he knew very well what it had been like: the good cheer, the cordiality, the chaff, and then after dinner the phonograph turned on and everyone dancing. He wondered what Violet and Clarke had felt as they danced together. It gave him an odd sensation of dismay to think of the despair that must have filled their hearts while they pretended to be so gay and care-free.

And with another part of his mind George Moon thought of his own past. Very few knew that story. After all, it had happened twenty-five years ago.

"What are you going to do now, Saffary?" he asked.

"Well, that's what I wanted you to advise me about. Now that Knobby's dead, I don't know what's going to happen to Violet if I divorce her. I was wondering if I oughtn't to let her divorce me."

"Oh, you want to divorce?"

"Well, I must."

George Moon lighted another cigaret and watched the smoke that curled away into the air. "Did you ever know that I'd been married?"

"Yes, I think I'd heard. You're a widower, aren't you?"

"No; I divorced my wife. I have a son of twenty-seven. He's farming in New Zealand. I saw my wife the last time I was home on leave. We met at a play. At first we didn't recognize each other. She spoke to me. I asked her to lunch at the Berkeley."

George Moon chuckled to himself. He had gone alone to a musical comedy and found himself sitting next to a large, fat, dark woman whom he vaguely thought he had seen before, but he did not pay her any particular attention. When the curtain fell after the first act she looked at him with bright eyes and spoke.

"How are you, George?"

He gave a start. It was his wife. She had a bold, friendly manner and was very much at her ease.

"It's a long time since we met," she said.

"It is."

"How has life been treating you?"

"Oh, all right."

"I suppose you're a resident now. You're still in the service, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'm retiring soon, worse luck."

"Why? You look very fit."

"I'm reaching the age limit. I'm supposed to be an old buffer and no good any more."

"You're lucky to have kept so thin. I'm terrible, aren't I?"

"You don't look as though you were wasting away."

"I know. I'm stout and I'm growing stouter all the time. I can't help it and I love food. I can't resist cream and bread and potatoes."

George Moon laughed, but not at what she said; at his own thoughts. In years gone by it had sometimes occurred to him that he might meet her, but he had never thought that the meeting would take this turn. When the play was ended and with a smile she bade him good night, he said:

"I suppose you wouldn't lunch with me one day?"

"Any day you like."

They arranged a date and duly met. He knew that she had married the man on whose account he had divorced her, and he judged by her clothes that she was in comfortable circumstances. They drank a cocktail. She ate with gusto. She was fifty if she was a day, but she carried her years with spirit.

There was something jolly and careless about her; she was quick on the uptake, chatty, and she had the hearty, infectious laugh of the fat woman who has let herself go. She was not in the least embarrassed.

"You never married again, did you?" she asked him.

"No."

"Pity. Because it wasn't a success the first time there's no reason why it shouldn't have been the second."

"There's no need for me to ask you if you've been happy."

"I have nothing to complain of. I think I've got a happy nature. Jim's always been good to me; he's retired now, you know, and we live in the country, and I adore Betty."

"Who's Betty?"

"Oh, she's my daughter. She got married two years ago. I'm expecting to be a grandmother almost any day."

"That ages us a bit."

She gave a laugh. "Betty's twenty-two. It was nice of you to ask me to lunch, George. After all, it would be silly to have any feelings about something that happened so long ago."

"Idiotic."

"We weren't fitted to each other and it's

lucky we found it out before it was too late. Of course I was foolish, but then I was very young. Have you been happy, too?"

"I think I can say I've been a success."

"Oh, well, that's probably all the happiness you were capable of."

He smiled in appreciation of her shrewdness. And then, putting the whole matter aside easily, she began to talk of other things. Though the courts had given him custody of their son, he, unable to look after him, had allowed his mother to have him. The boy had emigrated at eighteen and was now married. He was a stranger to George Moon, who was too sincere to pretend that he took much interest in him. However, they talked of him for a while, and then of theaters and plays.

"Well," she said at last, "I must be running away. I've had a lovely lunch. It's been fun meeting you, George. Thanks so much."

He put her into a taxi and walked down Piccadilly by himself. He thought her a jolly, amusing woman; he laughed to think that he had ever been madly in love with her. There was a smile on his lips when he spoke again to Tom Saffary.

"She was a good-looking girl when I married her. That was the trouble. Though of course if she hadn't been I'd never have married her. Men were all after her like flies round a honey-pot. We used to have awful rows. And at last I caught her. Of course I divorced her."

"Of course."

"Yes, but I know I was a fool to do it." He leaned forward. "My dear Saffary, I know now that if I'd had any sense I'd have shut my eyes. She'd have settled down and made me an excellent wife."

He wished he were able to explain to his visitor how grotesque it had seemed to him when he sat and talked with that jolly, comfortable and good-humored woman that he should have made so much fuss about what now seemed to him to matter so little.

"But one has one's honor to think of," said Saffary.

"Honor be damned! One has one's happiness to think of. I *liked* my wife. What a fool I was to throw away what I wanted more than anything in the world because I couldn't enjoy exclusive possession of it!"

"You're the last man I should ever have expected to hear speak like that."

George Moon smiled thinly at the embarrassment that was so clearly expressed on Saffary's troubled face.

"I'm probably the first man you've ever heard speak the naked truth," he retorted.

"Do you mean to say that if it were all to do over again you would act differently?"

"If I were twenty-seven again I suppose I should be as big a fool as I was then. But if I had the sense I have now I'll tell you what I'd do if I found my wife had been unfaithful to me. I'd do just what you did last night: I'd give her a good hiding and let it go at that."

"Are you asking me to forgive Violet?"

The resident shook his head slowly and smiled. "No. You've forgiven her already. I'm merely advising you not to cut off your nose to spite your face."

Saffary gave him a worried look. It disconcerted him to know that this cold, precise man should see in his heart emotions which seemed so unnatural to him that he thrust them away from his consciousness.

"You don't know the circumstances," he said. "Knobby and I were almost like brothers. I got him this job. He owed everything to me. And except for me,

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Violet might have gone on being a governess for the rest of her life. It seemed such a waste; I couldn't help feeling sorry for her. If you know what I mean, it was pity that first made me take any notice of her. Don't you think it's a bit thick that when you've been thoroughly decent with people they should go out of their way to do the dirty on you? It's such awful ingratitude."

"Oh, my dear boy, you mustn't expect gratitude. It's a thing that no one has a right to. After all, you do good because it gives you pleasure. It's the purest form of happiness there is. To expect thanks for it is really asking too much. If you get it—well, it's like a bonus on shares on which you've already received a dividend; it's grand, but you mustn't look upon it as your due."

Saffary frowned. He was perplexed. He could not make it out that George Moon should think so oddly about things that had always seemed obvious to him. After all, there were limits.

There was your own self-respect to think of. It was funny that George Moon should give reasons that looked so plausible for doing something that—well, that you had to admit you'd be only too glad to do if you could see your way to it. Of course George Moon was queer. No one ever quite understood him.

"Knobby Clarke is dead, Saffary. You can't be jealous of him any more. No one knows a thing except you and me and your wife, and tomorrow I'm going away forever. Why don't you let bygones be bygones?"

"Violet would only despise me."

George Moon smiled and, unexpectedly, his smile had a singular sweetness. "I know her very little. I always thought her a very nice woman. Is she as detestable as that?"

Saffary gave a start and reddened to his ears. "No; she's an angel of goodness. It's I who am detestable for saying that of her." His voice broke and he gave a little sob. "Lord knows I only want to do the right thing."

"The right thing is the kind thing."

Saffary covered his face with his hands. He could not curb the emotion that shook him. "I seem to be giving, giving all the time, and no one does a thing for me. It doesn't matter if my heart is broken. I must just go on." He drew the back of his hand across his eyes and sighed deeply. "I'll forgive her."

George Moon looked at him reflectively. "I wouldn't make too much of a song and dance about it if I were you," he said. "You'll have to walk warily. She'll have a lot to forgive, too."

"Because I hit her, you mean? I know; that was awful of me."

"Not a bit. It did her a lot of good. I didn't mean that. You're behaving generously, old boy, and one needs a devil of a lot of tact to get people to forgive one one's generosity. Fortunately, women are frivolous and they quickly forget the benefits conferred upon them. Otherwise, of course, there'd be no living with them."

Saffary looked at him open-mouthed. "Upon my word, you're a rum un, Moon," he said. "Sometimes you seem as hard as nails, and then you talk so that one thinks you're almost human, and then, just as one thinks one's misjudged you and you have a heart, after all, you come out with something that just shocks one. I suppose that's what they call a cynic."

"I haven't deeply considered the matter," smiled George Moon, "but if to look truth in the face and not resent it when it's unpalatable, and to take human nature as you find it, smiling when it's absurd and grieved without exaggeration when it's pitiful, is to be cynical, then I suppose I'm a cynic. Mostly human nature is both absurd and pitiful, but if life has taught you tolerance you find in it more to smile at than to weep at."

When Tom Saffary left the room the resident lighted the last cigaret he meant to smoke before tiffin. It was a new rôle for him to reconcile an angry husband with an erring wife, and it occasioned him a discreet amusement. He continued to reflect upon human nature. A wintry smile hovered upon his thin lips.

He recalled with what interest he had often watched the Jumping Johnnies in the dry creeks of certain places along the coast. There were hundreds of them sometimes, from little things of a couple of inches long to great fat fellows as long as your foot. They were the color of the mud they lived in. They sat and looked at you with large, round eyes, and then with a sudden dash buried themselves in their holes.

It was extraordinary to see them scudding on their flappers over the surface of the mud. It teemed with them. They gave you a fearful feeling that the mud itself was mysteriously become alive and an atavistic terror froze your heart when you remembered that such creatures, but gigantic and terrible, were once the only inhabitants of the earth.

There was something uncanny about them, but something amusing, too. They reminded you very much of human beings. It was entertaining to observe their gambols.

George Moon took his topee off the peg and, not displeased with life, stepped out into the sunshine.

The Kingmaker *(Continued from page 77)*

promised Hébert an article demanding the expropriation of all foreign property in France. That should be popular."

You may still read both those articles, the one a pæan of praise, the other a bitter philippic, both bearing the signature "Scaramouche."

De Batz, however, manifested doubt of the timeliness of the second article. He accounted it premature, and said so. "It will definitely ruin the Freys, and we may still need them for our purposes."

André-Louis laughed. "It would ruin the Freys if it were not for Chabot. Chabot will be moved to protect them. That is the trap in which I hope to take him. Lebrun will help him. Both will be compromised, and the compromising of two such prominent conventionals should set up a fine stench for the people's nostrils."

De Batz, however, for all his faith in his shrewd and energetic associate, was not reassured. He brooded over the matter. With brooding, his persuasion grew that it would require stronger bonds than those now binding Chabot to the Freys before the conventional could be moved to take the risk of defending the brothers from the proposed decree of expropriation. Here was a problem for his ready wits. Julie Berger intruded upon his brooding. Inspiration took him to the Rue d'Anjou.

The two brothers, still agitated by Julie's visit, came up at once from their countinghouse to the green-and-white salon, where the baron awaited them. Conceiving his visit to be concerned

with this distressing business of the Berger, they enlarged upon it at once.

"Be easy," the baron confidently reassured them. "What she can do at present is less than nothing. She holds no proof. A man in Chabot's position is not to be destroyed by an unsupported denunciation. It would recoil upon the head that utters it. Make that clear to her next time she seeks you, and send her packing."

The Freys were partially pacified. But only in so far as the past was concerned.

"This time it may be so," said Junius. "But there will always be danger so long as that evil-disposed woman is about. She may surprise other secrets. Sooner or later she may be in a position to ruin him and those who are associated with him."

"She must be eliminated," said the baron, so grimly that it startled them.

Emmanuel shivered. Junius stared. "How?"

"That's to be discovered. But discovered it must be. It is more important, even, than you yet realize. For soon you may be needing Chabot's support as you have never yet needed it."

That shook them afresh. Scared interrogation was in the eyes of both. De Batz flung his bombshell.

"It has just come to my knowledge that there is a movement on foot to demand that the confiscation be decreed of the property of all foreigners resident in France."

This was terrifying. Emmanuel stood paralyzed, with fallen jaw. Junius, on the other hand, mixed rage with his panic. He grew voluble. Such a thing would be an outrage. It was against the comity of nations. The Convention would never yield to such demands.

"The Convention!" De Batz permitted himself to be scornful. "Are you still under the delusion that the Convention governs France? The mob, directed by the Jacobins and the Cordeliers, is the real master. Hébert is to print an article demanding this expropriation. The demand will be so popular that the Convention will be powerless to resist it, even if it has the will to do so."

Emmanuel found his voice to demand the source of the baron's information.

"That is not important," he was answered. "Accept my word for it that the article is already written. Within a few days it will be printed and read. Within a few days again you will see the decree promulgated. That is inevitable."

Junius flung up his hands. "This is ruin. Ruin! The end of everything!"

De Batz agreed with him. "It is certainly grave."

Furiously Junius held forth upon his services to and his sacrifices in the holy cause of Liberty. It was unthinkable that he should be so ill requited.

"It's an ungrateful world," de Batz reminded him. "Fortunately, I am able to warn you in time."

"In time for what? You mock me, I think. What measures can I take?"

"You have a stout friend in Chabot."

"Chabot! That poltroon!" Wrath was rendering Junius illuminatingly frank.

"He served you well in the matter of the corsair fleet."

"He had to be driven to it, simple as it was. How should we drive him now, and if the decree is passed what can he do? Even he?"

"Make his interests one with your own, so that he rises or falls with you. Oh, a moment! I have given this matter thought, for naturally it interests me, too. If you sink, my friend Moreau and I will suffer heavily in our investments with you. This is no time for half measures, unless you are prepared

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to see all your wealth absorbed into the national treasury. Chabot can save you if you can arouse in him the courage and the will to do so."

"Tell me rather how it is to be done. How? There's the difficulty."

"No difficulty at all. Bind Chabot to you with bonds that will compel him to champion your cause."

"Where am I to find such bonds?"

"They are under your hand. The only question is, will you care to employ them?"

"That would not be the question. I should like to know what bonds I possess that I would not employ in such an extremity."

"Chabot is fortunately unmarried. You have an eminently marriageable and attractive sister. I have observed that Chabot is susceptible to the attraction. This may offer a means to save your fortune." De Batz smiled quietly, almost grimly, upon their stupefaction.

Junius glowered at him in silence. It was Emmanuel who first found his voice.

"Not that! Not little Léopoldine! Ah, that—that is too much. Too much!"

But de Batz knew that decision lay with the elder brother. He waited.

At last Junius growled a question: "Is Chabot in this? Have you discussed it with him?"

De Batz shook his head. "He is not even aware that the decree is to be demanded. And he should be kept in ignorance until you have him fast. Therefore, it is necessary to act quickly."

"But Léopoldine!" Emmanuel was complaining. "You could not contemplate it, Junius."

"Of course not. Besides, what could it avail us in the end? And we do not even know that Chabot desires a wife."

"The desire might be quickened," suggested de Batz. "A dowry might determine the matter. It need not be exorbitant. Chabot's views of money are still comparatively modest. Say a couple of hundred thousand francs."

Junius exploded. His visitor must suppose that his supplies were inexhaustible.

"If you let things take their course, you'll have no more troubles of that kind," said the grimly humorous de Batz. "After all, you must one day be marrying your sister, and you will have to provide her with a dowry. Could you marry her to greater advantage?"

"Bah!" said Junius. "Shall we be foreigners any the less when the marriage is made? Shall we be the less liable to these expropriations?"

De Batz smiled the smile of superior shrewdness. "Evidently you have not perceived the possibilities. Once your sister is married to Chabot, she at least will have ceased to be a foreigner. Marriage will bestow upon her the French nationality of her distinguished husband. Her funds will be in no danger of confiscation, whatever happens. Do you see how simple it becomes? You transfer your possessions to her and Chabot, and that is the end of your difficulties."

"The end of my difficulties!" Junius' deep voice went shrill in protest.

De Batz waved a hand to quiet him. "The transference I suggest need not amount to the surrender of a single franc. In the marriage contract you enter into an engagement to pay Chabot's wife over a term of years certain sums which in the aggregate will amount to your total present possessions. Such an engagement, absorbing all you possess, will leave nothing for confiscation."

"You substitute one form of confiscation by another."

"I do nothing of the kind. Observe my words more closely. I say that you enter into an engagement to pay. I did not say that you actually pay. You engage to donate. Now a donation, under our existing laws, is valid only if formally accepted. Léopoldine, being a minor, has no legal power to accept. The donation must be accepted for her by a guardian or trustee. You will overlook this legal necessity, and you may rest assured that the omission will never be noticed.

"Whilst, then, leaving the donation without validity, so that neither Chabot nor your sister could ever claim fulfillment, it will, nevertheless, create the appearance necessary to place your fortune beyond the reach of confiscation. That, my good friends, is the way to save it. And it is the only way."

It was indeed, as Junius instantly perceived.

"Oh, but Léopoldine!" Emmanuel was quavering in tearful protest.

Savagely Junius turned upon him. "Don't distract me with your bleating." Thoughtfully he stroked his long nose. "It is the way. Undoubtedly it is the way," he muttered, nodding his big head.

The Baron de Batz came back to the Rue Ménars, to find André-Louis writing the closing words of his encomium on Chabot. He was in high spirits, the result of fruitful concentration.

De Batz accounted his own labors of greater consequence. "Whilst you have been merely praising Chabot, I have been marrying him." With a touch of pride he reported his transaction with the Freys. He was met by stark dismay.

"There is a limit imposed by decency upon the means we may employ."

"On my soul, this comes well from you! Why, what the devil ails you?"

"We'll play this game without using that unfortunate child as a pawn in it."

De Batz passed from amazement to amazement. "Of what account is she?"

"She has a soul. I do not traffic in souls."

"I could tell you of others who possess souls. Has Chabot no soul, or Delaunay, or Julien, or the Freys, or that fellow Burlandeux whom you sent to the guillotine without a twinge of conscience? Or Julie Berger, with whom you would have dealt in like fashion?"

"I give them what they seek. Burlandeux wanted blood. He got it. His own. Will you compare the beasts we are engaged in exterminating with this inoffensive child?"

And now de Batz, remembering a moment in the courtyard of the Rue d'Anjou, broke into laughter and derision. "I see, I see! The little partridge, as Chabot calls her, was to be preserved for you. I am sorry, my friend. But we are the servants of a cause that admits of no such personal considerations."

André-Louis came to his feet. He was white with anger. "Another word in this strain, and we quarrel, Jean."

Swift as lightning came the peppery Gascon's riposte: "That is a thing I never avoid."

They eyed each other with defiance whilst a man might count to twelve. André-Louis was the first to recover.

"This way lies madness. It is not for you and me to quarrel."

"The word was yours," said the baron.

"Perhaps it was. You stung me with your imputation of base motives. It seemed an offense less against me than against someone who is to me an inspiration. To imply that I should be wanting in fidelity——" He broke off. "It is the thought of her, who is pure and spotless, as I am sure is this poor child of the Freys, that makes the prospect horrible. Léopoldine must not be a victim of our intrigues. I will not countenance it."

De Batz heard him out with tightening lips. But he curbed his feelings.

"You have insufficiently considered. You have lost sight of the aim in view. Great ends are not to be served without sacrifice. It is not for ourselves that we labor, but for France. Are we to boggle over the sacrifice of an insignificant foreign Jewess in the course of a scheme which may send a hundred heads to the guillotine? Can we be nice? Will you remember that we are kingmakers?"

"I may have been ruthless, as you say. But I am not ruthless enough for this. I will not suffer it."

"You will not suffer it? You?" And then de Batz broke into a laugh. "Prevent it, then, my friend."

"That is my intention."

"And how will you accomplish it?"

"I shall go to the Freys at once."

"To ask for Léopoldine's hand in marriage for yourself? Not even so would you prevent it, unless you could inspire them with a faith in yourself greater than their faith in Chabot. Why, you fool, André! You are moved to a tenderness for their sister greater than their own, and this with no intention to make her either your mistress or your wife. Do you begin to see that you are ridiculous?"

"It does not make me ridiculous simply to be less foul than those about me."

"In which you include me, no doubt. Well, well, I'll suffer it. Ours is a serious mission. Sacrifices there must be. At any moment we may be sacrificed ourselves. Does not that justify us of everything?"

"It cannot justify us of this. And I will have no part in it." He was vehement.

De Batz shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "There is no need why you should have part in it. The train is laid. Not all your efforts could now stamp it out. Salve your conscience with that. The rest will happen of itself."

It was true enough. For in his panic Junius allowed no time to be lost. And Fate conspired with de Batz by sending Chabot to dine with the Freys that day after the sitting of the Convention.

Léopoldine was in her usual place at table, flushing and uncomfortable under the increasingly ardent oglings of Chabot. Symptoms which previously had dismayed Emmanuel and annoyed Junius were now not merely regarded with equanimity, they were welcomed.

When the meal was done, and Chabot sat back replete and at ease, Junius opened the attack. Léopoldine had gone about her household duties, and the three men sat alone.

"You have a housekeeper, Chabot."

"So I have," said Chabot with disgust.

"She is dangerous. You must get rid of her. One of these days, she will sell you. She has been to demand a present from me as the price of her silence upon our transactions with the corsairs. That is not a woman to retain about you."

Chabot was disturbed. He cursed her roundly and obscenely.

"You must send her packing before she is in a position seriously to compromise you. Such a woman is unworthy of association with a republican of your integrity."

Chabot grunted. "All that is very true. Unfortunately, the association has already gone rather far. You may not

have observed that she is about to become a mother."

It was a momentary setback for Junius. But only momentary. "All the more reason to get rid of her."

"You don't understand. She asserts that I am the father of this future patriot."

"Is it true?" came the quavering voice of Emmanuel.

Chabot blew out his cheeks. "I am like that. What use to inveigh against it? It is no more than human, I suppose. I was never built for celibacy."

"You should take a wife," said Junius.

"I have thought about it."

"At the moment it would afford you a sound pretext for ridding yourself of the squinting beldame. You cannot keep a wife and a mistress under the same roof. Even the Berger must recognize that, and so she may be less vindictive than if you put her in the street for any other reason."

Chabot was scared. "But you've said that she is blackmailing you with her knowledge of that corsair transaction." He got up. "I knew I was engaging in a dangerous business. I should have sent you all to the devil before I——"

"Calm, man! Calm!" Junius thundered. "Was ever anything achieved by panic? Are you so poorly regarded that the breath of a vindictive woman can blow you away? Where are her proofs of what she asserts? You have but to say that she lies, and the National Barber will do the rest. A little firmness, my friend. That is all you need. Show her plainly what will be the consequences of denouncing you."

Chabot took courage. "You are right, Junius. A patriot of my integrity is not to be dismissed upon the word of a jealous harridan. If she dares to attempt such a disservice to France, it will be my duty to immolate her upon the altar of Liberty."

"Spoken like a Roman," Junius commended him. "Yours is the true spirit, Chabot. I am proud to be your friend."

The egregious ex-Capuchin bolted the outrageous flattery. "And I'll be guided by you, Junius. I will take a wife."

"My friend!" Junius rose, and went to enfold the representative in his powerful arms, rendering the flabby Chabot a little out of breath. "My friend! It is what I have hoped and desired! My friend! My brother!" He loosed him and turned to the younger Frey. "Embrace him, Emmanuel."

The lanky Emmanuel complied. Chabot's breathlessness increased. Something here seemed to have been assumed, and he did not discern what.

"Our little Léopoldine will be overjoyed," said Junius.

"Your little Léopoldine?" Chabot was in a dream.

Junius was smiling benignly upon the representative. "Millionaires and noblemen have asked for the hand of my sister, and they have been refused. If you do not take her, Chabot, nobody in France shall have her."

"But—but—I have no fortune," Chabot stammered. "I——"

Junius interrupted him. "Fortune? If you had that, you would not be the pure patriot that you are, which is why I account you worthy of my sister. She will be well dowered, Chabot: two hundred thousand livres, so that there may be no change in the mode of life to which we have accustomed her. And on her wedding day we will give up to her these apartments. You shall come and live here with her. Emmanuel and I will move to the floor above. Thus all arranges itself."

Chabot's eyes looked as if they would

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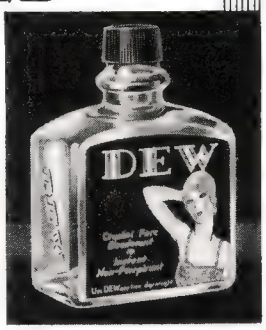

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drop from his face. Here was the reward of virtue at last! Two hundred thousand livres, a handsome lodging and the little partridge, so plump and soft and meek.

When the shock of surprise was spent, he had an impulse to fall on his knees and return thanks to the betrayed God of his early days. But his stout republican spirit saved him in time from such a heresy against the newly adopted Goddess of Reason who governed this enlightened Age of Liberty.

For the first time in her docile young life Léopoldine was in rebellion against her masterful brother. They argued. She passed from indignant resistance to tears.

Emmanuel was so moved that he wept with her. But the sterner Junius remained emotionless and calculating. He told her the truth. Ruin stared them in the face. Their only chance of evading it lay in this marriage. She, at least, would no longer be a foreigner, and to her they would transfer the greater part of their possessions, nominally as her dowry, actually to be held in trust for them by her and her husband.

He had worked out the details in his mind. By coming to live with them, Chabot would render their fine house in the Rue d'Anjou his domicile, and none would dare to lay impious hands upon the home of that august representative of the sovereign people.

So far Junius was frank with his sister. Where he practiced deception was in pretending that the representative had sought her hand. In such a time of peril, far from daring to reject the suit of a statesman of Chabot's eminence, he had welcomed it. For what must her fate be if they were ruined?

He passed on to speak of Chabot. He might be a little rough externally but that rough exterior covered a noble, kindly soul, aflame with republican zeal.

If his arguments did not conquer her repugnance, at least they defeated her opposition. If, thereafter, she was not resigned, at least she was submissive, regarding herself as a suitable sacrificial victim for the salvation of her brothers.

But there was one whom she desired to know the truth. Perhaps she hoped the knowledge might move him to work some miracle for her deliverance. And so on the morrow André-Louis received the following pathetic little note:

Citizen André-Louis:

My brother Junius tells me that I must marry the Citizen-Representative Chabot, that this is necessary for our security. I care nothing for my security. I would not buy it at this price, as I hope you will believe, Citizen André-Louis. But I must care for the security of my brothers. I suppose this is my duty. But I do not love the Citizen Chabot. I think I am greatly to be pitied. I want you to know this. Good-by, Citizen André-Louis.

The unhappy Léopoldine

André-Louis laid the letter before de Batz. "You perceive the appeal between the lines?" he said.

De Batz read, sighed and shrugged. "What can I do? If the sacrifice could have been avoided I should have avoided demanding it."

"What reply am I to make?"

"None. That will be kindest. The poor child seems to hope that she is something to you. In that hope she writes. Your silence will dispel it. She will the more readily submit to her destiny."

"That foul Capuchin," André-Louis groaned. "He shall bitterly repent it."

"Of course he will. But he is no more responsible than the girl herself. In a sense he is as much a victim, although he does not yet perceive of what."

"And the Freys? These inhuman brothers who for the sake of their own profit throw their sister to that beast?"

"They shall also repent. Take comfort in that."

"And you, then? You who are responsible for it all?"

"I?" De Batz looked at him with brooding eyes. "I am in God's hands. At least, however impure the course I take, I take it from no impurity of motive. I serve an idea, not myself. In this I am purer than you are. Perhaps on that account I am immune from the scruples that trouble you."

André-Louis thought of Aline, of his hopes of her which were the mainspring of his share in these tortuous activities. To bring his hopes to fruition, he was prepared to go to almost any lengths, but not to the length of sacrificing an innocent child to the evil lust of that beast Chabot. Aline herself would shrink from him in horror, her purity outraged, if she thought him capable of adopting such means to reach her. Yet, as de Batz had pointed out, he was powerless now to prevent this thing.

The rage surging in him from that impotence came to be concentrated on Chabot. Because of Léopoldine he would pursue him the more ruthlessly, and already he perceived the means by which he could smash him utterly.

He was in that mood of vindictiveness when later in the day he was visited by Delaunay.

With Delaunay came Julien, and it was de Batz they sought. But de Batz was absent when they reached the Rue Ménars. André-Louis was at work on the details of the scheme which he had conceived for the speedy ruin of Chabot.

Delaunay came to issue something in the nature of an ultimatum. He and Julien desired to know when the operations in émigré property on a large scale were to take place. Months had gone since first the matter had been mooted, and unless there were some real activity, they proposed to operate independently.

"And thereby run your heads into the lunette of the guillotine!" André-Louis looked up at them with a mocking eye.

"Will you tell me for what we are waiting?" Delaunay demanded.

"The ground is still insufficiently prepared. Chabot has not yet been persuaded to come into the enterprise."

"To hell with Chabot!" said Julien.

"You forget that his eminence is to be our shield. You are too impatient. Difficult enterprises are to be prepared slowly and executed quickly. That is the way to succeed in them."

Delaunay grumbled: "Devil take it all! At this rate, it will be next summer before we may look for the harvest."

"You are pressed, eh, Delaunay? The Descoings begins to find your promises lean fare? If that's your trouble, I have here something else, something that offers an immediate return."

"That's the proposal for me," said Julien.

"And, faith, for me. What is it?"

André-Louis expounded briefly a scheme which for some days now had been engaging his attention. It concerned the India Company—the Compagnie des Indes—one of the few commercial enterprises in France whose credit had remained unimpaired by the upheaval of the Revolution.

"Under the law the shares of that company became subject to the payment of certain dues on the occasion of each transfer of ownership. Have you

observed that the India Company has been evading this law? The company, let me tell you, has replaced its shares by bonds similar to those issued by the state. Under these no transfers are required. All that is necessary is accomplished by an entry in the company's register. Thus the tax is evaded. It's a simple form of fraud, and its success lies in its simplicity. I have computed that as a result the state has already been swindled of over two millions."

"But how the devil are we to profit by that?" asked Delaunay.

"By denouncing the fraud in the Convention, and foreshadowing some decree that will sow terror in the hearts of the shareholders."

"And then?"

"The price of the stock will fall to nothing. That will be your time to buy. After you have bought, you will frame the decree. Indeed, you may frame two decrees: one that will ruin the company, and another that will deal indulgently with its transgression. You will then give the directors to choose between the two.

"You offer the indulgent one at a certain price—say, a quarter of a million. With ruin as the only alternative, the directors must pay. Then, with the restoration of confidence, the shares will quickly rise again. You sell at perhaps a hundred times what you paid for them. In this way you will make two separate profits, and the second one may be enormous. Simple, isn't it?"

Julien swore under his breath to express his amazed appreciation of this rascally scheme. Delaunay's habitual stolidity gave way to laughter in which there was a scared note.

"You're a fine fellow, on my soul! I imagined that I knew something of finance. But this——"

"This is the fruit of genius. Chabot becomes more than ever necessary to us."

"Chabot?" Delaunay's face lengthened.

"Not only Chabot but some other prominent and popular Montagnard. Basire, for instance, whom you would have brought in before. He, too, stands close to Robespierre, and carries weight." André-Louis' manner increased in authority. "You must see to it that a commission is appointed for the purpose of framing the two decrees which you will require. You must take care in advance that you have at hand the men to compose it; men whose interests in the matter will be identical with your own. That is why these others must be brought in beforehand."

"If Chabot should refuse?" Delaunay asked.

"Conquer his hesitation by the offer of money down. Promise him a hundred thousand francs—more, if necessary—for his immediate cooperation. I will supply the money." He pulled open a drawer of his writing table, and took out a bundle of assignats. He flung it down. "There it is. Take it, and bestir yourselves. This is no pettifogging affair. There's a chance to make millions if you go about it with address."

They went about it with all the address they could command. That same night at the Jacobins they jointly tackled Chabot and bluntly put the matter to him. At first he recoiled in terror. The very magnitude of the operation daunted him. It seemed to him that where the profits were so vast the risks must be grave. But to show him that in the matter of a profit personal to himself there was no risk or doubt. Delaunay thrust under his nose the hundred thousand francs he had received for the purpose.

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earnest of all that you may make. And there are millions to be made."

"But if I expose the fraud of the India Company, how can I afterwards——"

"It will not be for you to do that," Julien interrupted him. "I will bell the cat. Your part will be to ask for a commission of investigation, and get yourself appointed to it with us and with one or two others we shall name to you. All you will have to do will be to frame the decrees."

"Give me a moment," Chabot begged his tempters, and mopped his brow. "What will be said when it is discovered that I have been buying the shares of the company? What will——"

"Simpleton!" said Delaunay contemptuously. "Do you suppose that any of us will do that? We shall appoint Bénoit or another to buy and sell for us. Our names will not appear at all." Peremptorily he added: "It is you or another, Chabot. I give you the first chance because we are old friends. But resolve yourself. Will you take the money and join us, or must I offer it elsewhere?"

The immediate risk, Chabot perceived, was the risk of losing this hundred thousand francs. He capitulated. He took the bundle. Then he made a little oration.

"If I consent, it is only because I perceive that no harm can result to the Republic, or to any sound patriot. Before the tribunal of my conscience I stand clear. If it were otherwise, let me assure you that no prospect of gain would move me to take part in this."

Julien looked at him with wonder. "Nobly spoken, Chabot. How worthy you ever prove yourself of the great trust the people repose in you."

They left him, to seek Basire. As they went, "Do you know, Julien," said Delaunay, "the rascal believes himself?"

Informed of the successful association with the scheme not only of Chabot but also of Basire, that other prominent deputy and pillar of the dominant party, André-Louis repaired on the morrow to the Convention, to hear Julien make his preliminary denunciation. De Batz accompanied him, and together they found seats in the gallery, among the idle riff-raff which daily crowded it, and so often interrupted the proceedings of the legislators below in order to make clear to them how they should interpret the will of the sovereign people.

For the Reign of Terror is now sweeping to its climax. The bread and meat queues grow longer and sadder; hunger becomes more general among the poor, the bread more and more foul. But the people suffer it out of faith in the integrity of the legislators, counting upon their promises to convert this Lenten time into a season of plenty.

Nevertheless, life pursues its course, and such men as de Batz, if of sufficient circumspection, may move freely.

And freely de Batz moved, his clothes scrupulously elegant, his hair dressed with the same care as of old, his manner as assured and haughty as in the days before the fall of the Bastille. His confidence was based upon that great army of agents and associates, gradually recruited, which by now was permeating every stratum of Parisian life. André-Louis, moving as freely, relied in any emergency that might arise upon the protection of his civic card, which announced him for an agent of that dread body, the Committee of Public Safety.

Thus these two came openly to mingle with the crowd in the gallery of the Convention.

There was little to interest them until the short, sturdy figure of Chabot was seen mounting the tribune, and they rubbed their eyes to behold a transmogrified Chabot. He came spruce as a dandy in a tight-fitting brown frock and snowy cravat, his hair combed and tied.

The assembly stared, assuming that at last he followed the fashion set by his illustrious leader, the great Robespierre. This until the declaration he came to make suggested another explanation. He was there to proclaim himself a lover; and it was supposed that, like a bird at mating time, he had assumed this gay plumage suitably to fill the part.

"Before I pass to questions of public interest, I desire to touch upon a matter entirely personal." Thus he opened. "I take this opportunity of announcing to you that I am about to marry. As a legislator I have thought that it was my duty to set an example in all the virtues. It has been made a reproach against me that the love of women has played too large a part in my life, and I perceive I can best silence that calumny by taking the wife that the law accords to me.

"The woman I am to marry is of recent acquaintance. Brought up like the women of her country in the greatest reserve, she has been screened from the eyes of strangers. I do not pretend to be in love with anything beyond her virtue, her talents and her patriotism."

He proceeded to add that no priest should soil his nuptials, or any superstitious ceremonies defile them, and thereby showed how well he knew his audience. For the declaration produced a thunder of acclamation from the rabble in the galleries.

Thereafter he passed to matters of business so slender that they revealed themselves for the pretext and not the reason of his presence in the tribune.

André-Louis had listened to him in rage and contempt. Filled with pitying concern for Léopoldine, he was more intent that his India Company scheme should result in her deliverance than in the restoration of the Bourbons.

Chabot's place in the tribune was taken by Julien, that other scoundrelly apostate, and André-Louis leaned forward eagerly to hear the attack he was to deliver against the India Company; the burning phrases with which André-Louis himself had supplied this puppet. Julien, however, in concert with Delaunay had improved upon the original plan. His present address resolved itself into one of those flamboyant exhibitions of logorrhea on the subject of virtue and purity in private and in public life to which members of the Convention were in these days becoming more and more addicted.

It was in the course of this, and no more than in passing that he alluded to the India Company, as one of those organizations abusing the shelter of the state they flourished in and turning that shelter to purposes not always beneficial to the state itself. The allusion brought an attentive stillness to an assembly which hitherto had been a little restless. A voice challenged him to be more precise, declaring that if he had charges to bring, he should bring them specifically, and not by innuendo.

"The reproof is just," said Julien with perfect composure. "When I began to speak I had no intention of touching upon this, or else I should have armed myself with the details necessary for a full exposure of an abuse that must be within the knowledge of many of you. For it can be no secret to those of you who are zealous and watchful that the India Company advanced considerable sums of money to the heretofore King, whereby the deliverance of France from

the odious rule of despotism was materially retarded."

His allusion to their watchfulness and zeal was a cunning gag in their mouths. Which of these deputies, by contradicting him or by demanding the evidential details, would betray himself as without zeal and vigilance? Not one, as he well knew. And he left the matter there.

When later, Basire, who had also been taken by surprise, asked him if, indeed, he were in a position to prove what he had said, Julien shrugged.

"What do proofs matter in such a business? The price of the stock will show tomorrow whether my shaft has gone home."

That his shaft had indeed gone home there could be no doubt two days later, by which time the stock of the India Company had fallen from 1500 to 600 francs. Already there was panic among the stockholders.

The next move was made a week later, and it came from Delaunay.

In the speech with which he electrified the Convention he pretended that as a result of the allegations against the Compagnie des Indes which his confrere Julien had let fall, he had been looking into the affairs of the company, and what he discovered in them had appalled him. From this he passed to a fulminating denunciation of the fraud which the company had practiced in evading a tax justly imposed by the nation. Delaunay did not hesitate to describe as a sacrilege the defalcations of which the India Company was guilty.

The term was received with applause. On Robespierre's atrabilious countenance the tiger-cat grin was observed to spread as if in commendation.

Then, even as he had wrought up their passions, Delaunay now chilled them again by the motion he put forward. He proposed to dissolve the India Company, placing her directors under the obligation of proceeding to the liquidation of her affairs.

So inadequate to the crime was the proposed punishment that the Convention, after a gasp of surprise that was almost of anger, broke into a babble of discussion. The president rang his bell for silence, and Fabre d'Eglantine was seen to be ascending the tribune to voice the general feeling.

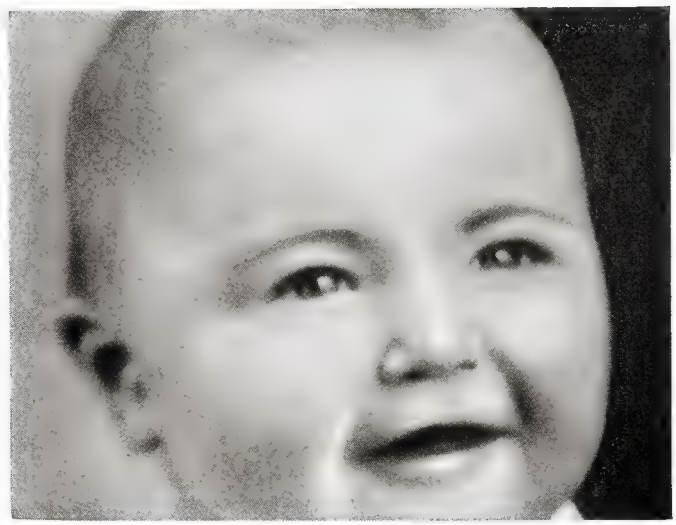
He moved deliberately, a man slightly above middle height, of graceful build and careful attire. He had been many things in turn: actor, author, poetaster, painter, composer, thief, murderer, blackguard and jailbird. Unmistakably histrionic were his speech and gestures.

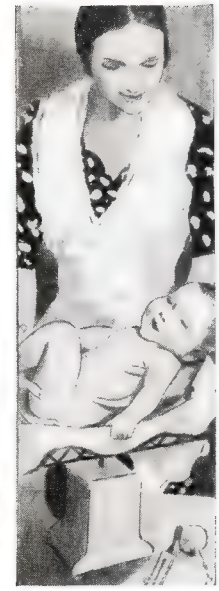
The man, however, was not without ability, and in his sonorous, slightly affected voice he displayed now the prompt grasp of affairs of which his mind was capable. He began by complimenting Delaunay upon his diligence in unveiling the turpitude of the India Company; but deplored the inadequacy of the motion with which Delaunay proposed to deal with it.

"If the company's administrators are to be left in charge of the company's liquidation, they are supplied with the means of perpetuating it indefinitely."

Delaunay, like André-Louis who had dictated those very terms, was well aware of this, and was awaiting precisely such an objection. Had no one else voiced it, the task would have fallen to Basire. It was disconcerting that one who was not in the plot should intervene at this point. But it could not, after all, be serious in its consequences.

Meanwhile, Fabre professed astonishment that Delaunay should have demanded anything less than the total extinction of the company, and moved





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that the property of these delinquents should immediately be impounded.

This was pushing matters a little further than the conspirators had reckoned. But opinions in the assembly were soon shown to be divided; the Representative Cambon expressed the view that Fabre's demands were too intransigent; that they would be productive of a disorganization in the world of commerce such as could not ultimately be to the advantage of the nation. Others followed him, and the debate might have gone on forever had not Robespierre risen in his place to set a term to it.

The power that he had become, and for which so much was due to his young ally Saint-Just, was apparent in the almost awed silence that fell upon the assembly immediately upon his rising. He was dressed in a sky-blue frock over a striped satin waistcoat. Below this he wore black satin smalls, silk stockings and buckled shoes, whose heels were built up to increase his stature. His head emerged from a snowy, elaborately tied cravat, the hair carefully dressed and powdered.

He stood a moment in silence, his horn-rimmed spectacles pushed up on his forehead, his myopic eyes peering forth from that lean, pallid countenance with its curiously tiptilted nose and wide, almost lipless mouth that was ever set in the grin of a tiger cat.

Then the dull, unimpressive voice droned forth. He desired that the counsel of Fabre should be given weight. But this only after due investigation should have confirmed the charges which had been made. For the rest, the matter was not one for the great body of the Convention but for a commission which he desired should be formed at once, not only to investigate but to decree the measures to be taken.

With that he resumed his seat. His fiat had gone forth. These were not days in which any man in France would dare to call it in question, unless it were the fearless Danton, who was still honeymooning at Arcis-sur-Aube. Robespierre had demanded that a commission be formed.

This was Chabot's cue. It had been concerted that the demand should come from Delaunay. That it came from a higher authority did not affect the issue. Chabot rose from his seat on Robespierre's left to support the wish expressed by his august leader, and to propose that Delaunay himself should be included in the commission.

His object was to connect himself with the business, so that he, too, might be named. This followed easily and naturally. Beyond this, however, things did not run the prescribed course. It had been arranged that Julien and Basire should name each other for service on the commission, and as five members would compose it, thus there would have been an overwhelming preponderance of those in the financial conspiracy.

Fabre's intervention, however, had brought him into prominence in connection with the matter, and his nomination was inevitable. So, too, was that of Cambon, who had spoken to mitigate the harshness of Fabre. To these was added Ramel, who also had intervened in the debate, and upon that, at last, the matter was closed.

That evening the conspirators, a little dismayed by the turn of events, a little dubious now of the result, forgathered in the Rue Ménars to take counsel with André-Louis.

He was out of temper and caustic, and he lashed Basire and Julien for having neglected to make an opportunity for themselves in the course of the debate. It would have been especially easy for Julien to have got himself appointed to the commission, considering that he was already associated in the mind of the assembly with the affairs of the India Company.

"It was Fabre who sent things awry," Julien excused himself.

De Batz interposed. "Why recriminate? What does it matter? Does any man believe in the incorruptibility of that mummer? Do you know his history? Bah! You can have his soul for a hundred thousand francs." He pulled a bundle of assignats from the *secrétaire*. "Here, Chabot! Buy him with that. Thus you will be sure of a majority."

He had acted upon a sudden inspiration. And when those four traffickers in their mandate had taken their departure, he laughed as he looked at André.

"Thus things fall out even better than you designed. To entangle Fabre d'Eglantine in the business was more than I had hoped just yet! The gods fight on our side, André-Louis, as we might have known they would; for the gods are all aristocrats."

Rumors that the Compagnie des Indes was about to be extinguished by order of the Convention spread instant panic among the stockholders. Within twenty-four hours the shares had fallen even below the level last prognosticated by Delaunay. The miracle was that there should be buyers for them at any price. And yet buyers there were. At one-twentieth of their real value, the shares so fearfully cast upon the market were instantly absorbed.

Bénoît, the Angevin banker, was the buyer. He was derided by his financial colleagues for his pains. But Bénoît remained unperturbed.

"What would you? I am a gambler. I take my chances. The commission has yet to decide the fate of the company. If the decision is ruinous to it, my loss will be none so heavy. If it is otherwise, I shall have won a fortune."

He bought, of course, for Delaunay, Julien and Basire. Chabot, at the last moment, lacked the necessary courage. Delaunay urged him to invest half of the hundred thousand francs he had received for supporting the scheme. But Chabot was fearful of losing it. In the end, he might not prevail with Fabre; and if Fabre remained uncorrupted, all would be lost. Already Fabre's intervention had made it impossible to lay alternative decrees before the directors of the India Company and blackmail them into buying the decree that should save them from destruction.

Delaunay reported the matter to André-Louis, who dealt with it summarily. Chabot must be implicated inextricably and for this some speculation on his part was of the first importance. But this was not what André-Louis said.

What he said was: "Chabot must stand to profit by the preservation of the company or else he will not work for it. His cowardice will make him take the easier road, and rest content with his hundred thousand francs. If he will not buy shares himself we must buy them for him." He thrust upon Delaunay a wad of assignats. "Let Bénoît buy him twenty thousand francs' worth, and take them to him. Point out to him that on the day when the India Company's credit is clear of this cloud, those shares will be worth half a million. To resist that, it would be necessary that Chabot should not be human."

Chabot's resistance did not prove insuperable. The prospect of the half million proved a persuasion not only to accept but also to set about the seduction of Fabre d'Eglantine.

Ten days passed, and still the commission had not sat. It was time to get to work. Chabot sought Fabre, to learn when it would please him to attend to the matter.

Fabre displayed indifference. "I will suit my convenience to yours as far as I am able."

"I will consult the others, and send you word," Chabot replied.

The others whom he consulted were Delaunay, Julien and Basire, of whom only the first had any official concern in the matter. Unofficially, however, their concern was a common one.

"You may act when you please," Julien informed him. "And the sooner the better. We have bought to the limit of our resources."

So they had, and another who had bought heavily, informed by his friend Delaunay of the inner movement in this business, was Bénoît. The extent of his purchases gave him a keen interest in the manipulation, and out of this it presently followed that he began to seek for a reason why de Batz and Moreau, whom he knew for the moving spirits in the scheme, should themselves have abstained from purchasing, neglecting so rare an opportunity of easy fortune.

Bénoît made exhaustive inquiries. Positively neither de Batz nor Moreau had

"You can't fool me, garçon. I ordered pommes de terre—not common Irish potatoes."

bought a single share. What the devil was the meaning of it?

He tackled de Batz with some such question at the first opportunity. De Batz was off his guard, and did not sufficiently weigh his reply.

"It's a speculation. I do not speculate. I trade along lines that are secure."

"But then, why the devil did you trouble to work out this scheme?"

And de Batz still more incautiously replied: "I did not. It is Moreau's scheme."

"Then why has Moreau not bought?"

De Batz affected innocence. "Has he not? Ha! Curious!" And he changed the subject.

Bénoît agreed with him in his heart that it was curious. Infernally curious. So, fearful of a heavy loss of money, a truculent, dangerous Bénoît descended next morning upon André-Louis.

Bénoît came straight to the point. André-Louis stood before him in the baron's gay salon, his lean, keen countenance rigid as a mask.

"I do not know that I owe you any explanation. But I'll gratify your curiosity. I do not like the commission that has been appointed. If Fabre d'Eglantine keeps of the same mind as that in which he addressed the Convention, the India Company will be extinguished."

"Then why," demanded the portly banker—"why did you send Fabre a hundred thousand francs to change his mind? Why do you spend such a sum if you have no interest in speculating on the result?"

"Since when, Bénoît, have I been accountable to you for what I choose to do? What is your right to question me?"

"My right? I have embarked two hundred and fifty thousand francs upon this scheme of yours——"

"Of mine?"

"Aye, of yours. Don't waste time in denying it. I know what I know."

"You know too much, Bénoît."

"For your safety, you mean?"

"No, Bénoît. For your own." And smoothly though the words were spoken, there was a cold, steely edge to them that made the banker apprehensive.

André-Louis was watching him with glittering eyes. Slowly, incisively, André-Louis asked a question that voiced the very threat already trembling on the banker's lips. "Will you tell the Revolutionary Tribunal that this piece of chicanery concerned with the India Company is a thing of my invention, done at my instigation? Will you?"

"And if I did?"

"Who are your witnesses? A group of venal rascals who traffic in their mandate, who abuse their position in the state to grow rich by fraudulent speculation. Yes, fraudulent, Bénoît, and fraudulent in the grossest manner. Will the word of these rogues, these thieves—for it is upon their word that you have it that this scheme is mine—destroy a man whose hands are clean, who cannot be shown to have purchased a single share in the India Company; or will it destroy a man like you, who, taking advantage of the fraud, has invested a quarter of a million in the company's stock? Which do you think, Bénoît?"

André-Louis uttered a short toneless laugh. "And there you have the answer that you sought. Now you know precisely why I have neglected, as you say, this opportunity to make a fortune."

Bénoît trembled. He had his answer indeed. *"Mon Dieu!"* he groaned. "What game do you play here?"

"Bénoît," said André-Louis, "you have the reputation of being a safe man. But not all those whom you have served, not if each were as influential as Robespierre himself, could keep you safe

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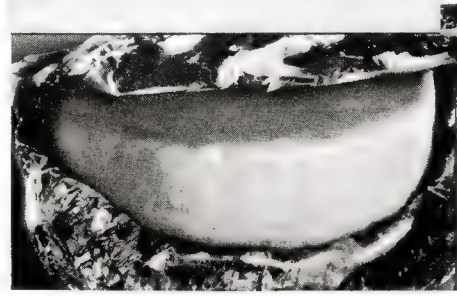

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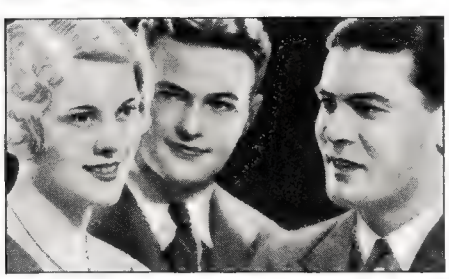

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if this were known. Remember that. Bénoît. Mention this matter to a single soul and be sure that the headsman will make your toilet for you within forty-eight hours."

Bénoît departed, enlightened and yet in darkness. Something was moving here, something deep, dangerous and portentous, of which even knowledge might be perilous. He would sell his stock at once, content to suffer a loss. Then, being rid of that dangerous burden, with nothing on his hands to betray him, he could laugh at the threat which imposed silence.

But the stock was impossible to sell at any price by now, since all those who were in the secret had already purchased to the limit of their resources.

The ci-devant Chevalier de Saint-Just, that flaming torch of patriotism and republican integrity, was about to depart on a mission of importance to Strasbourg, where a strong hand was just then required. No stronger hand could the Party of the Mountain supply than that of this handsome, elegant, fiercely eloquent, ardently zealous young idealist. Such was the reputation into which he had come.

Engrossed in national work, he was accounted of an asceticism unusual in his age, of a purity of life that was a model to mankind, and of an incorruptibility that rendered him a fit lieutenant to Robespierre, that Great Incorruptible. His youth—he was scarcely more than a boy—his well-knit graceful figure, his handsome face with the golden curls clustering thickly about his white brow and his indubitable talents had raised him by the autumn of '93 to the position of a popular idol.

If he had contrived to place Robespierre supreme, as the first man in France, he had at the same time not been neglectful of himself. With his talents, remorselessness and ambition, it is possible that he was content to play the acolyte; it is equally possible that he dreamed of ultimately wresting to himself the office of high priest in the republican temple.

His last act in the Convention before departing on that Strasbourg mission had served to increase his popularity. He had moved that decree for the confiscation of all foreign property, the foreshadowing of which had led to the tightening of the relations between Chabot and the Freys. And he had moved it in an address of burning patriotism, an address which was a challenge of France to the world in arms against her.

Her frontiers were being violated by mercenaries of the despots. They must strike the enemy wherever he was to be met. They must strike him here in their midst no less than on the frontiers. Let all foreign property in France be placed under seal.

That motion was carried. The ardent terms in which it had been advocated were reported, circulated and extolled by every true son of France.

Fortunately for the Freys, Chabot was already married to their sister. Some days before, Léopoldine had submitted to the horrible ordeal; had been immolated by her brothers on the foul altar of Mammon. The worthless assignment they had made rendered their property immune from the decreed confiscation. Chabot, the unclean, licentious ex-Capuchin turned fop, was installed in the handsome apartments on the first floor of the Freys' house.

The delectable "'Poldine," as he now called her, was now his own possession, and her dowry was on a scale that in itself would make him rich, had made him rich already. And even this dowry had ceased to signify. Soon, now, he would count his wealth from other sources in hundreds of thousands, for with reestablished confidence the stock of the India Company was soaring rapidly back towards the high figure from which it had tumbled.

Wealth, greatness and honors awaited François Chabot. Clearly his eyes perceived the golden glow on his horizon. For money, as Chabot had so lately discovered, was the stoutest staff upon which a man could lean. With it, before all was done, he would try a fall with Robespierre himself.

Meanwhile, let him neglect no opportunity of focusing the popular attention. Let him keep all eyes upon himself that his republican ardor might dazzle the beholders. With this in view, he was of those who in an impassioned speech demanded the trial of the infamous Austrian woman, the Widow Capet.

The Convention yielded promptly. It dared do no other, even if it had wished.

And so at three o'clock in the morning on the second of October, the unfortunate widow of Louis XVI was conveyed in a closed carriage from the prison of the Temple to the guillotine's antechamber, the Conciergerie.

When it was known on the morrow, André-Louis was oddly bitter. He smiled sourly upon de Batz, who sat crushed with horror. "And so," he said slowly, "the sacrifice of little Léopoldine has been in vain. It has not sufficed to propitiate your dreadful gods. They must have a queen in holocaust."

The baron leaped up with flaming eyes. "Do you mock?"

André-Louis shook his head. "I do not mock. I view the ruin, the futile ruin of a sweet young life. I told you that no good would come of it."

"You have moved too slowly with your infernal caution."

"That is unjust. I was spurred to swiftest movement in the hope of precipitating the avalanche in time to save Léopoldine."

"Léopoldine! Léopoldine! Can you think of nothing else? Not even the fate of the Queen of France can eclipse her from your thoughts. What do I care for all the Léopoldines in the world when that anointed head may fall, unless I can work a miracle? And that fat fool at Hamm will mock again."

"Does that matter? Is your vanity to be concerned?"

"It is a question of my honor," de Batz fiercely retorted.

Thereafter, for a week he scarcely ate or slept, and was seldom at his lodging in the Rue Ménars. He hunted out his loyal associates. He propounded reckless plans for the deliverance of the unhappy Queen. But all was vain.

Her trial, lasting two days, had closed with the death sentence at four o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the sixteenth of October. Some hours later she set out in the tumbrel, dressed all in white, her hands pinioned behind her. But she sat erect, disdainful of the loathly rabble that booed her as she passed to her death.

De Batz was in the crowd to hear the shouts of "Death to tyrants! Live the Republic!" which greeted the fall of that royal head.

Disordered in mind as in appearance, he came back to the Rue Ménars and to André-Louis, who rose as he entered.

"So. It is finished," André said quietly.

Out of the baron's livid face a pair of flaming eyes regarded him in fury. "Finished? No. It is about to begin. What you have heard from here was

but the overture. It is time to ring up the curtain. Time to make an end."

His self-control had completely left him. He had the air of a drunkard or a madman, and he raved like one. He reviled all things, beginning with himself and ending with the people. It shamed him, he declared, that the same blood should run in his veins as ran in the veins of these tigers. They were inhuman, bestial imbeciles. But they should soon be brought to their senses. Even to such subhuman wits as theirs the corruption of their masters in the Convention should be made apparent. Their passions, so easily inflamed, should be inflamed indeed, so as to consume the evil satyrs who were responsible for these horrors. All of them, he swore, should go the way the Queen had gone.

If André-Louis did not share his stormy emotions, he certainly shared his resolve. There followed days of watchful waiting for the moment to ring up the curtain on the drama of which he had so craftily prepared the scenario.

First came, less than a fortnight later, the mockery of a trial of the twenty-two Girondins who had languished in prison since the previous June. Robespierre judged that the hour for this had struck. It would drive home the lesson that the Party of the Mountain was now paramount in the state. Their execution followed, providing in the Place de la Révolution a spectacle of blood on a scale not yet witnessed there.

Yet it was a spectacle which restored to de Batz something of his old remorseless spirit. He rubbed his hands, even as with a sigh he said: "Poor devils! All young, all able! But even as they did not hesitate to murder the King for their own advancement, so must their murder be welcome to all monarchists. Saturn-like, the Convention begins to devour its own children.

"Let the work begun by themselves be pushed forward ruthlessly, until, when it is seen in the departments that the representatives themselves are being guillotined, none will be found to brave the danger of replacing them, and the Convention will be reduced to a handful of contemptible fellows to be used or to be brushed aside." In a breath he added: "Is the business of the India Company ripe yet?"

"It is ripening fast," André-Louis informed him. For already some days previously by a vote of the majority the commission had found that the extinction of the company could not be countenanced since it would be against the national interest. This finding, published unostentatiously, was already abroad, and confidence was being restored. "The stock is rising daily. Whether our friends have taken their profits or not scarcely matters. They have certainly made them. I am preparing now a memorial for some representative or other ambitious enough to bell the cat."

"Whom have you in mind?"

"Philippeaux. There's a crude honesty about him. Also, he is a moderate, and therefore a natural enemy of the extremist Chabot. I have sounded him in a casual way. I pointed out to him how odd a thing it is that so many members of the Convention have latterly become men of property. I asked him innocently what possible explanation there could be for this. He became angry. Voiced a suspicion that rumors indicated the existence of a plot to bring the Convention into discredit."

"That was shrewd enough," said de Batz with a laugh.

"I promised him particulars. I am preparing them."

He prepared them so well that the

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Representative Philippeaux, convinced, mounted the tribune of the Convention to cast a bombshell into the assembly. This happened on a November morning a week later, and for the moment put an end to the discussion of abstract questions which had been occupying so much time since Danton's return from his uxorious retirement.

The murder of the Girondins had been the immediate cause of his reappearance. That and the summons from his friend Desmoulins, who began to dread the increasing ascendancy of Robespierre. Danton, the man chiefly responsible for the butchery of the tenth of August, when the gutters ran with blood, was there now to preach in his powerful voice gospel of moderation.

It startled de Batz, who accounted the movement premature. At the same time, he perceived in it the beginnings of a counter-revolutionary tendency and it confirmed the opinion he had long held that when the time to use him came he would find in Danton the man to play the part of Monk and bring the King to his own again.

And then, even whilst these things were engaging the baron's attention, this was suddenly diverted to more immediate matters by the speech of Philippeaux. The curtain was raised, indeed; the drama for which there had been such long and laborious preparation was at last about to commence.

Next Month—as Scaramouche succeeds in his labors for the Regent of France, Aline finds herself in a terrifying predicament at Hamm

Lady-Killer *(Continued from page 39)*

lecture once. I never enjoyed anything more."

He was so shattered that he exclaimed: "You're a liar when you say you heard my lecture! You never heard a word of it. But you told the truth when you said you never enjoyed anything more, for, as Socrates said, 'The King of Persia among all his luxuries could never discover one more luxurious than an hour of perfect sleep.' You slept perfectly—and perfect you are when you sleep."

She dodged the compliment and simply retorted: "Socrates, eh? Is he running yet? How's your old Plato?"

He was so mad about her by now that even her ridicule made him purr. For one thing, it was something new: he had been fed up more than he realized on the popeyed homage of women-swarms. Having his fur rubbed the wrong way made him spark. It was better to be made a fool of by her than made an idol of by a mob of other women.

So completely mesmerized was Murray that he did not even know it when the train was held up for two hours by a wreck ahead. He thought the delay, if any, a mere station-stop. He was himself a perfect wreck gradually reduced to flinders by a process like a slow-camera reproduction of a swift event.

Susan Jane enjoyed it, too, as any woman would who could. Even to her experienced soul there was a thrill in watching the gradual crumbling of a fine upstanding scholar into a heap of débris at her feet. Susan Jane was human and would have been merciful if men had not forced upon her their most ridiculous and abject phases.

She knew that when she reached the McClintocks' she would be subjected to more of their contortions. There would be three men there whom she had been engaged to; and who, on being refused her hand, had sanely dashed off and married, for spite, the first women they had been able to annex. There would be three other men there, bachelors in spite of themselves, who would assume that they were now engaged to Susan Jane simply because she had allowed them to talk love to her and crunch her ribs gently on favorable opportunities.

Keith Murray was a new kind of game, the first exceedingly learned man she had ever snared.

She saw that he had already suffered from an overdose of feminine adulation and would relish a little mockery for a change. How long he could live on it before he hungered for more flattery she could not know, but she could tell by his high fever and other symptoms that her chief problem would be to keep him from proposing instant marriage.

Susan Jane knew too many men too well to regard marriage with any illusions. She supposed she would have to begin trying out husbands some day, but she preferred to think of wedlock as the climax of a long play in many acts of many scenes, with a large cast; not as the quick finish of a bit of dialogue in a curtain raiser.

Despite her tone of raillery, Murray imagined that she was going to be a not-too-difficult conquest, after a brief struggle against his unrivaled attractions, and so, when the train came to a stop and he saw Mrs. McClintock waiting with a quartet of males evidently hungry for Susan Jane, he smirked a little and felt a bit sorry for the poor men who lacked his advantages.

After he had paid his devoirs to his hostess, he turned to help Susan Jane into an automobile. He had not suspected Long Island of being earthquake country, but the ground certainly swam under his feet when he discovered that Susan was climbing into a roadster with a reptile whom foolish women would doubtless call handsome.

Arriving at the house in the McClintock limousine, Murray found yet another man in possession of Susan Jane at the waiting tea table. A third absconded with her somewhere till dressing-for-dinner time. When Murray came down in his tails he counted on taking her in to dinner, but she sailed away as the convoy of three husbands whose wives tried to keep from bursting into flame; they fumed visibly.

After dinner there were cards and dances. Susan Jane had another man for a partner. When Murray urged her to dance to the radio-importation of a highly immoral jazz band, she begged off, pleading that she was too tired. Yet a little later she hung herself across the arm and shoulder of a swarthy dastard whom Murray could have murdered without a qualm.

There were other women present, including several sputtery wives who would have been delighted to dance with Keith Murray, the handsome, the intellectual, just to show up the homely, brainless husbands who mooned over Susan Jane. But Murray was in too tragic a mood for reprisal by flirtation.

Long after the radio ceased to distress the air with its imbecile dance-tunes, Murray kept aloof from the crowd. Vowing that he would never heel any woman, and above all, never expose the slightest interest in the promiscuous Smith coquette, he sauntered out into the

gardens. His humor was so vicious that he took delight in breaking up the tightly laced couples he encountered.

At the bottom of the garden he heard laughter so tinkingly liquid that he could not tell whether it came from a fountain at play or a woman at work. It turned out to be Susan Jane Smith's own very private laughter as she encouraged while she baffled the mania of some frantic idiot.

If Murray had had a tear-gas bomb he would have chucked it at her, but he flung away and went to bed. He was still reading the daybreak in when he heard her calling out a jocund good night to a number of baying male hounds scattering to their kennels in the guest wing.

In spite of such goings-on, she had the insolence to come to him the next noon as he was up to his eyebrows in the Sabbath papers; to sit down by him uninvited, and more or less make love to him. He had never yet met a female who had anything to say worth interrupting his morning-paper-reading, and he tried to freeze Susan Jane, burn her, slay her with looks; but his venom turned to milk and honey under the magic of her eyes. There was a resistless alchemy in her voice when she sighed:

"I hate house parties because the poor woman guest has to pay for her board and lodging by trying to entertain the stupid male guests that the hostess inflicts upon her. She is never allowed to make her own choice."

This brought him back into her power instantly, and revealed her as an altruistic martyr, instead of a brazen flirt. He forgot what he had been reading about the Russians, the Hindus, the anti-Fascisti and the other restless peoples, and became Susan Jane's toy spaniel.

She let him fawn upon her and accepted his worship just long enough to reduce him again to groveling caninity. Then she accepted an invitation to go for a drive with that first reptile. According to the calendar of Murray's heart she was gone for five years. Even the clock said she was away for three hours.

Then she hurried toward him as if she had been delayed by a shipwreck, and he greeted her as if she had been, only to see her let herself be kidnaped by another swain. Murray began to suspect that she was having a grand time with a puppet strung to every finger and that he was only another dummy dancing at the least flick of her hand or slumping in a corner while he waited his turn.

He was one of the rarer sort of humankind that does not enjoy competition in love. He was willing to endure a little preliminary tryout but he was not entering any crowded Marathons in pursuit of a goal that ran away as fast as he approached.

He gave Susan Jane a few final chances without telling her that she was on probation. He sought her out and sat by her in the drawing-room. When she consented to go for a stroll to "feed the goldfish" with another man, and left him flat, he began to look about for somebody else to squire.

Yet when she reappeared, she ran to him with the desperate eagerness of Eliza crossing the ice, just ahead of the bloodhounds. Again he forgave her and asked if he might sit by her at dinner. She answered with deep regret that she had been booked already by another man!

After dinner there were cards and dances, for all days were week days at that home.

Murray decided to give Susan Jane one last chance before he cast her into outer darkness forever. His eyes were

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baleful and his teeth clenched as he muttered through them a menacing request for the privilege of being her partner at cards or in a dance.

She shook her head but saved his life temporarily by whispering: "Wouldn't you rather take a long walk with me in the marvelous moonlight later?"

He nodded and put a lot of amorous expectancy in his eyes, but he was remembering her fountainous laughter in that other fellow's embrace the night before. There was a certain something lacking in her invitation to be her second-night's Knight. She ought to wear a placard: "Line forms to the left."

Other women invited him to play cards or backgammon; several indicated a willingness to dance with him, or commit moonshine with him; he was gently rude and drifted to the library.

With a book in front of him, he gave himself over to deep thought. His sanity began to return and regain the throne of reason usurped by infatuation. He coldly faced the fact that, while Susan Jane Smith was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, he shared this opinion with the vast majority of his kind. There was no exclusive glory in exclaiming that a brilliant sunset is good-looking, or adding another Gosh! to the tributes to Niagara Falls.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, that he might eventually capture Susan Jane for his very own, he visualized the prolonged and desperate contest he would have to wage with her other suitors and with her own enjoyment of a mob's competition for her. Supposing he married her, he could be sure of only one thing: that she would still be besought by lovers, and his battle for her would be never-ending.

He could not imagine such a popular woman meekly finding happiness in seclusion, even with him, for he did not intend to devote his life to the adoration of any woman God ever made. He could do with a bit of adoration himself. He, too, had tasted the sweets of being pursued, heaped with praise, and inspiring desire. It was surely not for nothing that the Lord had endowed him with his strange power over women's minds and hearts.

There were very beautiful women about—not quite so beautiful as she, perhaps—yet very beautiful. Some of them were rich; some of them were wise. Many of them could be made his by merely consenting to grant the prayers he read in so many stares.

For a moment he toyed with dreams of himself as the prince consort of some unspeakably wealthy widow or heiress. He thought of the power he could wield, the places he could go, the palaces he could rule, the grandeurs he could gather about him.

But his pride revolted at the thought of selling himself for gold. He would not be branded as any woman's purchase, a bought man, a gigolo of a sort.

Why should he give his all to any one woman? If he married one, he would be bound to her by his self-respect, not to mention such axiomatic matters as fidelity, loyalty and decency. He would be forever debarred from wandering about making other women happy.

And was it not his duty to make as many women as possible happy? Had a man of his charms and scholarships and eloquences the right to hide them all under a bushel, under any one roof?

He had wanted to monopolize Miss Smith, and had not been permitted to. She was wicked enough, and canny enough, to resist any one man's exclusive domination. She made it her business in life to be beautiful for all, and to stimulate as many men as could stimulate her. Why should he not likewise avoid the monopoly of any one woman? Why should he not warm up as many women as he could and roll around the sky like a glorious sun instead of letting himself be a mere candle caged in some one woman's lantern?

His imagination began to glow, to incandesce, to blaze. He felt a high call to go forth as a missionary of beauty, scattering romance to the utmost of his powers.

He pursued this thought. The greatest benefactors of the race did not try to help the successful, the rich, the powerful. They gave their largess to the poor, the humble; uplifted the downtrodden.

When this Susan Jane Smith saw that she had lost him she would probably, undoubtedly, come off her high horse and implore his forgiveness. He might forgive her, at that—she was outrageously pretty!—but she would have to humble herself as she had humbled him before he lifted her from the dust. And he would keep her waiting until he had enriched the lives of as many women as the men whom she had tantalized.

Only, he would not tantalize his women. He would be very, very kind to them, love them well and then leave them, sorrowing, of course, but opulent in memories.

And he would do a sublime thing. He would not seek the most beautiful and the most attractive women on earth and pay them court. He would go about like the democratic sun blessing with his fire the homeliest, the hungriest, the most neglected.

He would—that was it!—he would purvey romance to old maids. Nobody would accuse him of being a fortune hunter, or a pursuivant of snobs, or any beauty's fool. He would pick up those fallen by the wayside, giving love to the women nobody else loved.

The project inflamed him so that he was startled long after to realize that somebody was standing by him, beaming upon him with palpable warmth; somebody was murmuring to him with the musical liquescence of a—a fountain.

It was Susan Jane Smith—herself, in person, come to remind him of his forgotten tryst.

She was saying: "You look like all the beatitudes in one. What are you thinking of that makes you smile like an allegory on the banks of the Nile?"

She was being literary especially for him, and he should have—an hour ago would have—said:

"Of you, of course!"

But he didn't. He went on with his dreams while she stood there amazed and finally had to plead:

"Have you forgotten that you had a rendezvous with the moon and me?"

He answered as if from far away: "I hadn't forgotten it. No, I hadn't forgotten it. But I have decided that I have no right to rob all those other men of you. There are so many of them and only one of me. Really you have no right to waste yourself on the least important of the lot. Besides, I hate crowds, and you are—you are the most crowded woman I know."

She gasped. She was slapped in the face with a cold fish, and she did not like it. It was one of the few new sensations that she simply could not enjoy even for once. She was so dazed that she asked for another swat:

"You're joking, of course. Come along, before anybody else horns in."

"Do forgive me!" he answered, still

not even rising. "I simply haven't the strength for such a scrimmage."

She oozed away, fairly smacked in the eye. Out of the corner of his own, he saw three men pounce on her.

His next step was to set out upon his new mission. What woman among the present assembly should he begin with? He strolled to the arena of the living room. In the alcoves small groups were playing games. In the center others were mulling about: house guests and droppers-in. Here were beauties of every type: lissom sprigs of girlhood, round young matrons, white-haired women still young at heart and of an eleventh-hour eagerness for life; dark ones, golden ones, sad ones, glad ones, cold and hot.

Music broke from the radio. Every woman who was not playing cards began to dance—everybody, that is, who was asked by one of the men. Several women were left over, though there were men enough to go round; but they wouldn't go round.

Among the wallflowers, or not even among them, aloof from them, doomed to loneliness and miserably used to it, sat one who kept apart because she dreaded the contrast with any other woman there. Fiametta Tantery was always the homeliest scrawn wherever she was. She was a sort of poor relation of Mrs. McClintock's, useful to her as something to stuff into a gap at a bridge table or to fill a chair at dinner when somebody failed to come at the last moment; somebody to send upstairs for something a maid could not find.

Murray smiled, remembering how he had gone to meet her once, because her beautiful name had made him think she must be the goddess who turned out to be Susan Jane Smith. It occurred to him that if he were looking for some old maid to redeem from the depths he would look a long while before he found an old-maider old maid or one in deeper depths.

As he flinched from the ordeal, he saw Susan Jane Smith dancing with a tall hound but ignoring her partner to watch Murray with even more puzzlement than rage.

Well, he would give her something to think about. He could have asked anybody to dance because the music stopped before he could screw up his courage to the point of accosting Fiametta. He braced himself for the great plunge and walking past all the smiling dames and demoiselles went straight to Miss Tantery's lonely elbow and asked if he might have the next number.

Fiametta was startled dumb. She had expected him to send her on some errand for something. She had to think back over what she had heard him say before she could trust her ears. She did not trust them, even when they repeated that the beautiful god had said:

"May I have the honor of the next dance, Miss Tantery?"

So she gulped and twanged out a "How?"

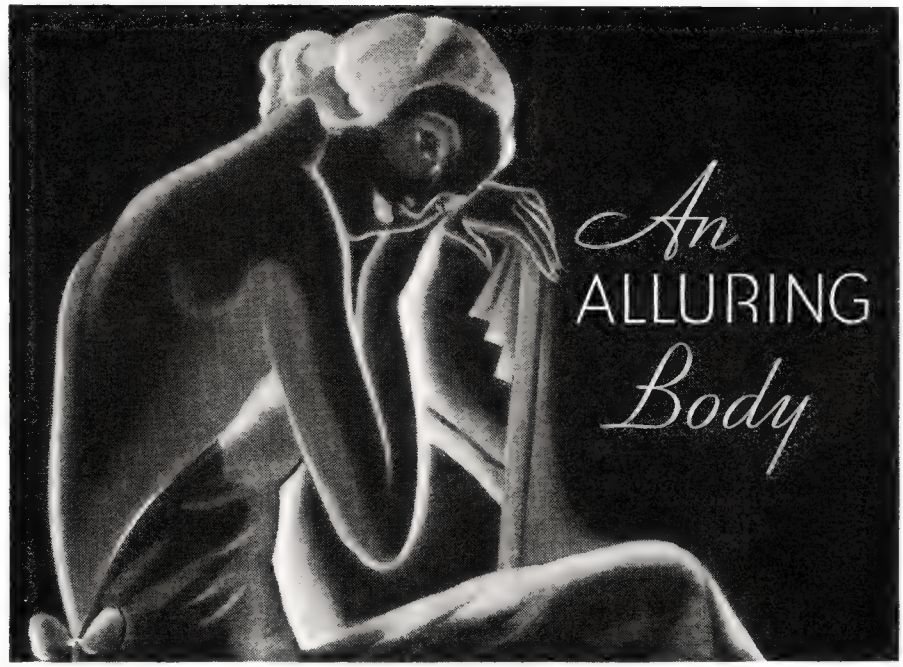
"May I have the pleasure of the next dance, please?"

The words "honor" and "pleasure" coming from him stupefied her. She said with a silly titter:

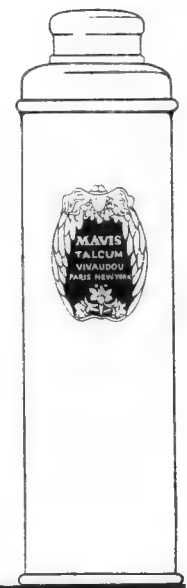
"What's the joke? I don't seem to quite get it."

He dreaded a cleft infinitive worse than a cleft palate, but the music began again and saved him from a third appeal. He bowed and put out his arms, and she understood.

Though she was sitting down, she somehow managed to fall over her own feet getting up and she nearly overset him as she drove her head into his bosom. But he kept his feet and closed



The fashionable manner of the day is the manner of personal elegance. It is something that goes quite beyond dressing smartly. It is the manner that suggests an exquisitely cared for body underneath the clothes. A body skin of smooth, silky texture, of delicious cool fragrance, of exquisite ease. And to the woman of fashion this cult of the body beautiful is no secret. For she powders, nay, showers herself with that celestial dust milled by the gods to an infinite fineness —known to the initiate in personal elegance as Vivaudou Mavis Talcum.



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his arms about her. There was an uncomfortable preeminence of shoulder blades and ribs, but he whirled her into the eddy of the dance and found himself stared at or laughed at by all the others.

Fiametta danced better than he expected. She could not have danced worse than that.

To escape the ridicule on the faces of the other dancers, he kept his eyes above their heads, and since Fiametta's face was invisible beneath his chin it was as pretty as any other invisible face.

SOMEHOW, he survived the dance but he dared not sit with Fiametta in the fierce light of all the other guests and he proposed a stroll in the garden.

"How?" said Fiametta again.

He hated "How?" but he took it as another fardel in his new burden and led her to the moonlight. She stumbled on the steps and he drew her hand into his elbow and kept it there.

He led her to the deeper moon-shadows and as he strode along she kept alongside with little running steps and a panting, breathless wonder that touched something new in him—a well of tenderness and pity that had waited long untapped.

He found a bench in so deep a gloom that only its own marble luster showed where it was. He pressed Fiametta to sit beside him. It was very sweet here. A slow and sleepy breeze wandered about drunk with the mixed fragrances of the flowers. At the end of a lane of perfume a moonlit fountain wavered like a plume of pampas grass on fire.

In such thick darkness Fiametta was as beautiful as anybody could have been. She was a woman, too. She was all women. She was forlorn and famished for love and so was Murray in such a banquet hall of amorous invitation.

It would have been almost impossible here to avoid offering at least a kiss to almost anybody. Refusing the positive command of nature would have been impious. Besides, how fine a thing it would be to bend down like a god in a dream and touch that poor thirsty mouth with probably the first kiss it had ever known from a gallant. He could give her a thousand kisses and be none the poorer.

After a surprising battle with a surprising shyness, he thrust a leaden arm along the back of the bench, and with an effort gathered her into his embrace. He was thunderstruck to encounter resistance instead of an instant surrender in all gratitude. He actually had to fight to hold her as she squirmed.

She put up such a frantic battle that when he tried to kiss her he could not find her face.

He had to plead at last: "One little kiss, please!"

"No! No, no, no!" she whispered and though she whispered it and though she repeated it, he had an intuition that she really meant it. A woman's No meaning No! Ridiculous!

He tried to overpower her as nature commanded of old, but she turned into a vixen of terror and fierce self-defense. She dug her nails into his hands and squirmed out and stood up before him, a shadow in the shadow.

He clung to her wrist as one must in such cases, and begged now for what he had expected to grant as a boon.

She almost paralyzed him with her refusal and its reason: "It wouldn't be right!"

"Not—right?" he faltered. "In this God-given moonlight!"

"It isn't God-given," she retorted. "It would be wicked!"

"Wicked?" Where had he heard that word before? He had read it in old books when it had something to do with morals, but of late it had only meant good or bad technic in sport as in "He swings a wicked mallet" or "She shakes a wicked hip." But Fiametta evidently meant that it would not be virtuous to kiss a man casually. She was more interesting than he had ever dreamed. Automatically he abused another good old word:

"Wicked to kiss a man that loves you?"

She would not even play the game when he gave it that name, which sanctified almost anything for almost every woman he had ever tried it on. Fiametta the original, or the aboriginal, answered:

"You don't love me. You couldn't! Nobody could! Let me go. Let me go! Nobody could ever love me! You're only making fun of me. Let me go!"

And then she began to cry. The little dusky shade that she was against the fiery fountain began to throb and the hand in his was shaken with the violence of her confession of a shame blacker than any guilt.

No man could endure such a cry from any woman. It would be too viciously brutal to let any woman succeed in such self-degradation. He absolutely had to drag her into his clench and set her on his knee and hold her tight as one holds a caught wild bird, keeping it from breaking its wings in its terror.

There are times when the truth is so detestable and infamous that lies become a sacred necessity, become something nobler than truth. This was one of them and Murray was not inhuman enough to shirk the obligation or to wreck it by half measures. He almost believed what he said when he said:

"Oh, you poor little, meek little angel! Can't you realize how wonderful you really are? You're adorable and I adore you. You're the sweetest thing in all the world and I love you. Honestly, I do! How could I help it?"

Bitterly she answered him, but struggled no longer, let him hold her close so that she might pour out her misery:

"I'm not adorable. I'm hideous. You're not blind. Neither am I. Don't you suppose I've got a looking-glass and can see what's in it when I have to? I was never meant to be loved. You think you've got to say such things, I suppose, and out here in the dark you can make fun of me, but I ought to be good and decent, at least, seeing I can't be anything else."

He just could not let her get away with that! He tightened his arms and loosened his fancy, spoke to her as if he held Aphrodite herself in his lap, told her what he had planned to tell Susan Jane Smith.

His victim was rather drugged than convinced, and thought more of the loveliness that might have been in another life than of the ugliness of this. She let him talk for the privilege of listening. She had always adored his eloquence. His manly beauty had been something she had hardly dared to recognize.

She had marveled at his skill as a speaker, his elastic intonation. She made a perfect audience for him now.

And he enjoyed his eloquence as never before. He was good and wise enough to know how good he was. And he could not help thinking how much pleasanter it was to be heaping the riches of his talents on this poor pauper than it would have been to be sitting here with Susan Jane Smith, while he told her what she already knew and had heard so often from so many men—with less vocabulary, perhaps, but all the greater ardor.

He loved the invisible spirit that was Fiametta with a love he had never felt. He was proud of being able to love so well, and Fiametta's need for love gave her the dreadful power of those whom the gods have maltreated and who look to mankind for a rescue. Her hungry flesh called for its birthright and was more than mere desire.

She yielded to his caresses without further struggle and was at his mercy so utterly that he had to save her from herself and himself from her. This renunciation awakened a new spirituality in him.

If he had had to take her back into the light, the charm would have been shattered, her witchcraft exorcised; the moonstruck fool would have been exposed as a sunstruck fool.

But something inspired Fiametta to be content with her brief reign as queen of the night. She began suddenly to kiss him and cling to him, as she prayed:

"You must go in alone. I've been crying. I look even worse than usual. I wouldn't dare be seen like this. I don't want you to see me. You go on in by yourself."

When he refused this, she urged:

"Then you sit here and let me run away and get up to my room before you go back."

He hated to lose her but he understood the wisdom in her appeal and he murmured: "Your wish is my wish."

She caught his head in her fierce little talons and kissed him with a voracity that bruised his lips. He knew that she meant it as an eternal farewell to him.

Then she was a spook, a shadow flitting across the twilight. He sat musing a long while. He heard a voice—Susan Jane's voice. He had to admit that it showed up the fountain. But it was showing off. There was artifice in her tinkling laughter. From his black ambush he could see how cleverly she made her swain drag her to the bench in the dark, as a magician forces a card on the dupe who thinks he selects it himself.

Susan Jane did not see Murray till she sat down and brushed against him. She gave a little shriek: "Who's there?"

"'Tis I—Hamlet the Dane."

She recovered superbly: "Keith Murray at last! We were looking for you."

"And now you've lost me again," he mumbled and went to his room, thinking of Fiametta.

This new career of his, this business of going about blessing old maids, was not going to be so arduous or unrewarded a task as he had expected.

HE SLEPT and dreamed that an old witch came to Fiametta and touched her with a wand, and her ugliness dropped from her like rags; she was instantly an unbearably beautiful princess of legend who had been living under a spell waiting for a true knight to release her. But at breakfast the next morning he saw that the old witch's work was not permanent.

Fiametta was her old starkly realistic self. Yet there was now a something in her eye—that jewel in a toad's head. He had seen such eyes in animals waiting to be killed, and he had not killed them. Plainly—horribly plainly, Fiametta looked at him in expectancy of her death warrant, his disclaimer of last night's folly.

He had to fill his answering stare with everything he had in the way of kindliness, of homage, of adoration. The

very act of calling upon himself for the emotion made him feel it.

He went into the library. Fiametta came to him at once and made a plucky little speech to the effect that she didn't hold him to anything he had said. It was mighty pretty talk but she knew it was all a joke and she had enjoyed the fun of it. She had a sense of humor, if she hadn't anything else.

Who could look on such abject humility and fail to lift it from the dust?

"I meant every word I said," he answered. "And——"

Before he could get on further, Susan Jane Smith came into the library and went about looking for a book.

Fiametta took her mere entrance as a cue for her own exit, but Murray held her fast. They watched Susan Jane. She was preternaturally graceful about everything. Her very back was beautiful, beautifully sinuous in its majesty.

Yet what was there about her except her beauty? Murray wondered. She was a well-carved piece of meat, what more? —a well-fitted dress of skin upon a well-articulated, well-padded skeleton, a masterpiece of living sculpture that cried, "Behold me! I am beautiful. Bow down and worship me!"

At Murray's side was her antithesis, a bundle of mistakes that dared not even whisper, "Don't look at me. I am ugly. Look away from me and save me from your eyes."

He looked away from her, but when Susan Jane was gone, he gathered her in again and, hiding her badly drawn features under his chin, he made her in his mind's eye what she might well have been but for a complex of accidents. What she really was, Susan Jane Smith might easily have been but for another complex of accidents.

Fiametta's little hands stole up about him. She closed her eyes when he kissed her because he was so beautiful. He closed his eyes when he kissed her because she was very beautiful when his eyes were closed.

It pleased him infinitely to think that he was the first man that had ever held her so. He solemnly wished that she might have been the first woman he had ever held so. She was spiritually sinless. And yet she would not accept even this assumption.

She must tell him that her real name was not Fiametta but Mattie. He was glad that she was human enough to have committed one deception. He told her that he admired her taste for pretty names, but that his own secret name for her would be Mattie Tantery. It had a fascinating sound at that—Mattie Tantery, Mattie Tantery!—a kind of bugle-lilt. It was such a delicious name, he said, that it was really a crime to change it to Murray.

Suddenly she was gone. She had fainted dead away, crushed under a blast of beauty that she could not withstand. She had long since consigned herself to a life of solitude.

Her abrupt evanishment frightened Murray almost out of his wits, but when she came back to him, she was something priceless lost and found again with redoubled delight.

But she protested so frantically against his wrecking his life by marrying such a thing as she was, that he had to woo her harder than he would have had to woo Susan Jane herself. All of which was good for both of them.

Her stubborn unselfishness even lifted her to a woman's supreme height: she refused to accept a man who offered her his heart and his life.

Of course, she insisted that it was because she was unworthy of him and he

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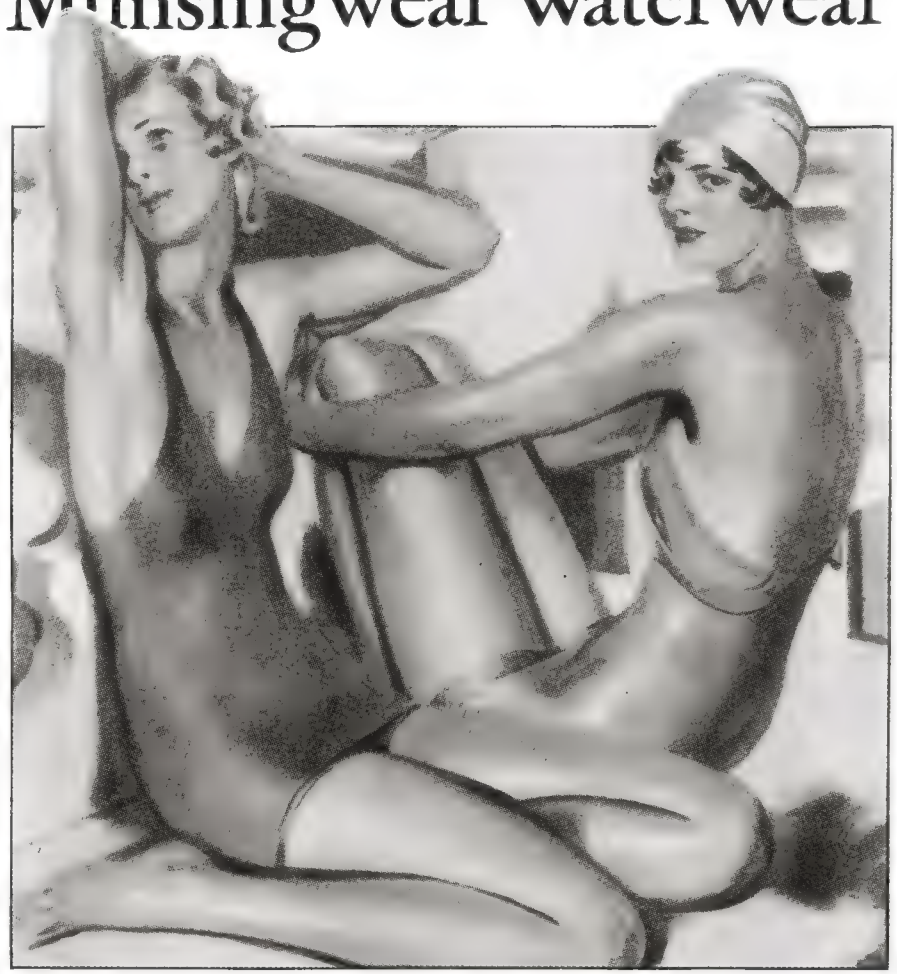

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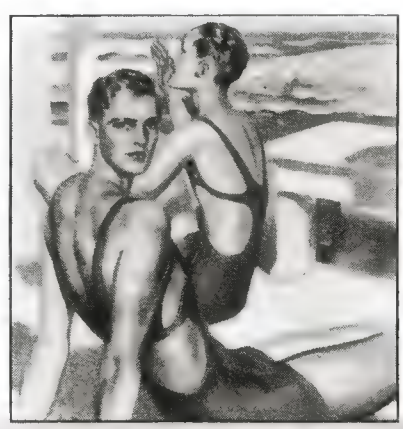

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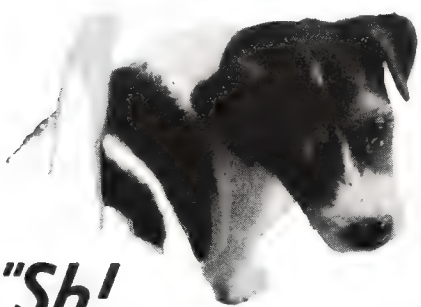

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knew that she meant it; but meekness and modesty are supernal graces in themselves and none too common, except in their frequent disguise as greedy self-assertiveness.

She was so obstinate that he could not win her consent to wedlock at all, though she could not deny herself the paradise of his company.

He had planned that she should be only the first in a long series of beneficiaries of his skill. He was to have been a combination of Casanova and the good Samaritan, and the serial had ended at the first installment.

He wanted Fiametta the more, the more she refused to marry him. She wanted him all too evidently, but not without marriage. She was an animal as all women are, and a far more passionate one than most. But she was an honorable little animal.

To his unceasing, increasing amazement, Murray did not want her except as his wife. He could not tolerate his original plan of loving them and leaving them.

When the McClintock guests dispersed, Fiametta disappeared. He had to track her down in the city. His love grew with the huntsman's zest of the chase.

He ran across Susan Jane Smith and now she wooed him, finding it unbearable to have lost him off her hook. He told her frankly that he was mad about Fiametta Tantery. She could not believe it.

"What can you see in that—that——"

"Don't say it, Miss Smith. I don't want to hate anyone as beautiful as you are. But you are only beautiful when the light is on you. It is the light that beats back from you that is beautiful. When I close my eyes, or turn off the light, where has your beauty gone? What beauty have you offered me for the dark that love loves most?"

"I understand," said Susan Jane. And she did a strange thing afterward.

Of course, in time Murray overtook and overwhelmed his light-in-the-night. Fiametta demanded only that their wedding be unseen by any more than the necessary witnesses; and she made him promise that he would not drag her with him on his appearances before that public from which he drew his growing fame and fortune; from which he withdrew to the solitude where Fiametta gave a charming twist to Milton's bitter lines:

"It is for homely features to keep
home,
They had their name thence."

Well, where is a better place for any features to keep than home? In any case, so long as Murray was satisfied, his quest was a success. He had imagined many adventures in many ports. He had dropped anchor in the first, for keeps. What better triumph could anyone ask than to make tremendous plans and throw them all away, except the first? Wherever one is willing to stay put, there is one's heaven.

That seemed to be Susan Jane Smith's discovery, too, for when she chose her husband at last, he was a blind man. He was not rich, nor handsome nor brilliant; but he had fallen in love with her without having ever had a sight of her; he had fallen in love with something in her unrevealed to those who were dazzled by her luminous envelope.

She boasted of this when she met Keith Murray: "You see! Your wife is not the only woman on earth who glows in the dark."

Funny Face (*Continued from page 31*)

with Mary on Saturday afternoons in and out of furniture and department stores.

Old friends of Mary's bobbed up. A man named Russel, a reddish, lank fellow with a handsome lantern face. A woman named Gracie Darb. Such a "kidder." Good card, though, Gracie. Full of the Old Nick. Another pair, named Elsie and Blackie, were in the offing, too.

There had been dinner parties in the apartment and much gin and ginger beer, and at one of them Mary had sobbed against the rumpled shirt front of the man named Russel. A curt, snarlish fellow, this Russel, a man of no ostensible affairs, but a manner of seeming to have them. A fellow to whom Harry said as little as possible.

Well, Mary liked this crowd. No accounting for tastes, but—it is possible that in the instant when Mary was pressing hot, inarticulate lips against Russel's shirt front, Harry must have looked as if someone had forced the ice pick, with which either Mary or Gracie had been chopping ice all evening, right through his body.

There was something in the way Russel looked at Mary; in the way Mary looked at him. Something spilled from their eyes; something old and crammed with memories—and passion. His fingers curved inward when he pawed her in a sham battle of the multitude of sofa pillows that strewed every scene that had to do with Mary. Their fingers seemed too magnetized to draw apart, and there was that in the forced, noisy gayety of Gracie, whenever these two met, which made it seem for a moment to Harry as if she were trying to divert him from the spectacle of Mary and Russel, whose hands, when they touched on this pretext or that, could scarcely draw apart.

Was this the lover who had discarded her, come back again, now that a certain bloom had returned to Mary? Was this man's past linked with hers just as —just as his body might have been?

The sensation of that red-hot ice pick darting through him was like cramp.

"I'm a skulking, suspicious low-down," he told himself, and began, with the sensation of cramp still cutting him, to try to partake of the gayety, but at the point where Mary sobbed against Russel's rumpled shirt front an explosion from Harry's lips, and from the contact of a heavy bronze ornament which he lifted and brought down on the table, brought them all up short.

Enough!

It was a clamp on the gayety of the party. It never happened again because there were no more parties. He loved Mary for that, because he knew to what extent he had played the ungenerous, jealous fool and to what extent she, Mary, must have put the kibosh on a brand of merriment and company that, try as he would, could never be congenial to him.

It had been one matter at these parties—always, mind you, with that sense of outsider—to expose himself to the "all-around kidding," as they put it, and get the crowd laughing at his expense, but it was quite another to see a man like Russel somehow, in a devilish, subtle way, lose no opportunity to put him in his place as jester to Mary's court.

These were friends of Mary's, and as

such, entitled to all the consideration and hospitality he could give them, but when they ceased to be visitors after that episode of the bronze ornament. Harry did not comment, but he sensed that Mary sensed how terribly he had been jarred, and gratitude increased his tenderness.

Darling gal! The days were her own to do as she pleased with, but the evenings were Harry's! The evenings and the nights.

Let her spend. Even if the afternoon bridge parties which she described as her pastime made dredgings in the budget that sometimes startled even Harry, to whom money had little, if any, of the value it can so often have to those who, like himself, have had to earn every penny of it all along the way. Let her spend, even if it sometimes seemed that she poured too much into those mysterious coffers of the bridge table and too little spending seemed to show elsewhere. Sly economies. No more flowers. No more conspicuously thick and expensive cuts of steak for the Gracies and the Russels. Just Harry and Mary drawn up beside their own little table, and served by a Negro maid who shuffled.

And after dinner, Mary, in the endearing fatigue that had her back in its grip, stretched out on the living-room divan.

"Funny-face Billiken, rub my wrists. I love so to have them rubbed. Buddie Billiken, massage my forehead. Just massage and massage it."

She could lie that way behind closed eyes for hours.

Once, as she lay beneath his stroking motion, relaxed, with something beatific across her face which somehow was not characteristic of the way she took his caresses open-eyed, a thought struck him:

For all I know, she is lying there thinking I am someone else.

She was.

He arraigned himself for such thoughts. They flayed him with a sense of treason. Here was a woman who had told him truths about herself which, even while they for the most part sickened, filled him on the one hand with an exultant realization of her dramatic bigness, and on the other with pity for the weakness of her who turned like a scourged child to the warmth of his security for her.

To hold doubts of such a woman, who had come frankly, showing her scars, into the tent of his bed and board, was to defile the very bigness of her courage in self-revelation which from the first had given her grandeur.

What more could a woman do than Mary was doing? She bore with him, didn't she? And nobody knew better than he, Harry, to what extent this woman, who was as tragic and as grand-looking as Bernhardt must have been tragic and grand-looking, must have stooped to enter the lowly tent of his life!

What right had he to question further than she chose to reveal? Suppose Russel was . . . Suppose . . . What right had he to question further? He, the grimacing and allegedly comic little strip who had dared to hold a life cheap that would one day contain this woman.

Down on his hands and knees would be more like it.

Wasn't she home every evening when he came from business? Why question what she did with her days, even if he never found her there when, upon occasion, he unexpectedly returned of mere nostalgia for the aroma of her? Come supper time she was there, all right. If

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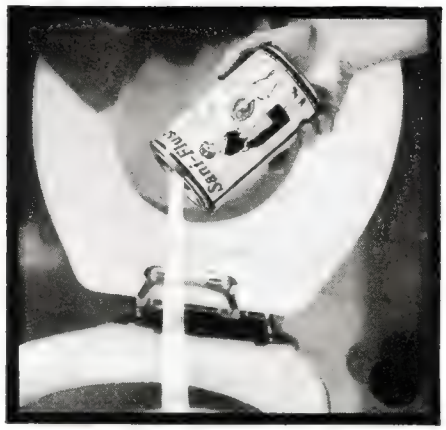

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Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

she played away her days at the bridge tables of cronies who she knew were not congenial to him, what was that but deference to his unspoken wish that she keep them out of sight?

As to the money itself, the steady stream of it, which somehow seemed to flow into the bottomless pit of Mary's needs, was his gladsome gift to her, wasn't it? If precious little of it seemed to go on her back in the gewgaws and finery with which it had amused her, following their marriage, to bedeck herself, who but a swine like himself would permit the momentary and malodorous suspicion to enter his mind that she might be diverting moneys to Russel! She avowedly liked playing cards for stakes. Had confessed that to him early in their marriage and constantly since, in a way that proclaimed almost too loudly.

Was it, was it that the money was being diverted to the man Russel who had bobbed back into her life as soon as marriage and security had resuscitated her beauty? Was he the man in particular who had grown tired of her, and on beholding the grandeur of her head lifting, had drifted back again to one whose love for him was stronger than her pride?

Curious that he, Harry, without a clue, should sense all this in Russel in those few gatherings in his home; in the one occasion out of which the gesture of his disapproval had leaped without his control, and then in the beatitude of the months that followed the heat lightning of suspicions like these.

Pish! down on his hands and knees in gratitude, rather than sniveling in suspicion, would be more like it.

Precisely so the day was saved, in realization that in defamation by suspicion of the unbelievably good turn which the life he had once dared hold lightly had done him, lay ruin.

In the winter of Mary's existence resided spring for him. He knew that. He became content and even more than content, as her pity, which was true, folded him into snug harbor.

And into that pity, and her desire not to hurt this little man, which was genuine, there poured the additional ingredient of desire to compensate. Sense of guilt made her more than kind toward him who had pulled her from the terror of those first lean months at the boarding house, when men in general had done with her and, seemingly, the one in particular!

The desire to compensate became almost as deeply rooted in her as her growing sense of panic at her dilemma.

To lie in the arms of one man through days that she filched from the home of another; to pour compensation moneys from the pockets of one man into the pockets of another, in order that he would rescind his terrible ultimatum of having done with her, were, even in the tarnished eyes of Mary, anathema almost beyond endurance.

Despair made her tender.

"You're a good little ace, Harry. God never made better."

During their long evenings at home he liked to lie on the sofa with his head in her lap, while she ran fingers in light, tickling sensation along his brow. In a way, it was his imitation of the something esoteric in her which was always demanding to be stroked.

"Rub my wrists, Billiken. My head."

He loved to do it, as her eyes closed like slow fans, and yet it was all he could do to keep down that devil of a thought.

For all I know, she is lying there thinking I am someone else.

In the mind of this man, whose adolescence had slipped in and out of his youth as innocuously as a plain woman passing through a ballroom, the fact of impending parenthood slid about crazily for weeks.

Mary was going to have the child, all right. Easy enough to grasp that. Women quite a few years her senior had their first successfully. The book, "Plain Facts About Life," said that.

It was where Harry himself was concerned that credulity failed him.

There are some people about whom certain situations are unthinkable. Parenthood for Harry was one. That wizened, laugh-provoking face of his, with the twisted look in the eyes and mouth that was meant to simulate merriment, did not synchronize with what was about to befall him.

"I can't imagine you, Billiken," she said to him tenderly one night, as she lay stretched on the sofa beneath his tireless strokings, a voluminous, badly mussed lace dressing gown covering her bulbous body like surf whose spume is soiled. "You'll be good to the child. There's no sin bringing this one into this vale of tears, as the saying goes, with a daddy like you on its reception committee. But there are just some things one cannot imagine about other people. And yet, why not! Heaven knows you'll be ten times the parent I'll be."

He was deeply moved, because lying there with her eyes closed and the pallor of her impending travail already over her, she was about to yield from the mysterious tomb of her body even greater miracle, if possible, than the miracle of herself.

My, my. He was no good at aiding her, or at expressing the almost unbearable waves of his ecstasy at the resurrection of the dead wastes of himself. No longer dust to dust. Life to life, now! His life into another! My, my.

Chirp. Chirp. How he chirped! Sometimes, as she lay with her eyes closed, her fingers dived into her palms and made deep half-moon indentations of nerve strain at these chirpings. "My, my. A little milk? Milk is nourishing."

If only he would stop his ceaseless chirpings and grimacings with that little walnut face of his!

At least, it was good for one thing, that face. It made one want to laugh. It made one want to laugh even while pain was stabbing through one's vitals. It made one want to laugh, and if one ever started laughing . . .

"My, my. I've heard tell of hot whisky. Or was it hot milk?"

Poor devil. Sit here and rub my wrists so I can close my eyes and . . .

At two o'clock in the morning following that evening the baby was born.

Out of all the to-do and frightening intimacies of a child born at home, even after a nurse had brought him assurances and permitted him a glimpse of a bundle that held the small squirm of his son, the sense of let-down was terrible.

He stood beside a window he had flung open, fighting the ignominy of being sick and trying to attribute the sense of disappointment to reaction from strain.

There was a special kit of emotions supposed to be all set and ready, like tools in a box, for occasions such as this.

Well, there certainly was this much: The crying relief in his heart over the successful emergence of Mary from that endless night of her travail. Much of the sickness which made his legs want

to go down under him was relief from those hours of waiting. She had been so silent. Not a cry. Only the nurse on her endless, mysterious errands through the halls, and the sound of the doctor's voice and the clink of his instruments. "Thank God—thank God for Mary, and of course—of course—for my son."

He asked to see him again, and this time the squirm in the bundle slept, so for a while, unembarrassed before him, it was possible for Harry to observe his son.

"Damn little brat . . ."

The words, shooting through him, shocked him so that for a moment the nurse thought he was going to faint, and with her bundle hoisted on one arm, made him sit down and opened his collar and forced some spirits of ammonia between his chilly lips.

"Now, now," she said in the professional tone she had used with many a squeamish-feeling new father, "what you need is rest."

"Sure," he said, trying to fumble among the wrappings of his ox-blood-colored child, and wanting to pour his restitution in caresses because of the terrible words that had come at him like a bolt out of the blue. "Nice little fellow, isn't he?"

"What a phiz!" thought the nurse. "Right comic. That old girl in there must have known her onions when she married that map. She should know how nearly she didn't pull through!"

For that matter, not even Harry was to know that. By noon of the next day, Mary, strangely younger-looking, was half sitting among her pillows, her son lying in the immemorial nest that women shape for new infants in their arms.

"Big funny-boy, look at little funny-boy," she said to Harry.

Sly Mary. By no quirk of the imagination could Harry's son be termed "funny-boy."

Of all the solemn little codgers! Done up tight as a sausage in its casing and, come to think of it, the same color as one of those little country sausages. That's the reason, thought Harry to himself, secretly sick with the yearning to open the kit box of his locked emotions of parenthood, I feel so darned strange about the kid.

Strangely, even in her weakness, was Mary aware of the ragged peaks of inhibition that were towering between Harry and this small squirm of his son.

"He won't bite, Harry."

"What makes him so solemn? Hasn't laughed once."

"Silly, how can he? Such young babies don't laugh. Besides," said Mary, "guess he's already onto the fact that there is precious little to laugh about in being born into this old madhouse called world."

That was terrible. It hurt Harry as if her playful words had been scissors nipping into his flesh. Not much to laugh about? He'd see to it that there was. Between them, him and Mary, they would see to it that there was! Locked-away emotions in the kit bag began to stir. Not much fun about being born? The son of Mary and Harry was going to find what Mary called this madhouse world packed with fun.

How could the son of Mary help it? Mary, who by her very being had taught Harry to love life enough to recreate it.

The cruelest thing happened to cut short this discourse. As if at the instigation of a knife shooting through her loins, the body of Mary raised itself on the bed to the arch of a bridge, a human, writhing bridge, the cry of her pain more chaotic than any swift cataract of waters that might have flowed under it.

"Nurse!" shouted Harry, and began to do rapid, inconsequential things with her

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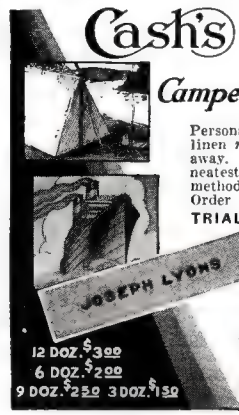

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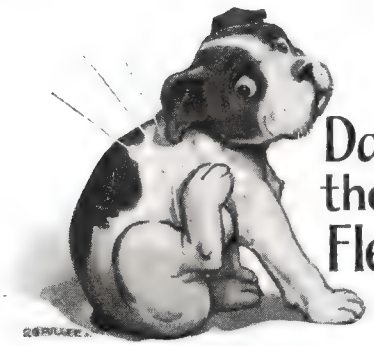

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flying arms, trying to press them and the rising ridge of her body back against the bed.

That was the beginning of something harrowing and septic and unforeseen even by the doctor to whom, from the beginning, her case had been one to handle with caution and precaution.

Immediately, even though she called for it and shouted, the child was removed from the cave of her arm, and there began before the terrorized eyes of Harry the process of poison through this body that had just yielded a life.

It was as if suddenly the three of them, the wintry Mary, Harry, and even the wintry babe, had been swept away from moorings and were floundering in the deep sea of Mary's delirium.

"Bring him!" she moaned, sinking her teeth into her arm as if to allay one pain with another.

To have placed back into her arms that mite would have been to incur the danger of Mary, in her agony, crushing him, and yet, each time she came rearing out of the all-too-brief soporific of a hypodermic, there came surging back against her conscious lips that cry:

"Bring him!"

Finally, while the doctor held her arms against her casting them about in her pain, and it seemed to Harry that the agony of her being denied was not an instant longer to be borne, the nurse did bring the child, placing him beside the pain-racked body.

It was only then, after Mary, eying her son, drew back her lips once more for the shuddering reiteration, "Bring him. Bring him," that suddenly, terribly, as through a paralysis, Harry knew.

Mary was wanting Russel.

He came, and while the hours wheeled like slowing vultures lower and lower over the body of Mary, they stood beside the scene of her torment, sharing the bitter common tie of impotence before the immeasurable wrath of her pain.

No longer would she submit to hypodermic. "My time is too short," she panted, her bright eyes filled with fury of the agony that was happening to her, and alert and resentful of the wariest move of doctor or nurse. "No, you don't! I want to look and see and feel and be. To the last. To the very last. Put my child here. Harry, are you there? Russel, you there? So. I want to look and see and be."

But her eyes turned again and again to Russel. It was as if the tall, reddish Russel, with his somewhat evil, lantern-like face, and the frightfully tossed dishevelment that was Mary, could not let go of gazing. Their eyes clung, even as that night of the party their fingers had clung, magnetized. Their eyes clung, and in the space between him towering over the bed and her lying on it, one could believe their souls clung.

Suddenly, with what clarity, with what finality and resignation, Harry knew!

Those two, whose glances were joined by a web spun from her eyes to his, had begot the child!

A bat flying in the imprisoning tower of his bursting head beat this wordless knowledge against him as she died.

The old impulse during these months with her, when the will to live had become his resurrection, might have been lying lightly, as under a silk handkerchief, so easily it stirred.

The will to live, after that moment of standing there at that death-bedside while the truth ran in a short wave from the lovers, crucified by the swiftness of their last darling moments, was something for which he could not conjure sufficient momentum.

Life after this moment beside that bed, when the swift messenger had gone running from the eyes of Mary to the wanting eyes of Russel and back again to her, would be too crammed with fiercely hurting breast, anger, sense of soiled rôle in a soiled melodrama; anger at Mary, whose eyes were like two stains that he wanted to rub clean with the moistened end of a handkerchief, and always love of Mary and nostalgia for Mary.

Then there would be left to him to conjure with, in what could be only the butt end of a life, the terror of a timid soul like himself living with the knowledge that Russel lived . . .

All the books and contemplations of the earlier years, "Twenty Amusing Ways to Commit Suicide"; "Studies in Hari Kari"; "Nooses and Their Uses"; "Xerxes did die, and so must I"; books which were buried in an old tin trunk upon which Mary had never even clapped eyes; ragtags of old self-devised methods that lay moldering in his mind—all these went into discard. The mind, beneath the tight black ether cone that seemed to close down over it, had no room to meander.

There was a pearl-handled thirty-two. Dead Mary's against her fear of burglary, which she had kept buried beneath a pile of handkerchiefs in a dresser drawer. That surely, that instantaneously, standing there beside the new corpse, the lantern-faced Russel, and the babe asleep on its pillow on a chair beside the bed, the resolve, full-baked like a cake in its pan, stood in Harry's mind.

A resolve that needed only the twenty-step excursion into the room that contained the drawer that contained the thirty-two. And so it might have been beyond the shadow of a doubt, since doubt lay not in Harry's mind, except for the sudden awakening and puckering-up of what lay on the pillow beside the new mother from whom life had flown.

It opened up, that small face, riveted its glance upon the face of Russel, hanging in its strange grief above the mother; stayed in glance, almost as if contemplating that mother who would never mother him more, and puckered . .

"Boy, don't you cry!" said Harry, stepping forward as if to save the sacrilege of the splash of impending noise across that just-dead body. "Don't cry!" And on that, diverted, the face of the child lying there between the three, a little wizened face, looked up at Harry and began to laugh.

Perhaps only a biologist's smile of a movement of muscles over which an infant has no control, but to Harry it was the old familiar smile of a tired world responding eagerly to Funny-face.

How beyond the shadow of a doubt that sad-eyed kid would need a Funny-face!

Existence for dead Mary's child beneath the evil shade of that hanging lantern of Russel's face would be fetid. Perhaps terrible.

Well, once again, this time finally, no way out. Long sailing ahead. Before the age of six, most of them got measles, whooping cough, chicken pox. Diapers. Toy balloons which stick to ceilings. Youngsters had to have college nowadays. Kiddy cars. Creosote was good for croup.

And on Sunday mornings, when Harry so liked to bathe, shave and pedicure, a kid to be toted to the Zoo, hoisted high before iron bars, so that a baby giraffe might be fed peanuts.

Coming Soon—George Weston's story of a psychological experiment which proves that a student of psychology may be a better psychologist than the professor

Tightwad (*Continued from page 71*)

mature! Why, errors and omissions excepted, you and I are a pair of spotless saints! Suppose he did cancel an hour's golf out of your precious life, can't you forget it?"

"No, I can't. Because the Indian Lake match is set for three weeks from Saturday, and I'm the skipper."

Now, Indian Lake is a few miles souse-east of Mt. Alpine, and every summer we have this team-match, ten men on a side. The winners don't win any merchandise, but between the hotel crowds the betting is so rife that the year before nearly twenty thousand doubloons had changed pockets. Of course this season's level wouldn't touch it; still, Marshall had quite a lump of responsibility.

I said: "You'll have to decode that one, Marshall. Why, except for yourself, Ham's probably the best we've got."

"That," said Marshall, "is statistical information, no less. And I suppose I'll have to ask him to play, but if he packs himself up and quits because he misses a couple of shots——"

"Hold on," I said. "I forgot something. He told me just this morning that he hasn't much of a yen for competitions, anyway, so it's perfectly possible he wouldn't play if you asked him."

"Oh," said Marshall, "I guess he will if he's approached right."

A few days later it rained; and when it rains at Mt. Alpine I'm practically pegged, because after five or six hours I get tired of bridge, so about the only thing left to do is to invest in two dollars' worth of mystery, and pin down a comfortable chair in the lounge.

At about four o'clock Mr. Gorman paused at my chair, squinted at my book and said: "Well, McCotter, having a pick-me-up of stark, staring terror?"

I said: "Right. Can I offer you a cigar or a piece of pie or something?"

"No, thanks. Must be pretty dull for you young fellows without your golf, though, isn't it? I suspect you and your friend Mr. Smith play all winter, too, don't you? Belong to the same club, do you?"

I said: "Why, no. He doesn't belong to any club at all. When he plays, he plays on a municipal course."

"So? Well, if what I hear about club dues around New York is true, he's a sensible young man . . . Well, don't let me interrupt your devotions."

At four-thirty P.M. Julie stopped and said: "Well, George, does it grip?"

I said: "Well, the mystery's pretty infected, but I shall solve it, I trow." Then I looked at the ending, and said: "No, I trowed too soon. Sit down, won't you?"

"No; let's put on some slickers and have a walk. It's only drizzling now."

"All right," I said; so presently we were out in the drizzle.

After a while she said without any preliminary: "George, a dear, sweet old cat has been explaining to me that almost the whole place is saying things about me. About me and Mr. Gorman. I want to know if that's really true."

I said: "Why, what a question, Julie! Who's doing the saying?"

"Have *you* heard anything?"

"Why, one or two," I said, making a drastic revision downward. "But——"

"And from your voice," she said, "I've found out exactly what I was after."

I said: "But hang it, Julie, it's nobody's business but yours, is it?"

"No! But it makes me perfectly sick! As if, just because he's older than we are, and wasn't born on Park Avenue, he—— But what's so *sickening*, George, is that anybody could think I'm throwing myself at him because he's got money. Why, haven't I younger friends than he is, and better-looking and in society *and* have money? Doesn't it count that I *like* him?"

I said: "It counts with *me*, my dear." But when there was such a floating supply of such eligibles as she described, I again wondered how she could get tropic about Mr. Gorman. I said: "Just out of curiosity, is he particularly rich?"

"I don't know. He told me so—but what does 'rich' mean? I don't know."

I said: "Well, Julie, if people want to jabber, they'll jabber, and you can't stop 'em. But you aren't going to let that affect your own free will, are you?"

"Would you advise me to?"

I said: "Julie, here's my only advice: Don't you *take* any advice, either from me or from anybody else."

After earning merit-badges for woodcraft and mudcraft, we eventually reported back to the inn. I found in my room a note from Mr. Gorman, inviting me to a cocktail regatta, and, pursuant thereto, I knuckled on his door at seven o'clock.

This was the first time I had ever been in Mr. Gorman's apartment, which turned out to be a suite of sitting room, lying room, dressing room, bath and view.

Mr. Gorman was alone. "Oh, come in, McCotter," he said. "Excuse me while I telephone. I've been waiting for the firings for f-i-f-t-e-e-n mortal minutes. My goodness, if *I* was running this hotel, I'd—— Oh, here's the boy now. What say if I mix us up a little starter?"

As we stepped on the starter, he said: "I wonder if it would be in order for me to ask you a leading question."

I said: "Go right ahead."

"Well, it isn't to pry, but I've heard from different sources you're a young man of independent means. Would you care to let me know if that's correct?"

I said: "Yes, sir, that's correct."

"So you don't depend on your commissions. That's just what I wanted to know. Because of course I met you first, but you never made a move to sell me anything, and your friend Mr. Smith *has*."

I said: "I beg your pardon?" I mean, had Ham, who had appraised Mr. Gorman as a four-flusher, decided not to overlook even the most languid chance, and so carefully billboarded himself as a waste-notter and myself as a want-notter?

He said: "Yes. I'm liable to be in the market this fall in a heavy way, and I haven't got any New York connections. I hear your firm's as good as any, but it seemed to me if I dealt with it in hard times like these I'd ought to give my orders to the man that needed 'em the most. I don't promise I'll do business with your firm at all; but if I did, don't you think that's fair, McCotter?"

Before I could put my reply on the tape, the first allotment of guests arrived; and from there on I was busy helping shake Bronx wassails.

Presently, through a slit in the conversation, I heard Marshall Evans saying, "Listen, Smith, this match may be a long way off, but I've got to have a nucleus I can depend on. You say you don't get any kick out of it, but why not be a sport and have a little public utility?"

"Because, as I've repeated twice," said Ham, "I'm much obliged, but I'm just not on the counter. And I really don't think it's anything to call a meeting of the grievance committee about: do you?"

"My answer to that," said Marshall, marshaling his smile, "is—let's put a

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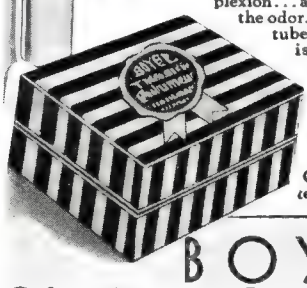

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stop-loss on the conversation, and drain another dreg."

As we separated for dinner, Ham and I were in the rear. I said: "I hear you've snatched a client from the burning."

He looked surprised. "What? Who do you mean?"

"None other than the world's champion herring-fighter, J. J. Gorman."

"Oh! So he's my customer, is he? How did he get that way?"

"Because you grabbed him for your private file, that's all."

"Hey!" said Ham. "Climb down off that ladder, George! He asked me about some municipals; and I have to be decent to him, don't I, whether I think he's a bazoo or not? So I showed him where we're in certain participations that are a better buy. And he wanted the dope on 'em, because in the fall—he claims—he's going to be in the market."

"That's fine, Ham. He's yours. But you didn't let slip, did you, anything about my not needing commissions?"

"Good Lord, no! He asked *me*. Said Julie or somebody told him. And George, he simply hasn't got it, anyway."

I said: "Notice his suite?"

"Oh, fluff!" said Ham. "Maybe he saved up for a year, and then got a rate. *I* did—and *I'm* here, aren't I?"

And the next day it rained.

And for almost the next week it rained.

And finally, quite a number of people drifted away to the seashore, including some of our good golfers.

I don't suppose there's any more practical time to analyze people than after you've been cooped up with them four or five days in a steady, clammy rain.

So one of the nicest things I can say for Julie Whitcomb is that during the flood none of her subsidiaries lost even a fractional point of his interest in her. The only thing was that indoors Mr. Gorman got a slightly better break than he did outdoors. And this, of course, was cream for the lobby-cats.

It was during this interval, too, that nobody could help noting:

(a) that Mr. Gorman was constantly buying things that Julie might like, and that he knew her pet flowers, and also what kind of plain, simple, white-gold cigaret lighter would cost the most.

(b) that Marshall Evans specialized in throwing good party after bad; and

(c) that Ham played so close to his chest that it's a miracle he didn't scratch a hole in his waistcoat.

Indeed, Marshall finally mentioned Clause C to me. He sat down alongside me and said: "George, I've invented a new game of skill. Sweepstakes, ten dollars a corner. The winner—when, as and if—is whoever can engineer old E. and O. E. into buying a drink."

I said: "No, I haven't any funds I can tie up for a long pull. But have you signed him for your squad yet?"

"No; sand-blast him! Well, I've got one more deck of cards up my sleeve, maybe I'll draft him yet."

My masculine intuition shouted to me that he was going to try to get Julie to use her witchery on Ham—and that shows what the match meant to Marshall.

Anyway, the sun came out, and the lea dried off, and Julie gave Mr. Gorman his initial golf lesson. They sneaked out before breakfast and played five holes, after which the fairways looked as though the moths had got at them.

Mr. Gorman himself described the experience to me. He said: "You know, McCotter, off and on I've watched some golf, but I didn't nearly suspect how much knack there was to it. But now I'd say it's just as ticklish work as I had the day I caught my big bass, when I was liable to tangle up my back-cast in a lot of evergreens. So now I can see, if you've got any kind of a nervous disposition, you've got to keep your feet on your temper."

I said: "Do you think you'll go on with it, Mr. Gorman?"

He said: "Well, I've made an appointment with the pro to help me pick out a kit of sticks. Does that signify?"

And extravagant as it may sound, he proved such a genius that in forty-eight hours he'd mastered all the principal alibis and, receiving six strokes a hole, had come dangerously close to winning a hole from Julie. But you understand that it was a short hole.

During the next ten days the general trend was unchanged from previous sessions, except that Mr. Gorman displayed a more buoyant tone, while Ham and Marshall watched the technical position carefully, as if hoping for a quick turn.

Let me make the position clear. Mr. Gorman hadn't any monopoly; on the contrary, both Ham and Marshall were perfectly valid, with all coupons attached; and each of them had with her, in the enjoyment of all the Mt. Alpine advantages as listed in free illustrated brochure, at least twice as much time as he did. But one diversion that isn't advertised in the booklet is wooing; and I was mighty uncertain as to whose woo was making the most progress.

So we touched the Thursday before the match, and Marshall said to me, "George, Indian Lake just telephoned me that so far they've raised eleven thou. And as per usual, it's got to be even money. What I'd like to do is to have the men-only meeting tonight, instead of tomorrow night, and tell 'em the truth—that, with the men we've lost, we've got about a chance in a carload—and then if they're fools enough to bet, they *can*. But will you be syndicate manager?"

I said: "Sure. But have you tried your last straw on Ham Smith yet?"

"Yes; and let's not dwell on it."

And by evening everybody in the kraal had heard that Ham was unwilling to play, and there was a pretty strong scent about it, because everybody knew how he could whack the ball.

On the way to the meeting, I encountered Julie and Mr. Gorman. Both of them were looking a trifle dill.

I said: "Well, lady and gent, if you want to back your fancy with me, it's even money. How about it, Mr. Gorman?"

Mr. Gorman gestured with a folded newspaper. "McCotter," he said, "betting's an evil. But it's a good deal eviler when you don't get fair odds."

We raised the money that night, just the same. Afterwards, Marshall and I went out on the veranda.

He said: "George, I don't like this. They're backing us when they ought to be selling us short." He sat down on the veranda railing. "And I know, and you know, that without Smith——"

The railing split, and Marshall went over backwards. I've told you what he weighed. I rushed around to salvage him, and then I rushed for the doctor. And when we derricked him upright the doctor said he'd broken two important fittings: i.e., one arm and one rib.

As you might presume, there was more than a flurry of excitement. But I've got to grant that the main volume of it came from the speculative element who'd put up our eleven thousand.

Came the dawn. Came also breakfast. And after breakfast I hunted up Ham, and found him having elocution with Julie and Mr. Gorman in a corner.

I said: "Look here, Ham——"

He said: "Oh, my Lord! You, too!"

I said: "Well, how about a little loyalty in this?"

He said: "Loyalty to *what?* A giant boarding house?"

Mr. Gorman said: "No. To the other boarders."

Julie said: "Hamilton, you wouldn't listen to me before, all the times I've begged you to go into this, but now that Marshall's hurt, you've *got* to!"

Ham wavered. He said: "If everybody's going to ride me, I might as well tell you men something that Julie's known for a long time—ever since I had a bicker with Evans one day. The fact is, when I play golf I simply can't always answer for my temper.

"Well, the summer after I was graduated—four years ago—I was playing in the River States championship at St. Louis. I got to the semifinals, and on the seventeenth I had a putt to win. I slopped it. And believe it or not, I've never lost my temper over anything but golf. Anyhow, I just saw red; and I slung that putter as hard as I could sling it. And there was quite a gallery, and it hit an old man in the knee. And I——"

I said: "Why, Ham! I seem to remember something like that!"

"Yes," said Ham, "I don't doubt it. It was great stuff for the papers, because this man was a floorwalker in a department store, and it crippled him for life. And that ended my golf in the West, and that's why I'm using my middle name in New York. Because I didn't want that story to travel with me forever. But I swore I'd never play in competition again. But if you all think I ought to play——"

"You *must,*" insisted Julie.

I said: "I think so, too—now that Marshall's stricken from the list."

"Every man's got to skin his own skunk," said Mr. Gorman dourly.

"All right," said Ham, straightening himself. "Sold! . . . By the way, my first name's Ridgway, but I don't like to be reminded of it."

On Saturday morning, I went and unctioned Marshall; and then, after I'd held a parley with Indian Lake's fiscal agent, Julie and I accumulated Mr. Gorman and went out to support Ham against the proud invaders. The morning was devoted to foursomes; and everything was on the Nassau system—one point for the first nine, one for the second nine and one for the match.

Ham and his partner won easily, and at the intermission, Mt. Alpine, most unexpectedly, was leading, nine to four. But in the afternoon, when they played singles, the Nassau system began to look like a nausea system.

Like this: Ham and the Indian Lake captain, named Briggs, were playing in the last niche; and they fell farther and farther behind the field, because Briggs was a man that needed half a minute for fasting and prayer before every shot. They halved the first nine, and that meant they were playing the second nine for two points or nothing.

To begin with, only about thirty of us followed them, but after the turn there was a steady influx of audience which brought the bruit that in the first six matches Indian Lake had infringed on us for two points. Then along came another flock of harbingers, who harbinged that with eight matches finished, Mt. Alpine was ahead only by 17 to 14.

And at the sixteenth tee, when Ham and Briggs were still all square, the tidings came that the Indian Lake No. 9 had culled another brace of points, leaving the score 17 to 16. In other words, Ham didn't have to *win* this match—he only needed to halve it, but he mustn't lose it. Because, if he lost it, there would perish two units and the croquet game.

As up to yet, Ham hadn't showed the

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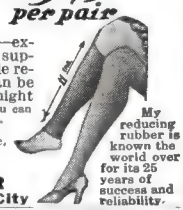

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faintest symptom of distemperament; nevertheless, I wasn't going to feel cozy until the closing gong. And Julie was apparently in the same frame.

She said, in a low gray voice, "I do wish there wasn't such a crowd. Don't you think Hamilton's beginning to look a little tottery?"

I said: "Well, but considering he hasn't had a gallery for four solid years——"

"Smith looks," said Mr. Gorman, "just the way I felt, about ten seconds before I got a landing net under my record black bass . . . And look at *that!*"

What had happened was that Ham had refused to play his approach shot until about a platoon of skirmishers had come to a halt.

The sixteenth was halved; but on the next it was plain that Ham was getting as unsure of himself as a calf on skis. This hole was a one-shotter, but after a couple of adjournments, he reached the green all right, and got his half; and so here we were at the last hole, an easy 4. But another gross of inspectors were hurrying down from the clubhouse and girdling the green.

"Oh, I *do* wish they'd stop scurrying around so much," breathed Julie. "Because if one more tiny thing bothers him——"

Both Ham and Briggs hit smart drives; and then Ham stung an iron to the green. And the next minute Briggs overplayed, and was down in a deep pit which had been digged to swallow just such a shot. And then he took two niblicks to resurrect himself from that trap. But the second one was dead to the hole.

Briggs looked at Ham's ball, which was only twenty feet from the zinc. He hesitated, and then changed his mind and stepped back.

Julie whispered: "For heaven's sake! Is he going to make Hamilton play it out? Why, Ham's got three for a half!"

Yes; but when Ham began to fiddle around and prospect for worm-casts, I had a fear. It looked as if he were yielding to his gallery-complex, and it was freezing his judgment.

At last he putted, but he'd hoisted his head up, so the ball only went halfway. He held another séance with himself, and putted a yard over—and then, coming back, he missed by an inch. And that gave Indian Lake two points and the match, 18 to 17.

Well, the silence just pyramided. Ham was standing there, leering at the ball on the lip of the hole.

Then he hauled back his arm with the putter in it, and Julie gasped, and Mr. Gorman gasped, and I gasped. But then we realized that he was simply holding the putter out to his caddy, who was standing behind him.

"Here, kid," said Ham. "Here's a present. Very expensive putter. Cost eleven thousand dollars."

I clipped myself to one of Ham's arms, and Julie got the other, and we started for the club. The surrounding multitude was profuse with condolence, but still you felt that they'd like to see Ham fed to the lions, and bring the kiddies.

Mr. Gorman said: "Don't you think it would be pleasanter to have tea, or whatever, up in my room?"

"Oh, let's," said Julie. "I think a little whatever would do Ham a lot of good."

"Yes, it would," consented Ham. "But I'd better stick around this ice house awhile, first, with the team."

I said: "I've got to go to the inn, anyway——" I braked myself, because what I had to do at the inn was to extract the stakes from the safe and deliver them to the Indian Lake manager.

"I'll walk over with you, then," said Mr. Gorman. "And we'll expect you others in, say, half an hour?"

Ham and Julie agreed.

In Mr. Gorman's room, he said, without too much spright, "I wonder how your friend Evans'll take this."

I said: "I stopped in, but for the moment he's lucky. He was asleep."

We waited another three-quarters of an hour. And just as Mr. Gorman was flocking to the telephone, in they came, wearing faces that would have pierced practically any gloom.

Mr. Gorman, after one goggling gaze at them, said: "Angels and ministers of grace! Hooray!" And while I was too startled to be anything but stagnant, he marched over to Julie and kissed her.

Then Julie kissed me, too, and Ham shook hands, and the next few minutes were about as confused as the previous November in a wire house.

When Mr. Gorman was bustling around, I said: "When did all this happen, Julie?"

She said, rosefully, "Well, I really made up my mind on Thursday, but somehow I didn't think it was just the moment . . . But coming over from the club, Hamilton felt so badly that we walked around the grove, and——"

"Of course," said Ham, "we can't be married for a long time, but——"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Gorman, producing a bottle of champagne.

And I was curious, too, because with Ham's habits, I'd always assumed he must have a big hoard of gilt-edged acorns in a hollow tree somewhere.

"Why," said Ham, "it's rather personal—and——"

Julie said: "Hamilton, these are two dear friends, and you can tell them anything. And I wish you *would.*"

He said: "Well, you see, this floorwalker I hit in St. Louis didn't have any insurance, and he could have sued me and got a big verdict. He——"

I said: "Like fun he could! Spectators are on their own lookout."

Ham said: "Yes, but only for sheer accidents. But in common law a man who did what *I* did is responsible for his acts. Anyhow, the lawyers made a deal, and I agreed to pay him a third of my income till I'd paid him seventy-five hundred dollars—and I still owe him two thousand. So especially in this depression——"

"Well, now," said Mr. Gorman, freeing the cork, "I don't believe you'll have to wait longer than October to be married. Not unless you choose to."

Ham said: "What! In this market? Why, I couldn't even have stayed at this hotel for a week-end if they hadn't made me a panic rate!"

"Oh, I guessed that," said Mr. Gorman, apportioning the bubbles. "Because I'm an old hotel man myself. In fact, for five years I was night clerk in the Commerce House in St. Louis."

Ham stared at him the way the November lambs used to stare at the quotation board.

Mr. Gorman continued: "Yes, I was the man they sent for upstairs, to witness your signatures on the contracts you signed. The man you hit had been living in our hotel about six months."

Julie, amazed, said: "Why, Mr. Gorman! You never told me any of that!"

He said: "No, but I had my reasons. On the train I half recognized him, and then when I got his name I *did* recognize him. But he didn't know me from Adam, and I was just kind of interested to see what he was doing. But I figured he was quite a fellow, and then from what McCotter told I thought he *was,* and now I know he *is.*"

He went to Julie and put his arm around her. "Now, I guess everybody in

Mt. Alpine," he said, "knows how fond I am of this girl. And I'm not ashamed to say I tried to marry her myself. But as long as I couldn't qualify myself, it struck me I could do something for whichever *did*. Because I'd saved up my salary, and then I put it in oil, and I was lucky.

"I've sold out, but there's some more payments due, and in October I'll have another half million to buy more bonds with. I always kind of hoped Smith would get the business—not that I don't commiserate with Evans—but now he *does*. So, with his commissions—and the little wedding present I'd give Julie——"

I wish you could have seen Ham's face. But what else would he look like when the man he had so often called a four-flusher had not only filled the flush, but also divided the pot with him?

When Ham and Julie went to dress for dinner, Mr. Gorman asked me to defer a moment. He stood at the window with his back to me, and said:

"Well, McCotter, *now* is it all right about my placing the business with your friend?"

"You bet it is!"

"I'm just mulling over," said Mr. Gorman, "what I'd have done if he'd slung his stick again this afternoon. Of course, I knew he *wouldn't*—but I was so scared he *would*. Because now I've tackled golf myself, I can see how a big disappointment in it might clamp hold of a man just the way it could in something else."

He drew a long breath and, still without turning, said: "Well, the season's pretty far gone, so I guess I'll hop up to northern Canada, where it's cool. And see you all in New York next month."

I said: "Oh, you aren't going to rush away from us like that, are you?"

He said: "Yes. Up to a fishing club I'm a member of. Because this was in Wednesday's New York Courier." He held out to me a jagged clipping.

> *Lake Wichigisset, Tuesday:*—Yesterday, Dr. P. J. Corcoran, of Detroit, fishing in the waters of the Wichigisset Club, landed what, according to the records, is the largest small-mouthed black bass ever taken with rod and reel. Its weight, verified by club officials, was 9 lbs., 7 oz. The previous world's record of 9 lbs., 5 oz., was held by Mr. John Gorman, of Michigan, who captured his prize in 1903.

I said: "Why, I'm sorry, Mr. Gorman. I really am . . . But when all of us are leaving in just a couple of weeks, why don't you stay on?"

"No," he said; "it's time for me to get somewhere I belong. I don't belong in a place like this. I don't know much about society; I don't know much about women and I couldn't learn to play that golf in a thousand years. But by gosh, the one thing I *do* know is the front end of a fish! . . . What say we go down a minute and kind of condole with Mr. Evans?"

Our Children Separated Us (*Cont. from page 73*)

for instance—so that my husband and I could have our coffee in leisurely manner; if I could have brought myself to serve their meals irregularly whenever my husband and I were having an interesting talk or wanted to go out, he and I might be together today. Where the children would be, I hate to think!

No longer could I accompany my husband on his business trips—which, since he is an engineer, are not infrequent. This gave us many months in which to drift apart and was an additional source of grievance to us both.

I did try once or twice to be the wife my husband wanted me to be, and that I wanted to be. When my baby was eighteen months old, my husband had a consulting job in the Canadian woods. I decided to go with him, taking the baby with me. Another baby was on the way, so I knew it might be my last chance for some time to go with him.

We flew in by hydroplane from Haileybury to a remote northern camp. This time the work was at too great a distance for me to take the baby even for a short time to the place where her father was. It was in the fly season, a discomfort which was terrible for a young child. I spent four weeks sitting on rocks or pine needles watching the baby—oil-covered from head to foot—play.

By the time my husband came in at night the combination of heat, boredom, flies and baby had made me unfit for civilized society. My husband was not at all enthusiastic over this "home from home" I was thus creating for him, and I felt everything the traditional misunderstood woman is supposed to feel.

I stayed at home after that—if an engineer's wife can be said to have a home—and had babies.

Then our private and our common life began to be invaded ruthlessly by the family.

We had moved to a larger city and were living in the inevitable small apartment, where the close proximity of the children and the less æsthetic side of their daily life closed in upon us and produced nervous tension and irritability in us both. Not only were our conversations, our love-making and our social contacts interrupted by the children, but the entire trend of our lives was altered by them. Our life was full to the brim of children. Our horizons had to shrink to encompass only what was best for them.

The physical care of the children was an added strain. Model children, of course, sleep right through the night. But it is curious how frequently even model children can acquire infantile diseases, kick off the most securely fastened bedclothes, or require attention in the early morning.

There were maidless intervals during which I was forced to become primitive—in the sense that I dwelt exclusively upon food, drink, sleep and cleanliness. Of such a simple nature did my conversation become at those times that my husband preferred to read more and more, even at mealtime, rather than to listen any longer either to a saga of the day's small happenings or to my pathetic attempts to be bright and gay—when it was evident that all I wanted to do was lie down and go to sleep.

And even when we had a maid, an obscure fate willed that she invariably have a day out or a bad attack of neuralgia at the precise time when my husband needed help on an important paper, or had to bring a client home to dinner, or when we had accepted an invitation for the one dinner with the head of his firm we really should not miss.

The existence of children also takes the spontaneity out of life. Last-minute invitations and trips planned in an hour were frequent occurrences in my husband's life; but they were things I no longer could share. It takes planning for the mother of a family to go downtown to buy a paper of pins; and getting married, divorced or buried is a simpler

Marion Davies in "The Bachelor Father."

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Light		Moist
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Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
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Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

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WHY DO A MILLION WOMEN USE

1. BECAUSE *it stops odor instantly.*
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MODERN women know they must use special weapons against that tricky old enemy, underarm perspiration odor.

Today, they have their choice of a number of safeguards. And more than a million of them choose Mum!

Think of a magic snowy cream which you can use any time when dressing or afterwards. There is nothing in Mum to harm your clothing or irritate your skin!

No difficult directions to follow; no waiting. Just a fingertipful to each underarm—and there's no more need to worry for that day or evening.

Mum doesn't interfere with normal, healthful perspiration. It just destroys that disagreeable odor which every careful person so abhors. It's so soothing you can even use Mum right after shaving!

And here's another way Mum helps. Rubbed on the hands, it kills every lingering trace of onions, fish, gasoline or other clinging odor!

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ON SANITARY NAPKINS. Mum also gives invaluable service to women as a deodorant for the sanitary napkin.

proceeding than that involved in getting a house, children and maid prepared to run smoothly during a week of the parents' absence.

I could not always, of course, afford to have an adequate nurse; I was tied down with the increasing cares and fatigues of the household. I found it easier to urge my husband to go out alone.

Soon my husband was learning to do without me; which, from the wife's point of view, is a dangerous lesson for a man to learn.

When a man goes out without his wife, he naturally does not sit alone in a corner. Nor is it possible for him to talk only to men, withholding himself from feminine society. And here again the intellect and emotions become widely separated. His mind tells him that the brave little woman sitting at home with his children deserves love, loyalty and consideration, and that there is no one like her. His emotions point out the nearest slender blonde.

As time passed we became as far apart in intellectual concerns as we were beginning to be in everything else.

My husband is an intellectual man, and I wanted to keep at least within reach of him mentally. But as I opened door after door of my inner life to the children, and the pressure of detail became greater upon me, I could not keep up outside work or studies to any extent. For a great part of the time I was too tired to be even intelligent, let alone intellectual.

I did manage to study child psychology, and worked part time and somewhat spasmodically in a child-study school. At first my husband studied child psychology with me, and we were whole-heartedly in accord on the theory of child rearing.

Then, as we felt impelled to defend our life together from the determined onslaughts of the children's unceasing presence, we began half unconsciously to wish them to be trained in the manner least inconvenient to ourselves. We wanted them to be miniature adults, conforming to our plans of life. Then they became sources of real friction.

I tried to renew my acquaintance with geology and mineralogy. I had formerly been absorbedly interested in my husband's work. I always intended to keep up with him in my spare time. But the spare time never came, and I had to give up this contact—and many similar ones.

The financial situation, for which the children had an indirect responsibility, was another factor in our estrangement.

As the family increased, the income shrank proportionately. Both my husband and I had to make sacrifices which involved our human contacts and hurt our self-respect. We were unable to meet our social obligations. Our clothes were shabby. Such cultural advantages as cost money became impossible.

About this time, our furniture and household equipment in general began to show signs of wear and tear. The house, if only from sheer overcrowding, was not only frequently untidy but soon became shabby and downright ugly. During those times I read stirring articles on what a few yards of chintz and two cans of paint would do. But I had money for neither the paint nor the chintz, nor had I the energy to apply them. In any case, neither the one nor the other seemed useful for making hard beds into soft and comfortable ones, for mending a misbehaving kitchen range, or for carpeting the front stairs.

And there are always homes open to men where chintz and paint are within means, or not needed. There are always clubs where no kiddy cars are parked in the hall, and where, if you use the writing desk, you don't at the same time skin your elbow on the piano.

In due course my husband began to seek—and to find—obvious releases; while I was left in a trap of which the strongest bolt was my affection for the children.

I had friends who offered to adopt two of them. The idea was inconceivable. I would not even consider taking a full-time job that would keep me away from them. And my husband agreed with me that *my* place was in the home. He himself preferred to be anywhere else.

The first time it dawned on me that my husband really preferred to be away from the house and me, it came as a great shock. A painful shock. I immediately thought all the platitudes which a number of people reading this are now thinking. It is not my fault, I thought, that I have borne children; that I cannot afford clothes and beauty parlors; that our home is not always as comfortable as more luxurious homes and apartments. I am not well. I bear the heavier part of the burden. A good husband should feel sympathetic, understanding, proud; and all the rest of it.

I did not at once connect the rapidly blocking channels of communication between my husband and myself with "the little child." I blamed myself; I blamed my husband.

But then, quite suddenly, one lonely evening, I set myself to face a few major and significant facts which had built up the wall between us. There were five of them, to be exact—and they all called me Mother.

I decided that a good discussion with my husband might help us to find a solution to what had become a well-nigh impossible situation. Both my husband and I are of an unfortunate temperament which impels us to work off misunderstandings by withdrawing into ourselves until we have a quiet time in which to talk things over. But I realized that we had been withdrawing into ourselves for several years, and the quiet time to talk things over was still in the future. On one occasion I remember the then-current discussion ran like this:

"Darling, don't you think you were rude yesterday when you said what you did to Mother?"

"Yes, perhaps so. You see, what happened was—— Oh, excuse me just a minute, dear. It's time to syringe Christopher's ear. It's getting worse again." After five minutes' interval: "Where were we? Oh, yes. The reason I said what I did to your mother was that it seemed to me you allowed her to interfere too much in our affairs."

"*I* allowed her? How?"

"Why—— Yes, what is it, Eileen? Oh, I am so sorry, darling; the baby has his head caught in the bars of his crib, and we *can't* let him strangle, can we? It's Mary's day out, you know." Interval of ten minutes. "Why, you answer her most personal questions about us."

"Whose personal what?"

"We were talking about your mother. *You* said—— Oh, for heaven's sake, it's almost six and I haven't even started to get supper. Couldn't you come out into the kitchen so we can go on with this talk? . . . No? Perhaps not. But they *have* to play in there; it's the only warm place in the house today."

Some day, when the children are grown up, I'm going to ask my husband to invite me out to luncheon in order to finish that conversation.

In a flash, then, I realized that with the coming of the first child our separation had begun. The steps reaching

up to the finale—the loss of my looks, the breaking-up of our companionship, the ever-increasing financial burdens, my unavoidable social and intellectual deficiencies, the shabby house and shabby clothes, the complete loss of understanding between my husband and myself—all came when we became parents instead of remaining ourselves.

I realized that a woman who is torn between the demands of her husband and those of her children can give her best to neither. Likewise, a man who, in spite of his efforts to control his feelings, has come to resent his children cannot be an inspired or inspiring father.

There must be some form of mental retardation in me which makes me cling persistently to my belief in fairy tales. For even as I was forced to admit that the children had innocently, but irreparably, separated me from their father, I lent myself whole-heartedly to another pretty fiction.

I will keep the home together for the children's sake, I said—ignoring the fact that once two people are estranged they no longer can create a home. Nevertheless, I struggled for a long time to save something which no longer existed.

Finally my husband told me frankly that nothing would persuade him to continue living under the same roof with a young and growing family and their demands upon him. The continual invasion of his personal life by the children was impairing his efficiency; he felt that he had given the joys of paternity and domesticity a fair trial, and that so far as he was concerned it was a complete failure. He was willing to contribute to our support to the best of his ability, but in no other sense would he again be a part of the household.

At my natural and vehement protests he became even more explicit. He explained that at the time he married me he had wanted a stimulating wife and companion; that he had not particularly wanted a mother of children. That with the coming of the children, the pressure of detail which they caused grew into a cumulative resentment which had altered the basis of his affection for me, their mother. That I had become irrevocably associated in his mind with the children and the burdens and worries which they caused and which he hated.

So I was acting on a stage where no one gave me any cues; where the audience continually interrupted me, and where even the critics were bored. Now that I was convinced of this, I rang down the curtain.

I took the children to the country, near my mother. And as I became adjusted to the situation, I realized that they and I were happier than we had ever been. With only their life and mine to consider I learned that if I must make sacrifices for them—and I do it gladly—they must make sacrifices for me, in order that they may have a serene and contented mother.

I am writing professionally now, and have to be away from home from nine to two every day. I have a devoted colored woman staying with the children. My mother is three doors away, and the room where I do my work is not far.

My children now, instead of being an interruption to my life and therefore a source of irritation, have become recreation to me. My eldest child and great companion is eight. Her brother, who calls himself "the man in our house," is six. Then comes a determined, amusing small boy of almost five; a fat, popular little girl who is to be three in a few days; and a boy almost two, who looks like a golden-haired cherub and behaves like an infant Dictator.

My husband and I are not divorced; we have only the friendliest feelings toward each other. I have written all this with no resentment, only with understanding and regret. My husband was caught, as much as I, in a net from which he was forced to cut his way out—a net in which I am convinced thousands of young people are caught.

It may be said that my husband and I are shallow and selfish people; this may be true. But surely even selfish and shallow people have a right to life.

It is true, of course, that two utterly selfless, unmercenary and ideally Christian people would have none of the troubles of which I am writing. Which is to say that saints would make ideal parents. But if only saints were to have children, I fear the American race would die out.

I have been told also that there are devoted couples who have families. I have met them, and I have seen their families. I have seen young wives and husbands sinking their whole personalities into parenthood.

I have come in contact with parents of nearly every class. And I still maintain that any couple who have children and can achieve a full and satisfactory life both as entities and together, do it in spite of the children, by neglecting the children, or because they know enough to withdraw from the children regularly, even at the risk of seeming selfish or of being criticized.

We are all much happier, and we would not go back to the old ways if it were possible. And by reversing every platitude, every bromide that I've ever heard about "the little child," I am managing our lives so that my children and I have a happy time together.

City of Mercy

(*Continued from page 84*)

round a little man, Noah leaped up, bent over his new desk and dashed off:

> I, Salem Cady, the undersigned, do hereby sollumly swear that if the City of Mercy corporation breaks up, I give, will, deed and hand over my share of the sale to my fellow members.

Noah read it and sneered at Salem: "Let's see if you're a hypocrite! You don't dast sign that."

Salem signed.

His share would have been sixty thousand dollars.

In 1895, Mercy was a town of 5,000, and its name was in that year changed to Pribbleburg, because the chief citizen, Noah Pribble, the millionaire, with his copper mines, his bank and his department store, gave it a park, and because it had really been he who had inspired and led the expedition from Vermont which had founded Pribbleburg.

In 1915, Pribbleburg was a city of 150,000, with concrete and glass palaces for the manufacture of motor cars and plumbing fixtures. It had an art museum, two country clubs, a sixteen-story building, a bookstore conducted by a curly-haired young man who had lived in Paris, and a most exclusive chapter of the D. A. R. headed by the aristocratic Mrs. Noah Pribble.

Mr. and Mrs. Pribble still lived on

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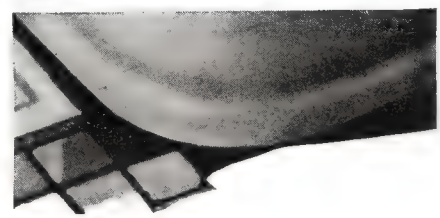

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The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt *in solution*, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

BATHASWEET *is so inexpensive. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $1.50 at all drug and department stores.*

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DAILY INCLUDING SUNDAY
May 23 to October 14

Through rail tickets New York to Albany and Albany to New York accepted. Restaurants, Orchestra. Write for illustrated folder to West 42nd St. Pier, New York.

Hudson River Day Line

Day Line

Rutland Avenue, in their high-class and *bon-ton* mansion erected in 1897.

It was of brownstone with a turret, a neat porte-cochère of shiny green tiles, a stable, now turned into a garage, made of cement wonderfully resembling stone.

But in 1915—when the Great War was doing handsomely for Mr. Pribble, and for his copper and iron mines in Michigan, Minnesota and Arizona—his granddaughter Emillee came home from Miss Pottington's Select School in Tarrytown, and Noah was protestingly made to build and move into a Tudor house in the exclusive suburb of Rosedale. It had an eight-car garage, a swimming pool, three uniformed chauffeurs, a shingle roof that most artfully imitated English thatch, a private nine-hole links, and seven gardeners.

And in 1895, 1915 and 1925, one Salem Cady, a carpenter, continued to live in the two-room shanty which he had built for himself in Snake Hollow.

At first, for all his sentimental sorrow over giving up the community houses, he had sneakingly enjoyed having a place of his own and a chance to do gardening in the lonely evenings. In 1895, Snake Hollow was a gorgeous and extremely unsanitary marsh which in the fall was a welter of purple asters and goldenrod. In 1925, it had been drained and civilized—it was still a welter, but now of freight yards, slaughterhouses and small, earnest Italian cottages occupied by bootleggers. That change of scenery Salem did not much relish. He did not move, because he never had more than twenty dollars at a time.

In 1925, he was eighty years old; he found it impossible to get more than a day or two of work each week, though he had become the best cabinetmaker in Pribbleburg. It looked very much as though this obstinate and antiquated old man at last would move—to the county poor farm.

In 1925, when Pribbleburg had 350,000 population, there went to work on the Courier and Advance a young woman from Nebraska named Mary Evans. She did little pieces for the Sunday Courier about "Quaint Old Pribbleburg." She discovered a fragment of the ancient log wall of a community house embedded in the engine room of the Imperial Clothespin Manufacturing Co. She even mentioned as one of our older fragments the cottage of a man named Salem Cady, built in 1880, and therefore all of forty-five years old—nearly half a century! She wrote that she had talked with this Mr. Cady, a carpenter esteemed by all his neighbors (Hungarian and Roumanian and Sicilian) as a dependable laborer and trusty friend.

These neighbors said that Mr. Cady had been quite an early settler in Pribbleburg, but when she asked the man Cady himself, he said a curious thing. He said, "No, I have never been in Pribbleburg." Miss Evans puzzled over that a lot, but she got it straight at last, and in her celebrated article "Old Homes and Hearthstones of a Great City," she changed Cady's idiotic remark into: "No, my cottage is as old as the city itself, but I have occupied it for so scant a time that I can scarce claim to be part of the City of the Founders."

Miss Evans found it hard to get the early history of the city accurately. She ventured to call on Mr. Noah Pribble in his vast office, which was lined with oak paneling brought from an Elizabethan manor house in Shropshire.

Mr. Pribble was kindness itself. Yes, it was true that he had led the expedition from Vermont which had founded Pribbleburg, but in all modesty he wanted to say that he had done no more than some men named Newton and Baggs and Brown. Yes, and others.

Most of them were dead now, and the rest had moved away—all except good old Moses Baggs, the revered head of the Baggs Sausage and Bacon Corporation. As for the records of the first communal colony, the minutes of their meetings and the accounts of the first trading post, they had unfortunately been burned up in a fire in Mr. Pribble's woodshed in 1885.

But Miss Evans discovered that the first settlement had been in 1875 and the managing editor of the Courier—who came from Allen Street, New York—agreed with her that it would be a good newsy stunt, chance for all kinds of local patriotic photos in the Sunday rotogravure, to pull off a fiftieth anniversary celebration.

But——

Oh, there were all sorts of interferences. In 1925, Pribbleburg entertained the International Convention of the Look Alive Luncheon Club. In 1926, no one could think of anything save the Aero Show. In 1927, there was an unfortunate scandal in which the mayor, the chief of police, the sheriff and the comptroller of accounts were all sent to state's prison for bootlegging.

But 1928 dawned with a clear, sweet, neighborly opportunity for a fiftieth anniversary. Miss Evans and the managing editor saw that really this was a better year for an anniversary than 1925, because in 1878 the first ship had sailed into Pribbleburg harbor, and *that,* of course, was the real beginning of things.

So the Courier started its campaign, and in a fever of civic patriotism and righteousness it printed day by day the streamer, "Half a century old this year—THE COURIER'S celebration—a million in 1935!"

They had first, of course, gained the support of Noah Pribble, the Grand Old Man of Pribbleburg—chairman of the board of the Copper Products Co. and of the Pribbleburg and Ishpeming Railroad, president of the Copper National Bank, director in sixteen companies including the Nooway Chain Groceries, trustee of Pribbleburg College and of the Zilkofski School of Music and the Fine Arts.

Mr. Pribble had at first modestly refused, later more modestly agreed, to be the guest of honor at the week of celebration in September. The Look Alive Luncheon Club (whose witty motto was "Who Serves Service Serves More Customers") came in with the Courier enthusiastically, and its president, T. Winton Golden, a slim man with eyeglasses, promised to lend to this cause all his power.

The governor of the state, Lieutenant Colonel Igbert of the governor's staff, the new mayor of the city (not the one who was in jail), United States Senator Moley, and the prize announcer of WBFG, Pribbleburg, all promised to be present.

It was clear that the Brotherhood and Enterprise on which Pribbleburg was founded had not decreased but had handsomely widened and deepened in the long fifty years of its history. And the Newton-Bergheim Department Store promised to do the floats for the big parade at only ten percent above cost price.

Salem Cady was an old man and uncommonly poor; he was eighty-three in 1928, and never did he have more money ahead of him than enough for a week's food. So it often chanced that he was hungry. He had once been a carpenter, but with the years he had turned to

his fine cabinetmaking. He could repair the admirable European furniture which so many Pribbleburgers brought back from England and Austria nowadays.

But early in September, 1928, he had had no work for weeks, because the Pribbleburg gentry whose furniture he repaired had been off vacationing in France and Italy and Hawaii and Bar Harbor and the White Mountains. He came down to rice and condensed milk for ration and, never a portly man, he looked almost comically lean.

Then Ariosto Pereveri, his friend and neighbor, lent Cady a copy of the Courier in which was an advertisement for carpenters to erect the huge wooden stadium for the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration.

Salem had not been altogether unaware of the coming of the Celebration, for whenever Ariosto became drunk, which was once a week, he became generous, and whenever he became generous, he took to his neighbor, Salem Cady, a copy of the Courier and a bowl of spaghetti.

Long ago, Salem had raged a little at the glorification of Noah Pribble. But it had been twenty-five years now since he had so much as seen Noah, for Salem was not customarily a frequenter of the Polo Club, the Wilooski Country Club, the D'Annunzio Theater, or the Copper National Bank. If Salem cursed now, it was only at his inability to keep up a righteous anger.

He told himself, when he first read the advertisement, that nothing would ever make him taste the final shame of helping to erect this devil's altar of a stadium to commemorate the shame of a city which he still called Mercy.

But the last rice in the bin gave out; he cut out the top of the condensed-milk can and scraped out the last smear of milk; and the grocer had refused credit. So, grimly, he walked the three miles to the site of the stadium and begged for work.

The foreman looked at him doubtfully. "Gosh a'mighty, gran'pa, where did they dig you up?" he grumbled.

But for once there was a shortage of carpenters in Pribbleburg. The lords of the city were building six-hundred-room apartment houses, Swiss and Colonial and English and Basque. So, irritably, the foreman entrusted to this unknown dotard the terrifically important task of nailing seats in the grand stand where the governor and Mr. Noah Pribble himself were to consecrate the fifty idealistic years of Pribbleburg.

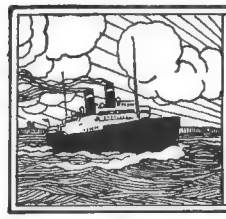
In a day or so, the foreman saw that this old man Cady wasn't so bad. He was old but strong. And he was silent. The foreman went so far, once, as to condescend, "Say, baby, if you'd ever had a chance, you might have made a good foreman. Been in this burg long?"

"No!" said Cady.

"I guessed so. You're one of these Kansas hicks, I guess. Well, shoot, baby!"

Mr. T. Winton Golden, president of the Look Alive Luncheon Club, in his generous way gave more attention to the Fiftieth Celebration than even the Courier and Advocate. He was always and unselfishly eager for anything that would enhance the greatness of his native town of Pribbleburg—not that he had exactly been born in Pribbleburg, but his revered father had taken him there at the age of sixteen. He said, and he said it often, that he felt he might justly claim to be one of the Native Sons.

Aside from his zeal for boosting, Mr. T. Winton Golden had a not unnatural willingness to do anything that would make him better acquainted with the



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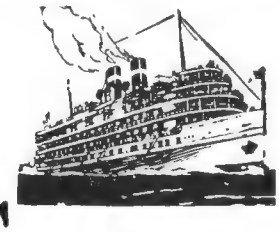

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Doge of Pribbleburg, Mr. Noah Pribble. For although in his successful undertaking business Mr. T. Winton Golden had met, and indeed met intimately, many of the best citizens of Pribbleburg, he had not yet had the pleasure of so meeting Mr. Noah Pribble.

Mr. T. Winton Golden learned that there was in Pribbleburg a man who had lived there almost as long as Mr. Noah Pribble himself—to wit, one Salem Cady, a humble man and a carpenter but, according to many of his neighbors, a worthy fellow. Mr. T. Winton Golden cackled with appreciation. He traced the man Cady to the stadium.

He dashed up to Salem and, with hand outstretched, said, "My dear old fellow, I have just discovered that you have lived for many years in Pribbleburg."

"Have you?" said Salem.

"I sure have, brother. My name is T. Winton Golden. But most of my friends call me 'Tom.' Call me 'Tom'! Now, listen, old man, I hear you have been here a long while. I'm the chairman of the Parade Committee for the Fiftieth Anniversary, and I tell you what I am going to do, old man! I'm going to give you an A-1 position in the parade!

"Mr. Ebenezer Murgelheim of the Sappho Movie Theater has promised to rig up a genuwine Covered Wagon like these old babies must have come here in, in the old days. It'll be right up near the front—only ten or twelve places behind Mr. Noah Pribble and the governor. And I am going to let you drive it!"

Mr. T. Winton Golden stopped, aghast at his own generosity.

He was, perhaps, even more aghast when he saw in the long horse face of this common workman no apparent agitation at his good fortune.

But he was a thoroughly trained professional, was Mr. T. Winton Golden. None knew better than he how to comfort the widow and make the family smile at his bill. He put his perfectly manicured hand on the shoulder of Salem Cady and murmured, "To me, you're just as good as Noah Pribble! And now to come down to practical details, on the morning of the parade I want you to show up at eight-thirty at the Pribble Mansion Hotel."

Very noisily Salem Cady said nothing.

Mr. T. Winton Golden was astounded. He was hurt. He remarked, "You are going to do it, of course?"

"No," said Salem Cady.

Then, quite justifiably, Mr. T. Winton Golden went berserk.

He shouted, "I might have known it! The trouble with you old hicks is that you have no sense of civic righteousness! Here we are trying to build a city of mercy and justice and beauty; here we are trying to show to the world in this Fiftieth Anniversary what we have accomplished. And you old hounds who should understand what we are trying to do, you crab the game!"

Salem Cady did not attend the great parade of the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration.

That was because he was spending ten days in jail for having socked Mr. T. Winton Golden on the jaw to the most regrettable destruction of Mr. Golden's bridgework.

Salem had never been in jail before. He found it agreeable. For the first time in a good many years, he had three meals a day. And though they were packed in rather tightly at night, he had three interesting cell mates—the first men whom he had met in years who did not regard him as a little crazy.

One of them was a tall Negro, in for assault, who through the long evenings when the lights are turned off and men in jail become lonely, sang Negro spirituals—sang, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" The next was a burglar, an Irishman who told stories of leprechauns. And the third was a tall Swedish sailor who had knocked a third mate from the bridge of a lake steamer.

For the first day or two Salem Cady was bewildered; he was humiliated at being in jail. But after that he enjoyed the chance of talking with these reasonable men.

But one thing came to him which he had vowed would never happen. On his family Bible, the one thing he had inherited from old Moses Cady, of Barnard, he had sworn that nothing would make him view the parade of Noah Pribble and the governor and the other celebrators of Pribbleburg.

But he was wrong. For it chanced that the county jail was a part of the highly elegant county courthouse of Pribbleburg, and that it stood on Pribble Square. The parade, the glorious Pageant of History, passed it by, and was held up for three minutes, so that the head of the procession halted precisely opposite the windows of the jail.

Salem Cady looked out of his cell—long, hard fingers clasped around the bars. He looked out on the Pribbleburg Regiment of the National Guard; on the Ancient Home Squadron in uniforms of blue and silver with scarlet shakos; on the Detroit-Paris band; on a huge car in which two men were riding, behind uniformed chauffeur and footman.

They were both magnificent, the two guests of honor, in top hats, morning clothes, patent-leather shoes. Salem guessed that one of them was the governor of the state. The other was a dumpy old man with shoulders round and soft. He had large tortoise-shell eyeglasses on a black silk ribbon.

He glanced up, and Salem perceived that he was Noah Pribble.

He was beholding Noah for the first time in twenty-five years.

He saw that Noah was flushed with power and good living—a porcine king. Then he saw that there was no tan of wind and sun on the man but a feverish color staining puffy cheeks. Noah's eyes were in a cobweb of nervous wrinkles. His hand on the edge of the seat trembled a little. It trembled more as Noah raised his top hat to the cheers, and Salem saw that the man was utterly bald.

Again Noah looked up and this time he saw Salem Cady at the bars.

Salem stared down at him. He knew no anger, but only a contempt of those squashy hands. He felt that he was shouting at the man things too loud for any tired old voice to carry.

His cell mate, the Swedish sailor, hinted to Salem, "Wouldn't you like to be there with the big guns?"

"No!" cried Salem. "No! To be a monkey displaying himself for the crowds?" He tasted the lake breeze. In five days it would be his again, and the good feeling of a hammer. So he looked down on Noah more joyfully, and raised one hand in benediction.

But Noah shrank like a man expecting a blow. He tried to raise his hat again, but his hand hung suspended beside his temple. Then it dropped.

The governor spoke to Noah, cried out, shook Noah's arm. He seemed alarmed.

For Mr. Noah Pribble was dead.

Coming Soon—Royal Brown's story of a golf pro who met his fate on a half-pint course

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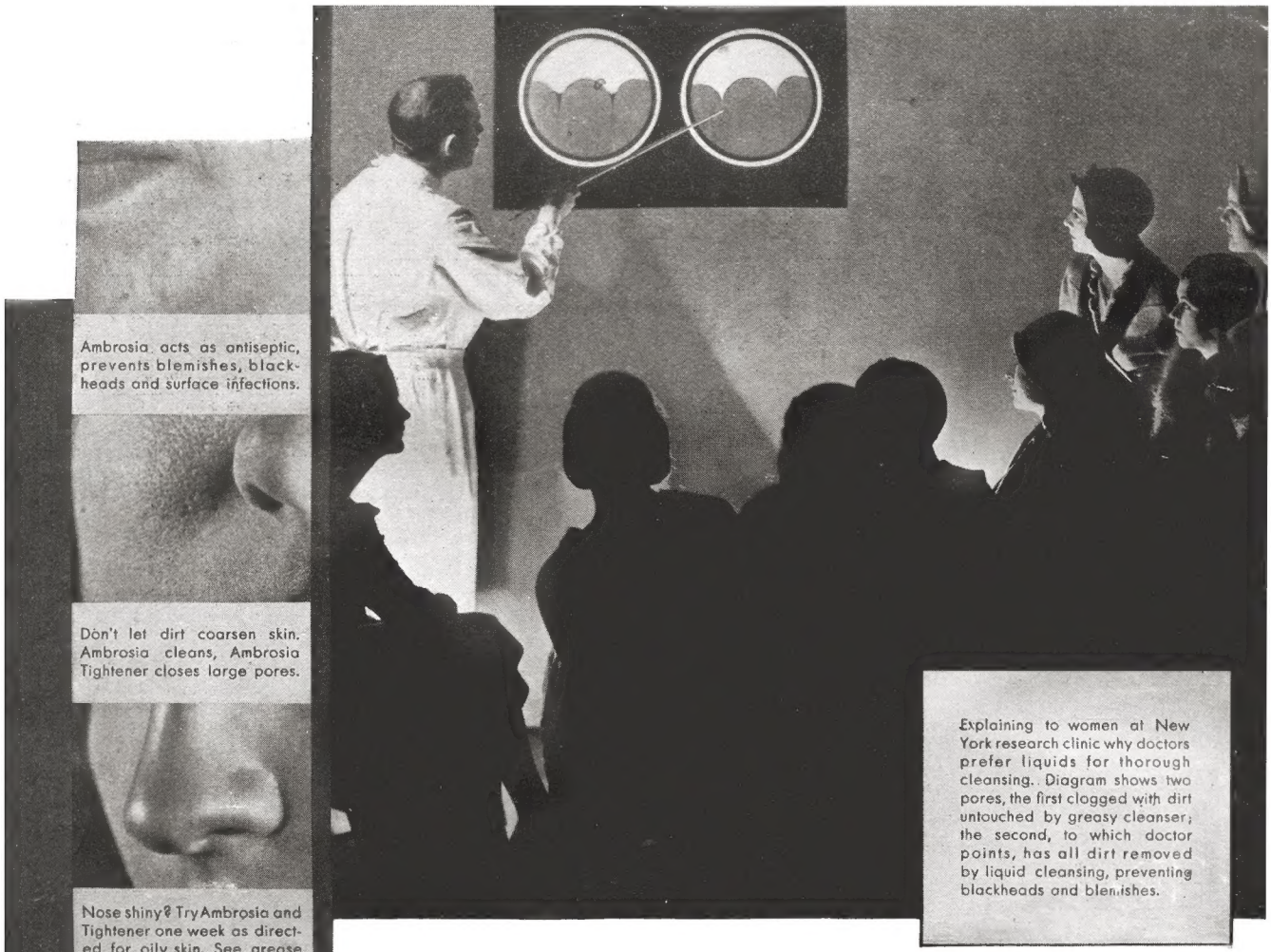


Ambrosia acts as antiseptic, prevents blemishes, blackheads and surface infections.

Don't let dirt coarsen skin. Ambrosia cleans, Ambrosia Tightener closes large pores.

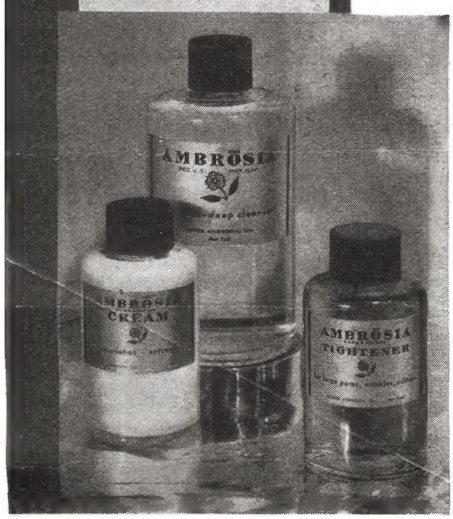
Nose shiny? Try Ambrosia and Tightener one week as directed for oily skin. See grease disappear, skin get normal.

Dry skin? First cleanse pore-deep with liquid Ambrosia. Clean pores then absorb Ambrosia Cream, the one cream that is essentially the same as natural skin oil. With natural oil replenished, dry skin becomes smooth as baby's cheek.

Explaining to women at New York research clinic why doctors prefer liquids for thorough cleansing. Diagram shows two pores, the first clogged with dirt untouched by greasy cleanser; the second, to which doctor points, has all dirt removed by liquid cleansing, preventing blackheads and blemishes.

DO DOCTORS SCORN BEAUTY METHODS?

Surely medical men, more than anyone else, know what is good for the skin. Yet did you ever see a statement from a doctor of standing in favor of so-called beauty methods? Why this silence? . . . Read below how new pore-deep method satisfied medical standards and won scientific approval—result of 789 examinations by leading skin specialist.



HERE, IN A WORD, is a scientific man's viewpoint about old-style beauty treatments:

"The old way of using grease without other methods of cleansing was unsound. Women themselves were disappointed, perplexed, because skin defects persisted in spite of faithful use of this beauty method.

"The scientific way to improve skin is to cleanse thoroughly first, and then apply nourishing cream that actually penetrates, or astringent if skin is oily.

"Grease alone does not clean skin. This is the criticism scientists make of beauty methods depending on grease to cleanse."

Doctor examines women

A new and medically-sound beauty treatment has been found. 789 clinical examinations recently made by a great New York skin specialist showed that faults of old-style greasy treatments are entirely corrected by new pore-deep liquid method.

Here's what new pore-deep treatment is:

Gives new-style treatment

1—*Apply Ambrosia pore-deep liquid cleanser.* Washes away all dirt. Acts as antiseptic tonic. Does not push dirt into pores as grease sometimes did. Thus prevents blackheads and blemishes.

2—*Apply Ambrosia Cream as softener.* Clean pores absorb this new-type softening cream which is essentially the same as natural oil of a healthy skin. Makes dry skin smooth, wards away wrinkles.

3—*For large pores, blemishes, oiliness, finish with Ambrosia Tightener.* Perfected by a skin specialist, Tightener constricts pores, tones skin, lessens oiliness, improves muddy complexions.

Results

Clinical records show these results from use of this treatment: (a) pores noticeably finer, (b) blackheads checked and prevented, (c) skin color and tone quickly improved, (d) skin healthier and firmer.

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Why wait until rheumatism, neuritis, heart or kidney ailments make imperative an X-ray of your teeth? Far better to have X-rays at intervals so that your dentist can keep your teeth in sound and healthy condition.

For the X-ray reveals infections at the roots of your teeth, as only the X-ray can, and your dentist is given the opportunity to treat them before they have poured enough poison into your body to produce grave systemic disturbances. Left undisturbed until such bodily conditions manifest themselves, these deep focal infections may loose enough poison to incapacitate you for months, even after the source of the infection is cleared up.

When your dentist suggests an X-ray, you may be sure that he is justified. He may suspect focal infections, impacted teeth or broken roots, or wish to verify the accuracy of dental work just completed. In the case of children, he may wish to determine early whether the teeth are forming properly and are likely to erupt in the correct position.

In any event, he suggests an X-ray because it will help him in securing and maintaining your oral health. In this, and in every other respect, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

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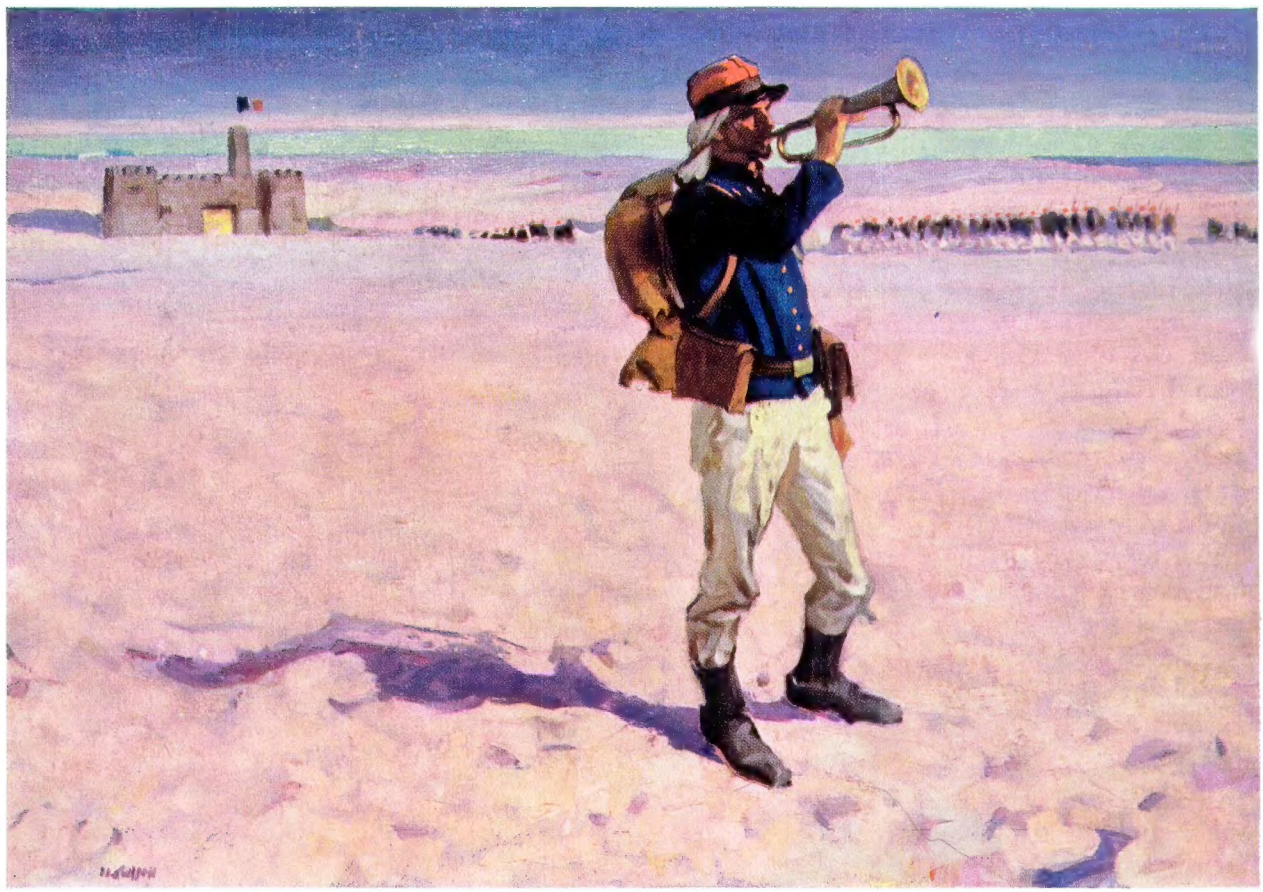

yet you sign for me at your country club"

What do the grim watchdogs of the desert know of luxuries? Well, try to take their Chesterfields away from them! Over there—and here too—a good cigarette means good tobaccos. What you taste in Chesterfield cigarettes is *milder* and *better tobaccos*—nothing else—blended and "cross-blended" to produce a satisfying fragrance, a flavor which is Chesterfield's alone!

Chesterfield

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